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FRIENDS: A DUET.

IV.

"A friend to give peace to the affections and support the judgment."

"GOING TO *Europe*?"

Reliance said this with a crescendo accent of surprise. She lived in a circle of people with whom going to Europe was no more a noteworthy matter than going to Boston. Everybody went abroad, at unexpected crises and for inconceivable reasons; that was a matter of course; and they all came home again quite as soon as one looked for them, constantly exposing one to keen social dangers in respect to forgetting which neighbor spent what season in Naples, and therefore omitting to call.

But when Charles Nordhall said that he was going to Paris in December, Mrs. Strong found herself unprepared for the event.

There are a few of the maturer relations of life upon which no warning can teach us not to impose with the serenity of a child upon parental loyalty. (When I say "us" I mean the mass of us. I am not speaking of the exceptional, either in nature or experience.) One of these relations is that between a man and woman, each free and both without thought of love or marriage.

It had never occurred to Reliance Strong that Charley Nordhall could go

to Europe, — now. Had she questioned herself why this was, she would have been unable to give a distinct reply. Life at best was a mist to the poor girl. She crawled a little way in it, inch by inch, like a person lost in a fog upon a cliff-side. John was dead. She had thought at first that she herself should die. This, it seemed, one could not do.

Nordhall understood this. He was kind. Not that the sound of a sympathetic voice beside the parlor fire, or the look of grave eyes regarding her movements in the garden, created an object in life; they did not even make life tolerable, but only grief more endurable.

Reliance was not ungrateful. Nordhall spared her much business concern, and brought some definite contribution to her comfort. With something of the self-assumption of the invalid or the mourner, she thought this, on the whole, rather natural. That a man should not stay at home from abroad for the purpose of calling once or twice a week on a woman who irrevocably loved and inconsolably mourned another man, never occurred to her. There was something simple and sincere in this selfishness, after all. She had not the vain or diseased imagination which would have viewed the position in that slant light. Her thoughts were direct as midday. That she *did* irrevocably love and in-

consolably mourn was a fact assured as gravitation. Charley Nordhall would not offer to the widow of his friend the insult of intermixing a sentiment with his regard.

And yet, it seemed, he could go away and leave her.

It did occur to Reliance, after some thought, that the one fact accounted for the other. Hence, she added with more gravity and less agitation, —

"Yes, of course. Why should you not?"

Nordhall went. He went in December, as he had purposed. The snow was whirling about the house when he came to say good-by. She shook hands with him cheerfully, lifting her sweet face. He wondered if she would miss him; but neither spoke of missing or of loss. They chatted quietly. Nordhall had business advice for her, to which she listened with submissive attention. He spoke of his return in April, of his engagements in Paris, of a trip he planned through Italy. Then he asked for Kaiser, and why he was not there to say good-by. He could not talk of herself. He knew not how to assume either that she would suffer from his absence, or, on the other hand, that she was quite indifferent to it. The last supposition seemed a brutal one; but the first he dared not offer. He felt impatiently the undefined nature of their relation. To be the comforter of your dead friend's widow seemed to him, rather bitterly just then, the most thankless position in the world. He wished, honestly enough, that John were there to do his own consoling. Nothing in his heart would have been reluctant towards such a miracle. He was conscious of no wish other than to see her happy.

They made a matter-of-fact enough parting of it, and neither was aware of embarrassment till the final moment came. Then Reliance held out her hand, and looked at him earnestly with her honest eyes, and said, —

"I hope you will have the best voyage that ever was! I hope you will be well and happy all the time!"

She could not easily have said less. But Nordhall could not have borne more. He looked at her, standing so lonely there in the long drawing-room; he did not speak. No woman could have forgotten such a look. Reliance felt herself enveloped in it, as she went dreamily up-stairs to tell her mother that Mr. Nordhall's carriage stood at the door. She did not come down again. Madam Strong made her stately adieux in the hall below. Their voices came up. Reliance stood at the hall window and looked out into the storm. She thought,

"How John would miss him! He used to, — every time."

By and by, when the sound of his carriage wheels had died into the white silence, she turned wearily from the window. She did not think: "I shall miss him, too." But she felt that the house was quiet; that the street was dull; that winter was cheerless; that life was long; that John was dead. Then she went down-stairs and sat with her mother-in-law, who was rounding the blue toes of the twenty-first pair of baby socks whose creation Reliance had watched that autumn. They talked of the weather, of Mr. Nordhall, of the Cunard Line, of the church bazar, of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Madam Strong read the Heart of Mid-Lothian once a year; in December, always. She considered Scott a great writer; she was apt to say so about the second week in December.

On this afternoon she talked longer than usual. Reliance assented as usual; perhaps more languidly. Madam Strong, in her dignified way, which was at once above a suspicious and below a compelling scrutiny, watched Reliance that day. Nature had not gifted Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong with that perfume of character which we call imagination; but of experience of life, which is the next thing to it in practical effect and often



mistaken for it, she had her share. She was an old woman, and she had seen the world. She laid down her baby socks, and said, —

"We shall miss Mr. Nordhall, my dear."

"Yes; oh, yes," assented Reliance, vaguely.

"You have seen a good deal of him; he has been very kind to you," proceeded John Strong's mother, counting blue stitches on those consecrated wooden needles, which lent such an air of sanctity to the lightest occasion honored by them.

"He has always been kind," replied John Strong's widow earnestly. "John used to depend upon him long ago, when there was anything to be done for me and he could n't do it himself. Charley Nordhall is a loyal friend."

"Has it never struck you," — began the elder lady; but paused, oppressed by an unusual embarrassment.

"What 'm?" Reliance looked at her with clear, sweet, sad eyes.

"Has it never struck you that — Mr. Nordhall would be happier if he were to marry?" proceeded the mother-in-law. Now this was not what she had meant to say, at all. She felt a certain well-bred sense of guilt at her slight subterfuge. Madam Strong was not accustomed to allow herself flights of conversation (or of anything else) in which she could not easily see her way back to her nest of silence and blue single zephyr. She seemed to herself, for a moment, like the plotting elderly woman in the lower class of fiction, which she never permitted herself to read, and of which she was sure Scott would not have approved. A faint color tinged her face, refined and expressionless as old white china. But Reliance answered, —

"Yes 'm. I used to think of it very often; I have hoped he would; but lately I have been so absorbed in my own troubles, I don't know that it had

occurred to me, mother, whether Mr. Nordhall was married or not. I don't know whether he would be happiest so. I had not thought. Men are the best judges for themselves about such matters."

She spoke with a gravity and directness which were not to be mistaken. This young creature, standing there in her black dress, with her eyes dreaming on the fire, belonged to those women for the classification of whom the fine old Bible phrase might have been purposely inspired: she was "a widow indeed."

Madam Strong perceived this, one hardly knows how. She had known young women who, though abundantly tempted, never encouraged a second conjugal affection. Her thoughts occupied themselves with such well-finished sentences. It was natural that John Strong's wife should be one of these women. Madam Strong set up the stitches for her twenty-second pair, with industrious content.

But Reliance put on her things, and went out to walk in the brave snow-storm. She said she must look up Kaiser, and he would go with her. They would walk towards the shore.

And so the afternoon came to an end. Reliance had a relief that it was over. Without feeling any undue sentimentalism in such matters, she hated partings and leave-takings; they jarred on nerves already worn sensitive by real grief. And Charley Nordhall had been very kind.

"He's gone, Kaiser," she said, with a slight sadness. Kaiser whined, and leaped upon her, barking. She had drawn off her fur glove to pat him, and the dog kissed her hand. She felt grateful for this mark of affection. It was a lonely storm. She felt like saying, "Thank you, Kaiser."

When they came to the shore, she paced up and down. Kaiser followed her with grave regularity. The beach

was slippery and glittered ; it was a cold, ashen color, and the rocks had the look of iron. But the sea was a curdled, cruel blue. As she stood looking between the foaming lips of the nearest breaker, thence off into the tumult of the snow that brought the horizon so solemnly near to the eye, she suddenly thought that this was the sea which in a few hours would dash between herself and her husband's friend. It seemed just then very wide, wider than if the curtain of the snow-flakes had been less close and dense. No distance appears so deep as that which is hidden from sight.

Reliance spent a busy winter ; this, the third since her bereavement, was perhaps the busiest of her life. One need not be saying much, to be sure, in saying that, for the lives of women like this young creature are not often burdened with care. Mrs. Strong, however, did occupy herself in earnest. Nordhall occasionally wrote to ask "how her parishioners got on," but she gave him no very detailed answers. She did not write often. Indeed, she found, or she gave herself, little time for desultory correspondence. She had plunged heavily into the Poor Relief work of the town. Even in Salem it is possible to care for the suffering with enthusiasm, individuality, and independence. Reliance was not capable of working without. The discovery that a young lady as ignorant as herself of the woes of her fellow-men (and up to this point as indifferent to them) could make a sober man out of a drunkard, or a self-respecting citizen of a beggar, or a virtuous woman of a castaway, awed her ; and was, at the outset, almost more of a pain than a pleasure. When she found what a light sacrifice arouses the large loyalty of the poor, and what a profuse expenditure of feeling they return for a little outlay, she became at first puzzled, then humbled, then grateful, hopeful,

comforted. She trod the shores of a new world. She began to know the dangers and the delights of personal ministry to those who need. That subtlest, and I say without hesitation strongest, of human passions, service to humanity, always ready to seek a nature made pliable and fertile by sorrow, attacked hers. She trembled before it, for she did not understand it nor herself. She only knew that now she could bear to live.

Reliance, in short, gave herself up to the people who seemed to need her the most, and the inevitable consequence followed : her need of them became the predominant fact in her life.

She yielded herself to these grave delights,—an evening school her highest dissipation, a temperance society her wildest pleasure, a mission prayer-meeting her keenest comfort ; and "times followed one another," and one day she looked, and the syringa leaves were budding, and Madam Strong was sending the nankin sun-bonnet out to be pressed over, and the snow had melted from the flower-beds, and Kaiser was daily very muddy when he kissed her, and Jacobs was digging about the roots of things, and Janet was singing in the back yard with bare, bright head, and spring had come.

She remembered that with the spring would come Charles Nordhall. One does not forget such things because there are drunkards or poor women in the world.

She thought of this event with less excitement than she expended on the movements of Janet's father, or of a little shoe-shop girl she cared about, who had fallen into gay company. The heart holds one passion at a time ; it may be love, ambition, friendship, revenge, or benevolence ; but among passions, as among people, one must govern.

Reliance noticed, indeed, that April had passed, and Nordhall had not come ; that May was going, but still he stayed ;

that it was June, and yet he lingered. She thought of this with quiet interest. Had business detained him? Was he, perhaps, not well? Or he traveled for pleasure. And what was she to do about that Iowa mortgage where the interest had failed?

One day, she sat alone with Kaiser on the grape-vine settle under the light-pierced tree. It was but a short half hour after an early tea. She had a book in her hand, but was not reading. Her face and figure indicated expectancy. She looked vivid and eager in the slant light. She wore a fine, white camel's-hair shawl; one end of it was brought up across her hair and fastened there, in the pretty fashion by which women protect the head and shoulders with a single garment, on summer evenings. The dog leaned with chin and forepaws familiarly across her foot. She was looking in the direction of the gate.

It clicked while she sat there, and the bushes thrilled and swayed. A man fastened the latch, and stood a moment in the arbor before he advanced.

She put down her book and came towards him, holding out her hand. But when they met, she stopped short. Kaiser had bounded out.

"Charley Nordhall! Mr. Nordhall! I thought" —

"You thought I was somebody else. That is plain enough." He stood eagerly looking down.

"Why — I — thought you were a drunkard!"

"A man might wish he had been. There, there, Kaiser! There! Yes, good fellow. It is Mr. Janet, then?"

"Oh, yes. Don't make fun of him, poor man! He broke his pledge last week, — the first time," she added earnestly. "It must happen once in a while. But of course it was a great disappointment. I have to look after him for a little while very carefully. I asked him to call and see me this evening. Janet thought he would come. You see they

have to be held up, — held up from day to day. Somebody must care enough to do it!"

She spoke with intense, almost feverish earnestness.

"Somebody must care enough — for most of us — to hold us up, each in our different ways," said Nordhall, gravely. "It ought to make us all patient with one another."

They were walking together towards the house, as if he too had been calling every few days, like the drunkards, — as if he too had never put the seas between himself and her sweet compassion and daily thought. He drew her aside to the seat she had left, and picked up the book that had fallen to the grass.

"Mother will be glad" — began Reliance, coming to herself, and flushing slightly.

"I will see your mother presently. Let me stay here a minute. What have you been reading?" He looked at the pamphlet; then laid it down without remark. It was Octavia Hill's Report of Coöperative Visitation among the London Poor.

"You did not come home when we expected," began Reliance again. Her heart smote her, — she had been so anxious about her drunkard. She was afraid she had not met Nordhall just as she should. She had given him the wrong man's welcome, and had been too confused to set it right.

"No; I was detained," said Nordhall. "At least," he added frankly, "I detained myself. I wanted to travel. I've taken a run through Switzerland. I needed it. I should have written you, perhaps, but I had no reason to suppose you would care especially when I came. I left all the orders at the Bradburne Bank about everything — that I thought you could need before I returned."

This hurt her, and only her vivid cheeks, half the color of anger, half of shame, made answer to him.

He did not or would not see, and per-

sistently drummed away at the same note, with what may be called the madness or the inspiration of his sex.

"I have been gone two months longer than I expected to. I confess I was selfish enough to hope you would have cared."

"You could stay away two unnecessary months, it seems!" flashed Reliance. She had forgotten about Mr. Janet just then. Was there a touch of pique in her voice? An expression which only another man could have read correctly crossed Charles Nordhall's face. He looked down at her. She looked young and human, like any other beautiful woman. She seemed very near. He remembered how near she had looked, shut in towards him by the lace curtain, on that day in Boston. But that was long, oh, long ago. Impetuous words of joy at seeing her after their separation sprang to his lips. A masculine sense of power and defiance overtook him. Why should not a man make a woman glad to see him?

"You missed me!" he began. "You missed me" — At this moment the gate clicked once more and the syringa bushes trembled shyly. A tall, stooped, weak figure shuffled up the garden walk. A man with gaunt eyes and fine face written heavily with lines of shame stood hesitating there. Nordhall rose. The two men looked at the lady.

"There is your drunkard," said Nordhall below his breath. He wondered if she would leave him, on this first evening, for that castaway.

"I am sorry," said Reliance, "but *he* needs me. Go to mother. I will come as soon as I can."

She drew her white drapery about her, and stepping hastily across the now darkening lawn held out her hand to Mr. Janet.

She looked to Nordhall, left alone, less woman now than ghost. The distance between them seemed, in the uncertain twilight, to be greater than it was.

V.

"He takes us all as if we were his blood relations." (His poor neighbors of Walter Scott's friendships.)

Something touched and startled him as he stood there, thinking bitterly how he had looked forward to this evening and what had come of it. The touch came from the dog. Kaiser lifted and thrust his nose affectionately into Nordhall's hand. Then Nordhall discovered that he had shut his hand rather hard, and that the dog was prying his fingers apart, licking them with that profound obtuseness to the fact that his methods of caress may not be as agreeable as he personally considers them which is peculiar to his race; though I am not sure but a similar misapprehension is shared by most lower natures as regards their expressions of attachment to a higher.

"Kisses enough!" repeated Nordhall, idly. He had caught the phrase, somehow, from her. She used to discourage Kaiser's advances in that way, once in a while. The idle words struck him oddly as he said them aloud, for he felt grateful to Kaiser for staying there with him. There were not so many people in the world to kiss him when he came home from Europe that he need criticise a dog's welcome. Nordhall had no sisters, and his parents were dead. He had some cousins in Boston, — he was going to see them tomorrow; but they shook hands with him.

Reliance had walked on towards the house with poor Mr. Janet. Nordhall and Kaiser went in, after a little while, to find Madam Strong. They passed Reliance and her drunkard, sitting on the piazza in the light from the parlor windows. The lady looked up, and smiled abstractedly. She was talking earnestly. Tears were in her eyes. The man was saying: —

"I promise you before God! But I

promised you before. I never thought I'd break a promise to a lady" —

Madam Strong sat within, not far from the open windows, in the soft, June air. Her blue knitting-work lay across Peveril of the Peak upon the table. Her hands were folded. She was sleeping the peaceful sleep of age which never knew a feverish, perplexed, or rebellious youth. What subtle moral problems had ever tortured her? . . .

She woke with her fragile smile, expressing no surprise at the young man's presence; she was too old to be surprised. She only said, —

"Ah, Mr. Nordhall!" And they fell to talking of the weather and the Cunard Line, the Tyrol and the Roman fever, the doctor, the minister, the Rollin-stalls, homœopathy, and the church bazar, as if he had never been away at all. But the young man was in no mood for the generous art of conversing with an old lady, and after waiting some time in vain for Reliance to come in, he bade her mother-in-law good-night, and somewhat suddenly left the house. As he did so, he met Reliance. She was coming up the piazza steps, down which she had gone to say her last earnest word to the man. Nordhall knew how she did such things, — intense in her humanity as in her love or grief. Despite his vexation, he felt a thrill of pride in her single-heartedness. "You thorough woman!" he said to himself as he looked at her.

The thorough woman put up both hands to him. Her face was flushed with a beautiful pity. The struggle for the conquest of a soul — the finest fever that the heart knows — still lingered in her eyes. Nordhall could see instantly how this fever had gained upon her since he went away.

"I have treated you badly," she said, like a penitent child, "but how could I help it? Come back, please."

He yielded, and they sat down together on the piazza. The perfumed darkness was around them; and the broken

lights from the parlor windows served only to reveal their outlines to one another. Her white shawl had fallen, and she held it across her arms; it dropped over her lap to the floor. She wore white now, too, at her throat and wrists.

"I think he can be saved," began Reliance again, eagerly, "but it requires constant watching. I *undertook* it, Mr. Nordhall. How could I bear it if I failed in my part of this hard work? How should I feel if such a poor fellow slipped back into the mud because I got impatient or tired of it all? It is easy to get impatient. It is not easy to save a soul!" She spoke in a low, awed voice.

Nordhall made no reply. He sat and looked at her. Suddenly he broke out, —

"There are different kinds of souls in the world! This is an Irishman's!"

"You mistake," said, Reliance in a matter-of-fact voice. "Janet is an English girl. Mother won't have Irish servants. Mr. Griggs was a coachman in London once."

"X equaling the value of a coachman's soul," began Nordhall passionately, — "a gentleman's, for instance, — an old friend's" — He stopped and said, "Forgive me, Mrs. Strong!"

Reliance made no answer. He hurried on: —

"I took a brutal way of expressing a natural pang. I had been away a good while. A lonely man like me has not so many welcomes to look forward to that he can bear the loss of one very graciously. I beg your pardon. I am glad you are saving drunkards. It is womanly, Christian work. You are doing it like a woman and a Christian. But it has changed you." He stopped abruptly.

"Changed me?"

"You have taken philanthropy as a passion," proceeded Nordhall, still laboring under unusual excitement. "Or, you are a woman, — yes, it has taken you. A woman does not live without emotion. You have found it in saving

castaways. You needed excitement. You have it in compelling the better natures of abandoned people. You lacked occupation. Charity provides you with one. You perished for love!"—

Reliance raised her beautiful head. He could see the haughty motion. It seemed to spur him headlong on.

"You perished for love, I say! We all do, in our measures. You had received—and given—more than one woman's share. When you were left without it,—when your trouble came,—you needed a substitute for happiness. Be patient with me! We all do, in different forms. Some of us find it in study, or in trade, some in pleasure, some in sin. I have known people who could take it out in horseback-riding or household-art decoration, in a cigar or an embroidered stork. You have found it in benevolence."

"You are severe," interrupted Reliance gently. "And yet—I have tried—I meant to be unselfish." Her head had fallen, her lip trembled.

"You starved for love," persisted he. "And you have it—there." He pointed down the dark road, where the drunkard's departing steps had ceased to echo. "You have it here," waving his hand towards the hall, where, across the great lighted space left by the open door, the figure of Janet passed, flitting and anxious. "You have it everywhere you go. You treat poor people as if they were human—and you too. That is the highest bid that can be made for their affection. They give it. You are overwhelmed with it. You needed love. You have found it in its most alluring and its most illusive form. You have too much of it!"

Reliance sat perfectly still. Had she opposed any resistance to this torrent of words, it is uncertain how long it might have gone on.

"You have too much,—it will spoil you! It intoxicates you; you are living on it as that fellow lives on his dram!"

Suddenly his manner changed. "And yet your motives *are* so pure, you are so unselfish, that you do not resent all this! And I am a brute!" He got up, and restlessly paced the piazza. "Reliance,—Mrs. Strong—be patient with me. I am all out of sorts to-night. I have been rude."

"I'm only afraid you may be right," she answered, gently still. "And yet—if it were—if I *did* need love, and if my poor people gave it—I never thought of it so. But should I be so very much to blame? Must I stop working because I love them?"

"God forbid!" said Nordhall quickly. "Only save a corner for some of us poor devils who are not drunkards or outcasts. We mean well. We do as well as we can to deserve your interest."

She had risen, drawing her white shawl up, and stood regarding him perplexedly. That old fancy of his about her came upon him, seeing her so absorbed and sweet and calm,—white against the dark.

"Wraith or woman?" he said, half aloud.

"What did you say?"

"I said I hoped you had a heart left for your friends."

"I hope so," said Reliance, earnestly. "And for you,—for John's friend—Mr. Nordhall, I *was* glad to see you come home. Did you not know?"

"Yes, I am John's friend," said Charley Nordhall more quickly, after a long pause. "Let us come in to the house. The air is damp for you."

He walked home that night with restless, reckless steps. He was thoroughly ill at ease. He knew he had been rough with her, the gentlest woman that ever breathed! He knew that he could not expect her to understand him. What was more immediately to the purpose, he perceived that he did not understand himself. He did not know, till he saw her, how he had looked forward to com-

ing back to her. He had been a conscientious traveler, with an occupied mind. His dead friend's wife had found her place in it, of course. Had he purposely prolonged his journey, the better to define that place and keep her in it? Had he, not without design, increased the distance between them, the better to observe its effect on herself when they should meet? And now—was he jealous of her interest in her house-maid's drunken father? . . . Poor girl!

Despite his masculine reluctance to see a woman whom he idealized brought into contact with all the unnamed perils to which earnest work among the ignorant and erring must expose a lady, he was perfectly conscious that she moved on a plane to which he had never aspired, and that her preoccupations were as much nobler as her nature was finer than his own. He acknowledged this fact to himself with stern severity. He acknowledged, too, that any movement of soul which he should make towards that level would spring not so much from a wish to approach it, as to approach her. After some moments' hard walking and clear thinking, he acknowledged that his ill-nature sprung from an unwillingness to lose the position of comforter-in-chief to this attractive mourner.

At this point his thoughts came to a dead-lock. Love? He shrank. Alone there in the dark road, this knightly gentleman recoiled from himself, because he had admitted so much as the word to his throbbing thoughts. With love and marriage those thoughts had nothing to do. He had been a busy man. The full years had left him no time for empty dreams. He had never wished nor expected to marry.

Even if he had, this woman was his friend's wife. He thanked Heaven that he was not born a scoundrel, to love another man's wife.

True, John was what we call dead. Who knew what that meant? Nordhall

lifted his face to the sky. All the stars were out.

He looked up solemnly, in one of those pauses of soul which come seldom to hurried lives. What was it to be dead? Old Bible words came to him, brokenly and confused, as he walked along with stumbling feet and skyward gaze: "*To live again?*"

That was her way of thinking. She was a devout and trustful woman,—Heaven help her! Where would she have been were she not? *She* believed that John was a live man.

He expressed this to himself in just these words; drew his breath; passed his hand over his forehead with the wearied and appealing motion into which reserved people fall only when they are unobserved.

He stretched his hands a little, both of them, towards the sky. He knew he was alone. The street was still. Far in the distance the lights of the town pulsed passionately; each meant a human home. Behind him the unseen sea broke steadily and strong. He stopped, and spoke aloud:—

"John! John, old fellow!"

He took off his hat and held it a moment. Then he bowed his bared head.

"It seems as if—if ever a man would make himself known to another, it might be at some such time and place too—as this. Perhaps he would. Perhaps he can't. . . . John! . . . *Are you alive?*"

He hesitated, standing still uncovered.

"John Strong! *You trust me, don't you?*"

A busy man, not often given to forays of imagination, is the more subject to them when they attack him; and Nordhall was so possessed by his exalted mood that he was bewildered and startled on suddenly perceiving that he was not alone upon the dark road.

A man stood in the middle of it, perfectly silent, directly in the path.

Nordhall's hand instinctively sought the revolver which he sometimes carried on these lonely walks; but he found that he had left it at home. That aristocratic town had her full share of social extremes, and the Salem rough has acquired a more than local reputation.

As Nordhall tried to pass, with such fearless indifference as the case required, the fellow laid a heavy hand upon his arm.

"Stand off!" cried Nordhall, with a mighty shove. The man staggered and fell back. He made no effort to resume hostilities, but stood still. He carried a little dark-lantern with him, which now turned upon his figure. Nordhall recognized him at once. It was Mr. Janet.

"How did you suppose I was going to know you?" cried the gentleman, by way of apology. "Come, now! What is it? I'm in a hurry, and no man likes being caught upon a dark road in this way. You might have got arrested for a highwayman. Have you been drinking — so soon?"

Nordhall's natural irritation was slow in subsiding, and he poured the words out in his quick-blooded fashion.

"No!" thundered the "reformed man," drawing himself up. "I ain't so low as that, — fresh from a sight of" —

"Never mind!" cried Nordhall. He could not bring himself to bear hearing her name uttered in this way.

"You're not the man I took you for," said the other sullenly, moving away.

This aroused Nordhall's curiosity, and that subdued his temper. He followed Mr. Janet, — spoke more gently.

"What do you mean by that? Perhaps we don't either of us know what kind of man the other is. Do me the justice to remember that you came upon me like a robber."

"I'm no robber," said the man, "and no rascal. I'm a reformed man."

"Why don't you stay reformed, then?" asked Nordhall bluntly.

"That's what I was trying to do, when you come up. I thought mebbe you'd help me. I took you for a different sort of man, — seein' you in her company. I took it for granted a feller *she* took to would be like herself, — God bless her! It seems I was mistaken, sir."

"Try me and see," said Nordhall, mildly accepting the rebuke. "Tell me what you thought I could do for you."

Mr. Janet hesitated, standing for some moments twirling his dark-lantern round and round between his fingers. The revolving light flashing and fading on his rough face had a sad effect, like the struggles and failures of purpose which beset a shipwrecked life. His forehead was carved with the deep furrows which usually belong to men battling with the alcoholic passion.

"Sir," he said at last, in a changed voice, "do you see that light yonder ahead of us, — just to the corner where Cranby's Cut strikes down to the Ma'shes? I can't get by that light. No, you don't understand, I see; you ain't used to us. *She'd* understand. *She'd* ha' come with me herself ef it was fit for a lady. I can't get by alone. That's Cranby's Hell."

"Cranby's — Hell?"

"Cranby's grogg'ry, sir. It's where I've ben used to get my liquor. I'm owin' him. I darsen't go by. They'll coax me in. I've got the money to pay, and he knows it. He won't *let* me by. And I darsen't go in, — I darsen't go in! Sir, I've set here half an hour, on this rock, looking at that there light. I thought mebbe you'd let me — seein' you was a friend of hers — let me walk by with you, sir. That was all. But it don't matter. I won't trouble you, sir."

He turned drearily, swinging his lantern, from sheer nervousness, in a ghastly way, setting his face towards Cranby's Hell.

"I will go with you," said Nordhall.

"Come into Cranby's and pay your debt. I'll stand by you till you're out again. Will that do?"

"Then I'll be clear of him!" said Mr. Janet joyously. "Yes, sir, thank you. That will do."

The two men walked on together in silence. Neither knew how to address the other, under these circumstances. Suddenly Mr. Janet drew his breath hard and shook from head to foot. They had not quite reached the door of the groggery, but Nordhall perceived that the fumes from it struck their faces. He felt a surprised sympathy with the effect of this fact upon his companion, but he did not comment upon it. They passed in, still in silence, and Mr. Janet paid his bill. Nordhall stood beside him.

The shop was full. The entrance or reception room in which they stood was fitted up as a little—a very little—grocery; adjoining it was a second smaller apartment, in and out of which a few men skulked on mysterious errands; a third and still smaller room opened beyond, dimly lighted, and with an ugly look.

Nordhall was conscious that his presence in this place attracted attention,

and occupied himself with a desire to hasten the business which brought him there.

A few idle words passed between Mr. Janet and the proprietor, who made no effort to detain him. They turned, and were about to leave, when out of the third and inner room a man advanced towards them. His face and figure, even, seemed to smoulder, as he staggered up. The whole creature looked lurid. He was evidently far gone with the insensate rage which forms a stage of intoxication in certain lower natures, and which seizes the first convenient object on which to vent itself, as fire seizes fuel.

"Griggs!" he cried. "*You goin' ter leave us? By Blank! you shan't! We want your blanked company!*"

"You cannot have it to-night," said Nordhall, in his quiet, cultivated voice. "Come, Mr. Griggs." He put his white hand upon the other's shoulder.

At the instant, through the flare and fumes of the sickening place, he was aware that riot arose; that a raving figure leaped at him; that others leaped at it; that there were cries and a blow. Then he fell, crashing, and knew no more.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

II.

OUR next author is the celebrated fabulist, Jean Lafontaine, who was born at Château Thierry, in Champagne, in July, 1621, his father being an overseer of waters and forests, to which office the son succeeded. Lafontaine—whose face I do not find particularly prepossessing, with its large, thin, prominent nose, small chin, and air of skittish uncertainty—was an odd mixture of sim-

plicity, shrewdness, laxity, and right feeling; something like our own Oliver Goldsmith, but an extremem instance. His freedom from rivalry or ambition, his absence of mind, his neglectful incapacity for attending to his own business, were altogether abnormal. Such a character might turn out the most docile, easy-going, and attached of husbands, or the most wayward and intractable. Lafontaine partook of both these dispositions. He got on tolerably enough

with his wife, and might have done the same to the end of the chapter; but at one moment he got away from her, and he never returned. At the persuasion of his family, who saw him inclined to nothing but idle amusement, he, at the age of twenty-six, married a pretty and engaging young lady, Marie Héricard, daughter of the lieutenant-général of La Ferté-Milon. She had plenty of sense and spirit, and, as long as they lived together, he constantly consulted her about his writings. He had no particular inclination for marrying, but he esteemed the lady both before and after their nuptials; and it is said that their tone of mind and temper was a good deal alike, and that he, though there were some quarrels from time to time, owing to his careless way of life, did not find her really difficult to agree with. Some other people did. She, like her husband, lacked orderliness, application, and firmness, and was a great reader of romances. There is an amusing story about Lafontaine's being incited to jealousy and a duel. A certain Captain Poignant, of the dragoons, frequented his house, and enjoyed the lady's society more especially. Lafontaine's was, indeed, not greatly enjoyable; for he was taciturn, slovenly, and commonplace. The captain, however, gave no cause for suspicion; but somebody set Lafontaine on the alert, and told him that it would behoove him to fight a duel. He called on the captain, who was comfortably asleep, and summoned him to follow to the field of honor. Here he explained the cause of his proceedings, and drew his sword, which at the very first pass was knocked out of his hand by his more expert antagonist; and Poignant then took Lafontaine home, and they were reconciled over their breakfast.

Some years of married life ensued, and the birth of a son; which was not, perhaps, very welcome to Lafontaine, who is recorded to have had a marked

dislike to children, — almost the last feeling one would have imputed to the fabulist. Then the Duchess of Bouillon, a lively lady who had prompted him to write his *Contes*, or narratives in verse, a work of very indecorous notoriety, took him with her to Paris. Here he at once settled down: partly, it would seem, because he liked the capital and its gayeties, partly because he disliked attending to his own affairs, which were somewhat involved; not, apparently, because he had any rooted intention of quitting his wife; though in fact he did quit her, and saw her henceforth only at rare intervals. His letters to her have been preserved, and they show (it is said) the same spirit of observation and discernment that we find in his *Fables*. He was in the habit of paying her a short visit each September, in company with a friend or two. On one occasion he had been persuaded to get thoroughly reconciled to her, but, calling at her house, and being told by the servant that she was at her devotions, he went away again, spent a couple of days with a friend hard by, and then returned to Paris. In the capital he had at first been housed with the lavish superintendent of finance, Fouquet; after his fall, with the English Princess Henrietta, wife of the French king's brother; then, for twenty years, with a lady of great distinction and amiability, Madame de la Sablière; and after her death, in his old age, with another friend. The first set of his inimitable *Fables*, which were immensely popular, was published in 1668, when he was forty-seven years of age, — a masterpiece of *naïveté*, spirit, sprightliness, and felicitous tact.

Lafontaine had throughout his life shown the same indifference in religion as in other matters; but near his end a priest took him in hand, and he evinced contrition for past irregularities, and is said to have become sincerely pious. His wife and son (he had once met and liked the latter in Parisian

society, without knowing him until he was told of the relationship) do not seem, even after this change in his sentiments and demeanor, ever to have visited him. He died in March, 1695. The wife, since her husband's disappearance, had continued living on her own independent property, which sufficed for her requirements. After his death she was pressed to pay some taxes; but the intendant of Soissons, D'Armenonville, ordered that the family of Lafontaine, as a national benefactor, should be exempted from all public burdens; and this immunity always continued,—a rare instance of honor to literary services.

Here is the epitaph which Lafontaine wrote for himself. I am sorry to spoil it in translation :—

"John has departed much as he had come,
Eating his income, then his capital,
Accounting property superfluous.
As for his time, he knew to spend it well:
He made two parts of it, and he would pass
One sleeping, and the other doing naught."

The greatest comic dramatist of France,—the greatest for pure comedy, I believe, of the modern world,—Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who upon going on the stage adopted the name of Molière, was born in Paris in January, 1622. His father was a furniture broker, who held the post of valet de chambre and upholsterer to the king. The son showed an early inclination for the theatre; in 1641, aged nineteen, he became definitely an actor. He joined with a provincial actress, Madeleine Béjart; and they formed a company, which, in 1653, at Lyons, played his first regular comedy, *L'Etourdi*. With Madeleine he had a tie more than professional. In 1662, being then aged forty, and having meanwhile settled in Paris, and obtained a fine reputation as actor, author, and manager, and a post at court as well, he married a much younger sister of Madeleine, Armande Claire Elizabeth Béjart, aged at the utmost seventeen. Armande has generally been called the daughter of Madeleine; but that is a mistake.

She was an actress, and attained eventually a great success in high comedy, playing with refinement, and singing with much taste. This union of the middle-aged actor with the girlish actress, a marriage of affection on his part, was a perilous experiment, and proved a very unfortunate one. After three years or so of marriage, Molière had but too good reason to suspect his wife's fidelity. He understood her to be in love with the nobleman De Lauzun; she, on being taxed with this, repelled the charge, but avowed an inclination for De Guiche, and closed the scene with tears and a fainting fit. The actor Baron seems also to have given Molière cause for marital disquietude about this time. The situation was all the crueler for him, as he had in his troupe both the elder sister Madeleine and another actress for whom he had had an attachment, Mademoiselle de Bric. A partial separation took place between the poet and his wife; and when he was shortly afterwards acting *Alceste*, the hero of his own *Misanthrope*, and she was performing the volatile lady of fashion, *Célimène*, they met only in the theatre. He still loved her, however, and found the severance, which lasted for something like seven years, very painful. At last, through the mediation of friends, they again came together, and another child was born to him. But the reconciliation was only ten months before the dramatist's death. He expired in February, 1673, aged fifty-two, through pulmonary disease and the rupture of a blood-vessel; having, on the previous evening, insisted, in the interest of the many poor persons whose living depended on the theatre, upon playing a part of his own *Malade Imaginaire*, in spite of the earnest dissuasions of his wife and of Baron. Two nuns were tending Molière when he died, stifled by the flow of blood; his wife, on hurrying into the chamber, found him lifeless.

Molière was kind-hearted, obliging, generous, quick in temper, observant, not talkative. He lived sumptuously in his later years, having an income of some thirty thousand livres. In person he was neither fat nor thin, rather tall, of fine carriage and a very serious air. His nose was large, and so was his thick-lipped mouth; his complexion brown; his eyebrows black, heavy, and very mobile; his voice somewhat hard. He had an inclination to tragic acting, and a good faculty for it, but practically he was a comedian actor, famed for the parts of intriguing servants so characteristic of the drama of that epoch, or for high comedy, as in *Orgon* in the *Tartuffe*, or *Harpagon* in the *Avare*.

Whatever her conjugal misdoings, Madame Molière seems to have had a proper sense of her husband's greatness; for, when the Archbishop of Paris refused him burial, in accordance with the priestly prejudices of those times, she exclaimed with honest indignation, "They refuse a grave to one to whom Greece would have erected altars!" An order from the king intervened, and Molière was buried with maimed rites in the cemetery of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre. Two or three years afterwards his tombstone got damaged by a curious casualty. The winter being excessively cold, his widow had a load of wood lighted on the stone to warm the poor of the district, and the slab split in the burning heat.

A detailed account has been given of a long conversation held with Molière while he was partly separated from his wife; in the course of this he called her "a person without beauty, whom people are willing to credit with some talent." It is said, also, that an exceedingly sprightly scene in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, purporting to give some description of the heroine Lucile, is really aimed at Armande. This informs us that her eyes were small but piercing, her mouth large and loving, her stat-

ure moderate, her demeanor nonchalant and at the same time serious, her caprices frequent. This is just the sort of woman in whom a man can find much to complain of, but whom, if he has loved her once, he does not give up without a pang. Molière's fondness for his wife is rumored to have led him into that lifelong quarrel with doctors which figures so largely in his plays. The story is that the couple were once lodging in the house of a physician whose wife notified a rise of rent, whereof Armande, in her free and easy way, would take no heed; and then the lodgings were let over the heads of her and her husband, who rapidly paid off the medical faculty at large.

Madame Molière, only twenty-eight years of age at the date of her widowhood, and always careful of her own person and comfort, remarried with the comedian Gressinde. She quitted the stage in 1694, and died in 1700, aged fifty-five.

The last of our four French poets, the renowned dramatist Jean Racine, was born at La Ferté-Milon, in December, 1639, his father holding a superior post in the salt office. When barely of age, the son made his mark as a poet in an ode on the king's marriage. This procured him a small pension, and he determined to adopt poetry as his profession, and came to Paris. He was appointed a gentleman in ordinary to the king, and, although not in orders, wore the ecclesiastical habit. His earliest tragedy, *La Thébaïde*, appeared in 1664; *Andromaque*, his first great success, and inferior, I think, to none that followed it, in 1668; *Bajazet*, *Iphigénie*, *Phèdre*, and others followed up to 1691, when he closed the roll with *Athalie*. As a poet Racine enjoyed general favor, not unembittered by envies and rivalries; at last he mixed in politics, and this certainly in a way which entitles him to our esteem, but it proved his destruction. Madame de Maintenon, the

second wife of Louis XIV., asked Racine to compose a memoir on the miseries endured by the people in the closing years of the century. He complied, and drew a moving picture of their distresses. The king saw the manuscript, ascertained who was its author, resented the performance with the words, "Because he is a poet, does he think to be a minister?" and forbade him the royal presence. Racine was not strong-minded enough to endure this reverse; and his chagrin, acting upon a bad state of health, — he suffered from abscess of the liver, — brought him to his death-bed in April, 1699.

In youth Racine was long in love with the actress De Champmêlé, but she abandoned him for a more aristocratic lover. In 1677, when he was thirty-eight years of age, being disgusted at the cabals against his famous tragedy of *Phèdre*, he had serious thoughts of becoming a Carthusian monk; but his confessor recommended him to marry instead, and he espoused Mademoiselle de Romanet, daughter of a *Trésoirier de France* for Amiens, — a lady, it is said, equally handsome and virtuous, who secured his affections, — and he continued exemplary in all domestic relations. There were five children of the marriage: one son, Louis, became a poet of some name; the eldest daughter entered a Carmelite convent. Several of the poet's letters to another son have been preserved; they contain many references to Madame Racine, always in an affectionate, homely tone. One letter, written late in life, speaks of her great care of the poet during an illness. There are also four letters from Madame Racine herself to the same son, from which we can perceive that she shared in the earnest religious sentiments of her husband. One of them relates to a proposal for the son's marriage, and contains the following remarks: "It appears to us that the fortune which this girl would have brought you had made rather too much impression on your mind,

and that you had not sufficiently reflected on what your father had mentioned to you of the temper of the person in question. I perceive, my dear son, that you are not aware of how much importance that is for the comfort of life; this, however, is what has made us break off the affair." An anecdote that has been recorded tends, like these remarks, to indicate that Madame Racine was not greedy of riches, and was devoted to her duties as a mother. It purports that the poet once brought home one thousand louis given him by the king; but he could not get his wife to pay any attention to this piece of good news, as she insisted, with some iteration, upon his reprimanding one of the children, who for two days past could not be made to mind his lessons.

Racine was of medium height, agreeable figure, open and lively countenance; a polite man, of soft manners, yet not free from rancor. His self-esteem was active, and easily chafed by criticism. His widow survived him many years, dying in 1732, and having enjoyed meanwhile an annual pension of two thousand livres, granted, perhaps with some compunction, by the king.

Next and last the German poets claim our attention. Of them I select five, beginning with Lessing, and ending with a man of our own days, — Heine.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was one of the leading pioneers and chief figures of modern German culture, — poet, dramatist, art critic, religious inquirer. He brought to bear upon whatever he did an earnest, piercing, free, enlightened mind. His dramas of *Minna von Barnhelm*, *Emilia Galotti*, *Nathan the Wise*, his treatises on the sculptural and dramatic arts, his edition of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, on subjects of religion and dogma, are all works of a strenuous, penetrating faculty, of the highest value to the foundation and evolution of German thought. Lessing, the son of a Lutheran minister, was born at Kamenz,

in Saxony, in January, 1729. He began writing early, and soon distinguished himself as an opponent of French models for the literature of Germany. He moved a good deal about, — Leipsic, Berlin, Wittenburg, Breslau, Hamburg, and then Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel, where he was the ducal librarian. His courtship and marriage form a very distinct episode in his life, the one around which gathers most of the strictly personal interest of his career. At Hamburg, where he settled for a while in 1767, aged thirty-eight, he knew a prosperous silk manufacturer named König, with his wife Eva and family of children. The husband dying, the widow and Lessing fell in love; but she had a great amount of complicated business to attend to in the interest of her children, and would not, therefore, entertain any proposal of early remarriage. She is described as a capable woman, of large, masculine intellect. Her intellect may have been masculine, but we are not to understand that her character was in any way disagreeably unfeminine, for all the evidence tells to a contrary effect. In August, 1771, the pair were formally betrothed; but their nuptials were still deferred some years, until October, 1776, part of the interval having been spent by Lessing in traveling in Italy with Prince Leopold of Brunswick. During this time the lady's patience and confidence were put to a severe trial, owing to the prolonged cessation of letters from her betrothed; and that, again, as finally explained, was caused by the non-delivery of a whole series of *her* letters. At last they settled down to married life in Wolfenbüttel; Lessing's debts, which had long harassed him, being finally cleared off. Four children of the first marriage lived in their house, and Lessing proved a very affectionate step-father, and altogether highly domestic. He regained cheerfulness, to which he had long been a stranger, and writing of his wife to his

brother he said, "I have ever held her to be the only woman with whom I should venture to live." The house was well kept and hospitable; the husband generous, and his amiable spouse still more so. Lessing was a good talker; and we are told that he always dressed well, and would play chess with some of his friends, and affect to smoke with others who were smokers. This exceptionally happy period of his life came to a rapid close in January, 1778, when, after little more than a year of marriage, his wife died in giving birth to a child which accompanied her to the tomb. A letter which he wrote at a later date says that he would gladly give up half of such life as might remain to him, could he but live the rest of it with her; and elsewhere he speaks of his marriage as "a single year spent with a sensible woman." In the brief period of his survival he would frequently write in the room where his Eva had died, having a favorite cat as his companion.

Theological controversy, in which Lessing was a resolute advocate of free thought and full inquiry, tempered by religious sentiment, and the production of his celebrated play *Nathan the Wise* occupied the three years' residue of his life. His eyesight failed, paralysis attacked him, and he died on the 15th of February, 1781. Among traits of his personal disposition, it is recorded that the author of the *Laocoön* was prone to anger, self-reliant, and little sensitive to the beauties of natural scenery. His portrait shows us a good-looking face, — rather ordinary, yet at the same time exceedingly intelligent, — with dark eyes and an expression which combines composure and acuteness.

My second example of a German poet, Gottfried August Bürger, is scarcely of such high rank in his art that I would of my own accord have selected him; but, as Karl Elze, in the passage already quoted, cites him as a poet unfortunate in marriage, I have felt bound not to

pass him over. Bürger was the author of those deservedly renowned ballads of ghostly terror, *Lenore* and the *Wild Huntsman*, translated by Walter Scott; also of numerous other poems of varied lyrical quality, not much known out of his own country. The son of a Lutheran minister, he was born on the first day of 1748, at Wolmerswende, in Halberstadt. He was fond of romantic solitude, lax in his morals (though his face, fleshy, with round eyes, small mouth, and the other features large, looks more lymphatic than passionate or imaginative), and was not successful in the practical affairs of life. A professorship at Göttingen, without fixed salary, formed his principal dependence. Certainly Bürger was a very luckless husband. Soon after he had, at a very early age, published *Lenore*, with wide-spread applause, he married a Hanoverian lady named Leonhart; but scarcely had he done this when he fell in love with her younger sister, the Molly of many of his poems. Betrayed and neglected, the ill-starred wife sank into an early grave, dying in 1784, and leaving two children. Bürger forthwith married her sister; and with her, however culpable, he might perhaps have been happy, but she too died, at the beginning of 1786, in childbed. This crushed his spirit and his genius; he succeeded, however, in completing the last of his important poems, named *The Song of Songs*, which he had projected as a sort of nuptial hymn, and which has been described as a strange compound of passion, devotion, and bombast.

After a space he thought of marrying for the third time. While pondering this purpose, he received a letter from Stuttgart, written by a young lady in cultivated and feeling language. She professed a great enthusiasm for his poetry, and offered to become his bride. The poet made some inquiries about the writer of this startling epistle; then he went to Stuttgart, espoused her, and

brought her home to Göttingen. The third wife proved the avenger of the first. She was faithless to her self-spoken husband, and embittered the rest of his life; and in less than three years he obtained a divorce. In great poverty, harassed by a bitter critique which Schiller had written, and broken down by these reiterated mishaps or retributions, Bürger came to the end of his career in June, 1794, aged forty-six. Such is the sufficiently dismal history of the author of *Lenore*.

I now come to one of the greatest and most comprehensive of the world's intellects, Goethe; one, also, of its very great poets, and (if considered dispassionately, without reference to our own special currents of sympathy or antipathy) one of its most stately, self-consistent, self-regulating characters as well. In the limits of an article like this, it is impossible for me even to indicate the general outlines of the literary career of such a hero of letters as Goethe; let us simply remember him as the author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, and pass on.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, or Von Goethe, as he was named when ennobled by the emperor in 1782, son of a doctor of law and imperial counselor, was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28, 1749; he died at Weimar on March 22, 1832, in his eighty-third year. He had many love affairs, which form a substantial part of his biography, and in which he showed, along with abundance of emotional susceptibility, a certain reluctance to commit himself finally and determine his fate for life. There was Gretchen, daughter of an inn-keeper; Charitas Meixner, a friend of his sister; the Lotte of *The Sorrows of Werther*; Frederika Brion, daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim; Lili Schönermayer, daughter of a banker; Charlotte von Stein, the wife of the master of the horse at Weimar. This lady was, when Goethe first knew her, thirty-three years

of age, and the mother of seven children. His attachment to her was ardent, especially from about 1775 to 1786, and the letters which he addressed to her cover a period of half a century. At a late date in his life (but here I am anticipating) he had a marked partiality for Marianne von Willemer, the bride of a Frankfort banker; she is the Zuleika of his poems the *West-Oestliche Divan*, and indeed she herself wrote some of the compositions in that series. There was also Bettine, the heroine of his so-called *Letters to a Child*.

Goethe, after a two years' stay in Italy, returned to Weimar in 1788; and in the autumn of that year he met the woman who eventually became his wife. The poet, who was at this time president of the Chamber at Weimar, was walking through the park, when a girl named Christiane Vulpius tendered him a petition on behalf of her brother. She had golden curling locks, round cheeks, laughing eyes, and a neatly turned figure, presenting, it has been said, the general appearance of a young Greek Dionysus, or Bacchus. Goethe took a fancy to her, and they parted no more. It was not, however, until eighteen years afterwards, in 1806, that he married her, and thus legitimized his offspring; even then, as Christiane was a person of little education, he did not introduce her into the high society to which he belonged. The terrors of the French occupation made him, it is understood, anxious for the future position of his son; hence his immediate motive for no longer delaying the marriage, — which, indeed, he would probably have carried into effect before but for Christiane's own dissuasions. In October, after the disastrous battle of Jena, Weimar was plundered by the French, and Goethe's property and possibly his life were on this occasion saved by the firmness of his Christiane. She proved a loving wife, and in most respects a good one: her greatest fault was the taint of intemperance inherited

from her father. In spite of her lack of training, her quick mother wit made her to some extent available as an intellectual companion even to the author of *Faust*. When she died, not many years later, in 1816, he felt her loss bitterly. Others followed: Madame von Stein in 1827; the Grand Duke of Weimar in 1828. Goethe's son died at Rome in October, 1830, the object of his tender affection, in spite of defects of character. The great poet outlived them all, and was not (as I have already said) laid to his rest until 1832. His daughter-in-law, Ottilie, had tended his last days.

There is an interesting account, one of the few which bring before us Christiane and Goethe together, of how she told him of the death of his beloved friend Schiller, which occurred in 1805, more than a year before the marriage was solemnized. "No one," we are informed, "dared to tell Goethe the sad news, but he saw in the faces of those who surrounded him that Schiller must be very ill. On the morrow of Schiller's death, when Christiane entered his rooms, he said, 'Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?' She began to sob. He then cried, 'He is dead!' 'Thou hast spoken it thyself!' she exclaimed. Once more he cried, 'He is dead!' and, turning aside, covered his weeping eyes with his hands."

I need not attempt any description of Goethe's appearance; he was august in person as in mind. In social feeling he was a decided aristocrat. He occupied the highest political positions in the Grand Duchy of Weimar; and one reads with a smile that his official income did not exceed, at its highest, which he reached about 1816, some £450 per annum.

Leaving Goethe, we recur to Schiller; an almost inevitable transition when we are speaking of German poets. Friedrich Schiller — Johann Christoph Friedrich was the full name — was born ten

years after Goethe, on November 10, 1759, at Marbach, in the Duchy of Würtemberg. His father was an officer in the ducal army. Goethe, I might already have remarked, was a conspicuous instance of vast early success in literature; for he published his drama of *Götz von Berlichingen* in his twenty-fourth year, and his novel of *Werther* in his twenty-fifth. Schiller was a still more extraordinary instance of the same kind; his romantic drama, *The Robbers*, having been begun in his nineteenth year, and produced on the stage in his twenty-second, and having rapidly over-run all Germany and all Europe with his fame. Of his other works I will mention only two,—the double tragedy of *Wallenstein* and the *Piccolomini*, a late composition, and last of all the play of *William Tell*, published in 1804. Schiller began life as surgeon to a regiment; but, having been put under arrest at Stuttgart for going without leave to Mannheim to see *The Robbers* acted, and wishing generally to obtain more freedom of action, he decamped in October, 1782, and took up his residence at Mannheim, and henceforth he adhered to the career of letters. It was towards 1788 that he became acquainted with Goethe, and a firm personal friendship and literary alliance subsisted between the two illustrious competitors. Schiller's time after this was chiefly divided between Weimar and a historical professorship which he held at Jena. He was made a noble of the German Empire and a citizen of revolutionary France. The latter was only a partially appropriate honor; for in fact Schiller, although ardently incited by the earlier days and prospects of the Revolution, disapproved its later developments, and hence became all the more tolerant of the old system of things. A pulmonary illness began in 1791, and finally carried him off, at Weimar, on May 11, 1805. His last words were that many things were growing clear to him.

Schiller had some early love affairs; but he was still a young man, about twenty-nine, when he met at Rudolstadt the lady, *Fräulein Lengefeld*, who won his heart, and whom soon afterwards, in 1790, he married. His home was an entirely happy one; his means neither large nor scanty. "Life," he said, "is quite another thing by the side of a beloved wife." He spent his mornings chiefly with his wife and children, of whom he left four at his death, two sons and two daughters; and with his family he was cheerful and kind, though mostly rather shyly reserved. Madame Schiller seems to have been fully worthy of the distinction which befell her in becoming the poet's wife; her character was perhaps not unlike that of the typical female impersonations in his works, gentle and loving, without forcible individuality.

Schiller was a man of friendly and candid nature; somewhat eccentric in youth, and even at a maturer period, although he dressed plainly, and was willing enough to do other common things as a common man; his character unsullied; his vehemence of spirit boundless, yet in ordinary intercourse he was free from hastiness and from anger. He was tall, but thin, never robust; pale, with auburn hair and extreme searching keenness of countenance; impulsive, and meditative too. He was wont to compose by night, taking stimulants meanwhile, chiefly coffee; and to retire to rest about three in the morning, sleeping on till ten.

And now I come to the last of my German—the last of my non-English—poets. Heinrich Heine has been called the German Voltaire; also the Aristophanes of Germany. There was, indeed, something curiously composite in his nature and the character of his genius. He was not strictly a German, but a Jew,—a Jew by race, a German by nationality; a Frenchman by later residence and by preference of mind;

a Jew by inherited faith, a Protestant at the age of twenty-five by worldly conformity, as the only inlet for practicing at the bar; in reality a skeptic and scornor from first to last. Heine was born at Düsseldorf in December, 1799.

In youth he was striking-looking, with long, auburn hair, and not of Jewish aspect; his stature was ordinary; his tendency was towards fatness, which had become considerable in his middle age, before the break-up of his constitution. His father kept a small draper's shop; but the poet had some expectations, which were not finally realized in full, from a millionaire uncle, Solomon Heine. He tried banking, commerce, and law, and gave them all up for literature. His first volume of poems was published with some success in 1822; his *Pictures of Travel* (in prose) and his *Book of Songs* were later, yet still early publications, and established his fame as the most remarkable and splendidly gifted writer in Germany, worthy to carry on the tradition of her literature when Goethe should be no more. That country, however, in its then political condition, was not the fitting home for so daring a free-lance and democrat and scarifying a satirist as Heine, who had, moreover, from the first been an avowed Napoleonic enthusiast. In 1831 he settled in Paris, and there remained, and his works soon became as popular in France as in Germany. His later years were a deplorable martyrdom. He had always been subject to outrageous headaches. Then his sight and his muscular power became affected, and paralysis — as it was commonly called, or, more strictly, softening of the spinal marrow — supervened. For eight years he was incapable of moving, and he might be found lying on his back, holding up an eyelid with his left hand to see, and with the other hand writing in pencil on large foolscap paper. "He lay on a pile of mattresses," says one writer, — a lady;

"his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter."

In Paris, Heine, who (after much youthful effusion of passion for his cousin Amalie and others) had long yearned for some settled home love, formed a connection in 1834 with a simple-minded and beautiful Parisian *grisette*, Crescence Mathilde Mirat, whom finally, in 1841, just before fighting a duel, he married. She made his life sweeter and his closing years endurable. "For eight years," he wrote in 1843, "I have had a frightful quantity of happiness." She loved him truly and served him faithfully, and he never tired of singing her praise. Nonotte was her pet name. "She was his doll," says Meissner, "whom he loved to dress elegantly in silk and lace; whom he would gladly have adorned with the finest of all to be found in Paris." She was continually at his bedside by day, and sat up for him at night, — lively and hopeful, always flattering herself that he must recover; and Heine on his part, with indomitable energy of soul and defiance of destiny, had some jest ever at his lips to keep up her spirits, and, his mental powers being unimpaired, he continued writing both prose and verse, — some of the most tender and pathetic of his last poems being addressed to his wife. Another very amiable trait was his affection for his mother, who survived him by three years: he took every precaution to prevent her becoming at any time aware of his fearful illness. For his wife (who is still living) he did his utmost to secure an annuity after his death, and she has benefited largely, in the long run, by the sale of his works. Her education, however, was not such as to make these in any way intelligible to her: she once said, "People tell me that Henri writes very clever books, but I know nothing at all about them." In

the earlier period of his illness he was the object of attention from many visitors; but these gradually fell off, and only a very few attached friends cheered from time to time the monotonous solitude of Heine and his devoted Mathilde. Their means, from various sources, were moderate, — never considerable. Perfectly calm in his last hours, he expired in February, 1856. His wife had lain down at one in the morning, and at four, before she had woke up, he was asleep forever.

I will relieve this painful story with a jest, — one of Heine's own jests, and sure, therefore, not to be a bad one. As he lay on his couch of anguish, a lady came to visit him. "I was quite uneasy yesterday," he said. "My wife had

dressed and gone out about two o'clock. She had promised to return at four. It is half past four: she does not come. It is half past five: she does not come. It is half-past six: still she does not come. It is eight o'clock: my anxiety increases. Has she got tired of her sick husband, and gone off with an insinuating gallant? In my painful distress I send the nurse into her room to ask whether Cocotte, the parrot, is still there. Yes, Cocotte is still there. Then a stone falls from my heart; I breathe again. Without Cocotte my good wife would never have gone away."

Here I have done with the foreign poets, and in my next article I shall have to speak about those of the English race and tongue.

William M. Rossetti.

NIGHT ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

In the red light that from our deck-fire shines,
Inflexible the plumed palmettos stand;
While, at their feet, the supplicating vines
Stretch now wild arms, and now a flower-filled hand.

The gaunt oak broods, with air of wrong and loss,
Yet regal still, among its strangled leaves;
Caught in the web the livid, murderous moss —
Once small, sly parasite, now tyrant — weaves.

The shapes that peopled slimy log and limb,
And filled with uncouth interest all the day, —
The basking alligators, sprawling grim,
Turtles and cranes, — have slipped and sailed away:

Only some splash among the bayous still,
Or strange, harsh cry that startles through the night,
Suggests their lurking presence, as we thrill
With nameless apprehension and affright!

Our boat glides on. . . . The pine-knots' dying glare
On stream and shore a fitful radiance flings;
The soft, malarious, poison-scented air
Drowns each sense with fanning vampire wings. . . .

When, crashing through th' insidious spell so bland,
 A wild strain breaks, swells, sinks, and dies away;
 'Tis from the boatmen, — a barbaric band! —
 Keeping, with poles, the fangèd shores at bay.

Less like a hymn it sounds, as, half dismayed,
 The black choir, through the gloom, we dimly trace,
 Than some weird invocation, fitly made,
 To the malignant spirits of the place!

C. E. S.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

THIS year the future of American shipping has become a subject of more than ordinary interest. It is now one of the gravest topics which can command public consideration.

The country is now happily past the larger part of the troubles which have disturbed its trade and industry for a number of years. For a year and a half it has enjoyed a period of uninterrupted sunshine and prosperity. National finance has been so regulated as to establish the public credit and to give certainty to business transactions. A succession of large harvests has blessed the agricultural community. Railroad building has been resumed. Trade has revived. The products of the mines are in demand. The factories are busy. The railroads have all they wish to do. Labor finds ready employment. Failures have decreased in number from one in every sixty-five doing business to one in every one hundred and five. These blessings have been accompanied by an expansion of our foreign commerce, which is without a parallel in the annals of international exchanges. The dreams of our fathers are surpassed, and the imagination of the present generation is kindled by the magnitude of what they have without effort achieved. Our commerce now begins to approach that colossal trade which gives England

her distinctive place in the business of the world. In the year ending June 30, 1880, there were exported from the United States 18,000,000 gross tons of produce and manufactures; there were imported during the same time 3,900,000 gross tons, — a total of nearly 21,900,000 tons of goods, giving cargoes to 34,000 ships, a great advance from the day of small things following the Revolutionary War, when a few hundred small sailing vessels, taking out forestry, fishery, and farm products, and bringing back manufactures, constituted the whole foreign commerce of the young nation in the New World.

Only one important American interest has failed to derive marked benefit from the phenomenal trade of the past year. A foreigner, reasoning from ordinary experience, would scarcely credit his ears if he were told that our shipping formed the solitary exception to the general prosperity, especially if he were aware that the settlement of the South Atlantic States, the purchase of California, and the discovery of gold in Australia had in each case been attended with a sudden growth of the American merchant marine; ships often earning their whole first cost in freight money in a single year, in those times. Yet such is the fact. The records show that American vessels have derived al-

most no benefit from the wonderful expansion of the ocean carrying trade of the last two years. Our ships actually carry less transoceanic freight than they did three years ago, and far less than at any time during the last thirty years, the period of our civil war alone excepted. Tens of thousands of tons of American vessels lie idle at the wharves of our great sea-ports, while the sea is white with the sails and the sky is dark with the smoke of the great merchant fleets of other nations, which swarm to our shores and transact the great carrying trade that our own vessels do not seem able to take a busy part in. The carrying is secured by Europeans.

Time was when it was said that an Englishman never visited any part of the world without finding a Dutchman there ahead of him. This has been all changed. The Englishman is the first on the ground now. In whatever part of the world there is an opportunity for trade, the letters of the English consuls and the cable dispatches of the English merchants report the fact at once to London or Liverpool, where the news is digested and acted upon before the rest of the world hears of it. The news being received in advance of competitors, goods and ships are sent to the spot promptly, and the cream of the business is secured at once. The British habit of being first in the field has given to the carrying trade to and from the United States, for the past two years, its chief peculiarity. To every point of our long coast whence the products of the soil could be advantageously exported, and to every new foreign port with which a trade has sprung up, the English have established a line of freighting steamers, with sailing ships as auxiliaries. Not a month has passed without the starting of a new line. First it is to Norfolk; then it is to Mobile; then to Charleston, Savannah, Galveston, and other places. New lines to the old sea-ports, like that of Mr. Vanderbilt

to New York and the West Hartlepool line to the Erie elevator in New Jersey, are established, and old lines are enlarged by the addition of new and more commodious ships. This has been the special characteristic of the carrying trade of the last two years; and England now enjoys in our commerce a magnificent preëminence, which it seems folly for any European rival to contest, and despair for America to attempt to disturb.

The fleets of England trading hither are composed chiefly of vessels propelled by steam, tonnage and efficiency considered. A few countries which can build cheap sailers have, however, also been the beneficiaries of the expansion of our commerce. Here, for instance, is Norway. Inspired with the true characteristic energy of the northern races of the world, inhabiting a country where fair play in the race of life and steady habits among the people are the rule, the Norwegians have been able to secure by their enterprise as large a share of our transoceanic carrying trade as we enjoy by inheritance. They build the cheapest sailers now which navigate the ocean. Thrown out of occupation by the falling off in the Russian grain trade and the competition of European steamers, they have been for a few years past cruising the whole world in the peaceful search for cargoes with all the vigor that their ancestors displayed in the conquest of empires. They have crowded every port on the whole American coast, and they now employ as large a number of sailing vessels of the best class in our great ocean trades as we do ourselves. In fact, they dictate the terms on which the trade shall be carried on. The English steamers can secure a slightly better rate of freight than the Norwegian sailers now only because of the difference of time in making a voyage.

Italy, France, Belgium, and Spain have also been able to take a share in

the large business opened to them by our treaties of navigation.

It has long been known, more or less vaguely, that our ship-owners were not getting ahead at all, and that, so small were their profits, they were not adding to their fleets in the slightest degree. Not even were they replacing all the worn-out vessels with new ones, the worst sign of maritime decadence. The reports of the government at Washington have thrown some light on the rapid decline of our navigation by exhibiting annually the percentage of imports and exports carried in American vessels. The decline was from seventy-five per cent. in 1856 to twenty-three per cent. in 1879-80. Information obtained for the benefit of the Maritime Exchange of the city of New York, however, places the present state of affairs in a far more striking light than do the government reports. There is printed weekly a paper called *The Maritime Register*, having the confidence and support of the members of the Exchange, and giving the names of all ships engaged in the whole foreign commerce of the United States, their destinations, the places of the world where last reported, and other details of interest and importance to maritime circles. The following tables have been carefully prepared from the issue of August 4, 1880, showing the number and nationality of vessels engaged in the whole foreign trade of the United States, except to Canada, on that day:—

SAIL: TRANSOCEANIC.

British.....	1276	Hawaiian.....	6
American.....	884	Costa Rican.....	4
Norwegian.....	882	Bolivian.....	2
Swedish.....	143	Brazilian.....	3
Italian.....	598	Argentine.....	5
German.....	395	Mexican.....	1
Austrian.....	165	Haytian.....	2
Dutch.....	49	Nicaraguan.....	2
Russian.....	64	Honduras.....	1
Danish.....	29	Belgian.....	2
Portuguese.....	26	Greek.....	1
Spanish.....	85	—	—
French.....	57	Total.....	4682

All of large class.

SAIL: TO WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

British.....	208	Dutch.....	2
American ¹	444	Portuguese.....	1
Spanish.....	15	French.....	5
Haytian.....	13	Mexican.....	1
Norwegian.....	3	Costa Rican.....	2
Italian.....	1	—	—
Danish.....	3	Total.....	698

STEAM.

British.....	447	Danish.....	5
American ²	46	Dutch.....	6
German.....	35	Brazilian.....	1
Spanish.....	21	Mexican.....	1
Belgian.....	13	Costa Rican.....	1
French.....	9	—	—
Italian.....	5	Total.....	590

The writer prepared an abstract similar to this last summer, taking the *Maritime Register* for June 16th as representing an average week. Startled with the results obtained, he took them to a number of shipping men, and was permitted by General Merritt, collector of the port of New York, to make certain investigations at the custom house to confirm their accuracy. All the information obtained established the correctness of the exhibit.

The figures are strange and eloquent. They explain more clearly than can otherwise be done why Americans who travel in Europe so seldom have their eyes gladdened by a sight of the flag of their native land among the shipping in the great harbors they visit, and why the men from our inland cities who stroll along the wharves of the bay of New York so seldom see the same broad ensign there. Who can fail to learn without astonishment that even little Belgium, a country scarce larger than an American county, has about as many ocean steamships in our trade as we have ourselves, and that Italy and Germany have more? Who could imagine that Italy had five hundred and ninety-eight large-class ships crossing the Atlantic and the Pacific in the trade with this part of America, and that Austria,

¹ Schooners and small vessels.

² Fourteen transoceanic, and thirty-two to West Indies and Mexico.

a kingdom with one small seaport, had one hundred and sixty-five? Who now will wonder that tens of thousands of tons of American vessels lie idle at the wharves of New York and Boston? Yet the figures given above, striking as they are, are not unique in history. A similar showing could have been made by Italy, Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands, respectively, just before the extinction of each as a great maritime power.

An incidental fact, worth glancing at in passing, is the rapid increase of steam shipping in ocean commerce. In 1858, when we were carrying seventy-five per cent. of our own commerce, Mr. Thomas Rainey, then a great authority on "the ocean post," declared it to be the common opinion that steam vessels would never carry anything except the mails, passengers, and express freights. Admitting that under certain circumstances steam would be a cheaper motor than even the free winds of heaven, he stated his belief that wheat, cotton, corn, and lumber could never go in any other than the old way, because they were too bulky and too cheap. They could not be made to stand the cost of freight. This was the opinion not only of Mr. Rainey and the American shipping men of that day, but of the English authorities also. It was, however, an erroneous notion. A class of steam vessels, of large cargo capacity and small coal consumption, has been by the ingenuity of man devised to perform just that service; and if the course of events since 1865 be any standard for judgment, it may now be declared that the time will soon come when there will be nothing which ocean steamers will not carry. The freight steamers are already taking cattle and petroleum; and naphtha, gasoline, dynamite, guano, nitrate, and all the other objectionable articles are pretty sure to be taken in time. There will still be a demand for the sailing vessel, because goods need not always

be dispatched in haste, and it is often cheaper to put grain, etc., into a slow-moving sailer than it is to send it quickly by steamer, and then pay a good price for storage. The sailer can always be used, too, in a variety of trades, especially in long voyages, and where there is a rush of bulky goods; but that steam is gradually gaining on the sailing vessel, and now competes with it constantly, is an important fact which it will be well to bear in mind.

At one time, the New York Custom House began to keep a record of the proportionate amount of trade, transacted by steam and sail respectively, to principal countries. The government did not require these figures, and the work was finally discontinued. Collector Merritt, however, has had compiled the following statement of the export business of the port of New York with principal countries for the year ending June 30, 1880, and this will give some idea:—

Exports of New York to	Sail.	Steam.	Total.
England,	\$26,216,606	\$130,569,396	\$156,786,002
Scotland,	1,465,514	22,755,438	24,220,952
Germany,	12,351,890	19,284,415	31,636,305
Netherlands,	3,052,579	6,731,381	9,783,960
Belgium,	7,531,932	14,325,142	21,857,074
France,	22,411,156	16,473,402	38,884,558
Totals,	\$73,029,677	\$210,139,174	\$283,168,851

France usually shows an excess of steam, but the rush of grain last year gave employment to sailers. The figures for the import trade could not be obtained. It would require an act of Congress and a liberal appropriation for clerk hire to get them. The task would require three months' work. However, it is known, in a general way, that at least four fifths of the import trade takes place in steamers from the countries named above. Other custom houses along the coast would show the same general state of facts. This replacement of sail by steam tonnage is one of the signs of the times. Only by falling

in with the current of events will the United States ever be likely to recover the ground she has been steadily losing these last twenty years.

Of the new influences which promise indisputably to tell against our shipping interest hereafter, the policy of France may be first referred to. The prosperity of France under the republic has not only enabled that flourishing country to pay off her war debt to Germany promptly, but has given the treasury a larger amount of revenue than it has known what to do with. The government has, accordingly, occupied itself with studying how to turn the facts of the case to account, for the benefit of such industries as were not so fortunate as the others. Beginning in 1872 with the abolition of a tax on mortgages, which netted the government 4,000,000 francs yearly, it has from time to time, up to the present fall (1880), thrown off one tax after another, until the total reductions have amounted to 307,000,000 francs. Among other things, it has abolished a tax of 3,000,000 francs on shipping, thus relieving that interest of a certain burden. This reduction was enacted on the 19th of last February. While taking these steps, the government has also been considering the propriety of lending a vigorous support to the companies who are waging a lively war with some Italian lines in the Mediterranean, and with English lines on the Atlantic. Upon the solicitation of a large number of boards in various parts of the republic, a commission was appointed, in 1873, "to study the most efficacious manner of aiding the merchant marine and assuring its prosperity." The complex nature of the questions proposed for the commission to consider caused much delay, but at last, this year, the government has been presented with a project of law for aiding in the establishment of steamship lines by means of subsidies, and of creating said tonnage by bounties, and the

project has been adopted. It is not permitted to us to foresee the ripe fruits of a policy so recently adopted, especially since the full purpose of the French government is not yet made known. But whether the support now to be given to French shipping be extended to the vessels engaged in the Mediterranean trade, or in the business to South America or to this country, the new policy can in no case confer a blessing upon our own shipping interest. It adds a burden instead. It creates a new and urgent competition in several branches of trade which our vessels would like to enter.

Another cause for concern is the action taking by China and Japan, the governments of which countries are rapidly becoming wide awake in matters of trade and navigation. We have never looked for competition from that quarter of the world. Yet the last hundred years have taught the people of those two empires something, and they are applying their newly acquired knowledge with a vigor and ingenuity worthy of Europeans. The first steamer which ever appeared in their waters was one sent thither by the English under a contract with the British government, entered into in 1840, in which year the service to Gibraltar, established three years before, was extended to Suez, Bombay, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. The contract was transferred in 1843 to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which survives to the present day. As soon as the English had fairly entered into the navigation of Chinese waters they found a great and virgin field of enterprise opened before them. The taxes to the Chinese government were paid in grain, and the transportation of this and other commodities along the rivers and coasts of that empire afforded profitable employment to an immense fleet of native junks. The English established steam lines in that part of the world, employing the capital both

of their own and of the native Chinese merchants. In 1874, there were fifty steamers plying in the local trades in Chinese waters, exclusive of the American, English, and French lines which ran thither from across the oceans. In 1874, Li Hung Chang memorialized the throne to establish a native company for the transportation of government grain and general merchandise, with the object of retaining the profits entirely in native hands. The project was received with favor. The China Merchants Steam Navigation Company was formed, with the royal consent and support. During the first year the company had six steamers in operation, namely, the *Aden*, *Fu-sing*, *Ho-chung*, *Yung-ching*, *Lee-yuen*, and *Hai-ching*. The next year four more were added, and by 1877 the company had a fleet of sixteen vessels. It is not necessary here to recount the war waged with the foreign companies, the extraordinary reductions of rates to from fifty to seventy per cent. of the former amount. Suffice it to say, the native company held its own, and in 1877 had become so rich and powerful as to kill the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company (foreign) entirely, and to buy its twenty-six vessels and its wharves, etc., for 2,000,000 taels cash. The year 1877 was the turning-point. Since then China has become aggressive. She now looks to a general navigation of the high seas. She begins by proposing to run ships to America, and on the 30th of August last (1880) the pioneer steamer entered the bay of San Francisco, and announced to the world that progress is not confined to any one clime or race of people, and that China must hereafter be regarded as an active participant in the affairs of the world. The pioneer steamer was singularly enough the *Ho-chung*, one of the original six vessels of the China Merchants fleet, — an omen which bodes no good to the shipping interests of China's competitors on the Pacific Ocean. Were

the kingdom of the Celestials a country in which high prices reigned, America would have less to fear from this new manifestation of Occidental enterprise. The trouble is that the lowest prices in the world reign there. China enjoys the cheapest labor on the planet. Her laborers are ingenious and docile, and should modern ship-yards be opened on her river-banks to any great extent, vessels would soon be produced there which would shame the rest of the world in their cheapness of first cost and expense of operation. It is no trivial circumstance that a firm of British builders are already about to transfer their capital to China to inaugurate this work. That China is qualified by nature for iron-ship building there is no dispute. Her coal fields are of enormous extent. Already 3,000,000 tons of coal are mined there yearly, largely for the native steamers. Her iron deposits are also extensive, and miners work for twelve and a half cents a day. In a recent report to the stockholders of the China Merchants Company, the directors say, "The future of the company will be such as fully to requite the love of country and affection for its people so amply displayed by the high authorities in backing up the company's interests." There can be no doubt of that. What will the future of Chinese shipping in general be, if the "high authorities" back up its interests in the same ample way? And what will the future of American shipping in the Pacific be?

Japan is acting with the same vigor as China, and has already several steam lines in operation, one or more of which are strong competitors with American vessels in Japanese waters.

In regulating the local affairs of our republic, we are not compelled to pay much attention to what other powers are doing. With reference to shipping, we must. The merchant who neglects to observe what his competitors are doing

and the manner in which they are building up their business at his expense is certain to appear in the list of bankruptcies sooner or later; and the same principle holds good with reference to nations engaging in foreign trade and navigation.

Considering, now, the opposition which America will encounter in rebuilding the decayed fortunes of her merchant marine; considering, also, how cheaply our products are now transported to foreign lands, and that we have no distant colonies to protect, our colonies being planted on the broad bosom of our own vast domain, within our own borders, it might almost be asked, Why concern ourselves about the future of our shipping at all? Are the prosperity and security of our nation at all dependent, in this age, upon our shipping? Why not let things take their natural course?

Well, there are reasons for concern. The present state of affairs is injurious, as will appear upon a moment's reflection. One reason is that shipping in these modern days plays a certain part with reference to periods of temporary and local over-production which good wagon roads and railways play with regard to periods of temporary and local under-production of food. Famines, ancient and modern, have generally owed their severity to the lack of good roads; there was no way to transport the bountiful harvests of one region into the heart of the locality suffering from starvation. This was true of ancient days in England and on the Continent, and is still true of modern times in Asia. On the other hand, an abundance of shipping plying direct to foreign lands serves always to relieve a temporary glut of goods in the home markets. The lack of steam lines running in the interest of American merchants and manufacturers was severely felt in this country in those years of reaction following 1873. The present American line to

Brazil owes its origin to the sudden and intense desire felt in this country, in those years of depression, for a new outlet for our manufactured goods.

Another reason is the loss of income to a country having as large a commerce as the United States, consequent upon its transportation being in foreign hands. The sums paid for freight money in the commerce of the United States are larger than most people suppose. The following statement of them, for the calendar year of 1879, has been prepared with the aid of suggestions by Dr. E. H. Walker, the old statistician of the New York Produce Exchange:

Articles.	Average rate from American Ports for the Year.	Total Payments of Freight Money.
Wheat, bushel.....	7 pence.....	\$20,580,000
Corn, bushel.....	7 pence.....	12,240,000
Other grain, bushel..	7 pence.....	460,000
Flour, bbl.....	2½ shillings.....	3,900,000
Petroleum, bbl.....	4½ shillings.....	14,710,000
Coal, ton.....	1 dollar.....	600,000
Cotton, lb.....	¾ cent.....	13,400,000
Wood, and manufactures of.....		6,000,000
Tobacco.....	30 shillings.....	640,000
Naval stores, bbl.....	80 cents.....	789,000
Oil cake.....	25 shillings.....	920,000
Provisions, ton.....	20 shillings.....	5,270,000
Alcohol and turpentine, bbl.....	4 shillings.....	235,000
Miscellaneous goods, ton.....	20 to 30 shillings.	8,500,000
		\$88,304,000

This is only a rough (though carefully prepared) estimate, but it understates the truth, if anything. On the import trade, the earnings of the ships cannot have been less than \$45,000,000, which again is a safe estimate. If American ships had been enjoying the place in the trade which they used, having the long voyages and profitable part of the business, they would have earned about \$110,000,000 of this total of freight money. As it is, they earned only \$23,000,000 of it. The injury to the country is great. Accumulation of riches is one thing which America lacks, and every loss of income helps maintain the high rate of interest prevailing here, and aggravates the high prices resulting from protection.

A third cause for concern is the evil

to which America is exposed by the lack of sufficient shipping to export her products, in case of war among the European powers. Suppose that the 447 English steam vessels trading to these shores were withdrawn, in consequence of war between Great Britain and one of her powerful rivals. The United States would not then have vessels enough to transact her own commerce, even with the aid of the coasting fleet. An arrangement would perhaps be made by means of which the English vessels would be put under the protection of some foreign flag, but that there would be a serious derangement of our commerce is certain, and a due regard for the future requires that that contingency should be provided against, if possible.

But what is worse than all, in a national point of view, is the weakness entailed by our lack of a flourishing marine. America would certainly be humiliated in any war which should be forced upon her by a foreign power, as matters now stand. The immense distances of our sea-coast expose us peculiarly to danger from the attacks of a naval power. There are illustrations enough in our own history. England herself was never seriously menaced except from the sea. Our situation is much like hers, only worse, on account of the greater length of coast. With not one ship in the American navy which can face a European iron-clad, and no forts to speak of in the harbors, what would be the situation of affairs in case a few European war ships, with a fleet of swift merchant steamers or auxiliaries, were dispatched to threaten the coasts of the United States? The damage which might be done in one short month is inconceivable. The officers of the American navy are fully awake to this danger, and their reports to the government and their private conversation represent it constantly. Strange as it may seem, England, with her magnifi-

cent naval power, apprehends the same danger to herself in case of a war with any of the great Continental powers. When Russia was causing a few rapid steamers to be converted into cruisers in American ship-yards, two or three years ago, great alarm was felt in England, not only in regard to her merchant shipping, but for the safety of the country itself. The first lord of the admiralty only allayed this anxiety by stating in Parliament that it was proposed to arm thirty merchant vessels as cruisers, and require the steamship counties to build their new vessels with reference to the possibility of having to carry heavy guns and a quantity of coal large enough to remain at sea for protracted periods. In a recent address to the United Service Institution, the Marquis of Lansdowne presiding, Admiral Sir W. K. Hall went so far as to say that he regarded England as at the present time in almost a perfectly defenseless position, the plans of the admiralty not having been carried out. The admiral referred with regret to the time in 1808 when there were twenty-one admirals and captains in the House of Commons and fourteen in the House of Lords, and Parliament thus had members who could advise what should be done. In that memorable year measures were sanctioned which proved in every way satisfactory to the country. The fact is, the development of the modern ocean steamship, swift, big, and strong, has given a new turn to naval affairs. It has exposed a coast nation to new perils, and made the state of its merchant shipping of the utmost importance to the national security. A commissioner is now investigating this whole subject in England, with a view to adopting a policy which shall provide for the safety of that kingdom; and if the reader wishes to know what the sentiment of the American naval officers is on the same point, he will find it very accurately represented in the report made to the

government at Washington in the year 1877.

Many other minor considerations might be adduced to show that the future of our shipping is a subject for public concern. Reference might be made to the private interests which would be benefited by a busy navigation by native vessels. The above will suffice, however.

If, now, we turn the eye to the future altogether, we might see the United States, thirty, twenty, or perhaps even fifteen years hence, taking the place among the maritime powers of the world for which nature has fitted her, if only we were sure that an intelligent policy would be promptly adopted by the government at Washington. Only one country is equally well fitted for the first rank, and that is England. Not even China, with her immense population and cheap labor, is so well qualified as the United States to stand first. The reason is found in the size of the foreign commerce of the countries. Search faithfully the history of the world, and find, if the reader can, a country which ever was great upon the sea when it did not import and export a great quantity of goods. Find one, if possible, which failed to become great in time, after its foreign commerce became large, and after its government had framed an intelligent policy with reference to its shipping. It cannot be done. America is better fitted than ever was any other land for possessing a large marine, because of her extensive commerce in

bulky goods and the geographical position which compels her to trade across the broadest oceans and with the most distant powers. It is estimated that America would rank with England could she carry seventy-five per cent. of her trade in her own vessels, as she did in 1858. Could she carry eighty-five per cent. she would stand first. But can and will this ever be done? There is the point. Looking abroad, one sees the low wages, the low interest, and the eager preparations of rivals to bring to bear a new competition, and one sees also the continual construction of the best and largest class of vessels out of the profits of the present trade. Looking at home, one observes the absorption of capital in railroads to the newly occupied regions in our territory, the high cost of operating ships, the high interest, and the failure to replace all the worn-out vessels with new ones. Let things remain as they are, and no one needs to be told what the result will be. But let there be an awakened will on the part of the United States, let there come up the same demand from the people which at different times has compelled England, France, China, and Japan to act, and no one can doubt that there will be a change. The future is almost entirely within our own hands, and the change from the present discouraging state of affairs will be exactly proportionate to the obstinacy of our determination to have things go the way we wish them to go.

Henry Hall.

IN THE CERTOSA.

Is it less lonely now? the lady asks,
Than in the old days? Ah! I cannot tell.
Time speeds when meted out in hourly tasks:
His feet fall soundless as one sits and basks
In silence, broken only by the bell.

Which was my cell? This, madame. Through that grate

Three times a day they shoved my food within,
Saying no word; I, wordless, took and ate.

Was it not lonely? Nay, what need to prate?

The tongue is like a fire, and quick to sin.

What was my food? (Strange that she questions so!)

Soup, madame, salad, artichokes, and such

Herbs as in convent gardens wont to grow:

For sickness?—well, a drop of wine or so;

A little macaroni, but not much.

'T is very far to climb! Yes, that is true.

Monks love high towers as rooks love tallest trees;

They like sky spaces and a wide-spread view;

To sit secure above the damp and dew,

And smell the moist earth and the evening breeze.

Yes, all is changed: Fra Gian and I, and he

You see there weeding in the onion bed,

Alone are left of all our company.

And side by side in the refectory

We mutely sit and break our daily bread:

For rule is rule, though order be abused,

And each with each 't is held and understood.

We keep our vow of silence as we used;

Only with strangers is my tongue unloosed.

Pleasure? Far from it! Pardon, I am rude.

'T is hard at times the new law to obey,

And bitterness will mingle with the blood.

'T was strangely peaceful in that by-gone day:

Time did not run, but neither did he stay;

One week was like another,—all were good.

Slowly the years ripened from old to new;

The fig-leaves budded on their bare, brown bough;

Leaf-bud to leaf, flower-bud to blossom grew,

And blossom to ripe fruit before we knew;

It did not make me restless then as now.

For then no fluttering robes swept carelessly

Down the long echoing and empty aisle;

No children with sweet eyes stood wondering by,

Or questioned with gay voices curiously,

Following my steps with footfalls soft the while.

I had forgot what men and women were,

And what a child might be had quite forgot.

There is a sense of joyance and of stir
Which frets, and makes me question and demur
Whether the holy life is best or not.

The saints forgive! What fiend has led me on?

Retro, Satanas, retro,—get thee hence!

Grazie, Signori, 't is the set of sun,

The angelus must ring. *Addio*, each one!

The poor monk thanks you for your recompense.

Susan Coolidge.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XV.

It had been arranged that the two young ladies should proceed to London under Ralph's escort, though Mrs. Touchett looked with little favor upon the plan. It was just the sort of plan, she said, that Miss Stackpole would be sure to suggest, and she inquired if the correspondent of the Interviewer was to take the party to stay at a boarding-house.

"I don't care where she takes us to stay, so long as there is local color," said Isabel. "That is what we are going to London for."

"I suppose that after a girl has refused an English lord she may do anything," her aunt rejoined. "After that one need n't stand on trifles."

"Should you have liked me to marry Lord Warburton?" Isabel inquired.

"Of course I should."

"I thought you disliked the English so much."

"So I do; but it's all the more reason for making use of them."

"Is that your idea of marriage?" And Isabel ventured to add that her aunt appeared to her to have made very little use of Mr. Touchett.

"Your uncle is not an English nobleman," said Mrs. Touchett, "though even if he had been, I should still prob-

ably have taken up my residence in Florence."

"Do you think Lord Warburton could make me any better than I am?" the girl asked, with some animation. "I don't mean, by that, that I am too good to improve. I mean—I mean that I don't love Lord Warburton enough to marry him."

"You did right to refuse him, then," said Mrs. Touchett, in her clear, sharp little voice. "Only, the next great offer you get, I hope you will manage to come up to your standard."

"We had better wait till the offer comes, before we talk about it. I hope very much that I may have no more offers for the present. They give me more pain than pleasure."

"You probably won't be troubled with them if you adopt permanently the Bohemian manner of life. However, I have promised Ralph not to criticise the affair."

"I will do whatever Ralph says is right," Isabel said. "I have unbounded confidence in Ralph."

"His mother is much obliged to you!" cried this lady, with a laugh.

"It seems to me she ought to be," Isabel rejoined, smiling.

Ralph had assured her that there would be no violation of decency in their paying a visit—the little party of

three—to the sights of the metropolis; but Mrs. Touchett took a different view. Like many ladies of her country who have lived a long time in Europe, she had completely lost her native tact on such points, and in her reaction, not in itself condemnable, against the liberty allowed to young persons beyond the seas had fallen into gratuitous and exaggerated scruples.

Ralph accompanied the two young ladies to town, and established them at a quiet inn in a street that ran at right angles to Piccadilly. His first idea had been to take them to his father's house in Winchester Square, a large, dull mansion, which at this period of the year was shrouded in silence and brown holland; but he bethought himself that, the cook being at Gardencourt, there was no one in the house to get them their meals; and Pratt's Hotel accordingly became their resting-place. Ralph, on his side, found quarters in Winchester Square, having a "den" there of which he was very fond, and not being dependent on the local *cuisine*. He availed himself largely, indeed, of that of Pratt's Hotel, beginning his day with an early visit to his fellow-travelers, who had Mr. Pratt in person, in a large, bulging white waistcoat, to remove their dish-covers. Ralph turned up, as he said, after breakfast, and the little party made out a scheme of entertainment for the day. As London does not wear in the month of September its most brilliant face, the young man, who occasionally took an apologetic tone, was obliged to remind his companion, to Miss Stackpole's high irritation, that there was not a creature in town.

"I suppose you mean that the aristocracy are absent," Henrietta answered; "but I don't think you could have a better proof that if they were absent altogether they would not be missed. It seems to me the place is about as full as it can be. There is no one here, of course, except three or four millions of

people. What is it you call them,—the lower middle class? They are only the population of London, and that is of no consequence."

Ralph declared that for him the aristocracy left no void that Miss Stackpole herself did not fill, and that a more contented man was nowhere at that moment to be found. In this he spoke the truth, for the stale September days, in the huge, half-empty town, borrowed a charm from his circumstances. When he went home at night to the empty house in Winchester Square, after a day spent with his inquisitive countrywomen, he wandered into the big, dusky dining-room, where the candle he took from the hall table, after letting himself in, constituted the only illumination. The square was still, the house was still; when he raised one of the windows of the dining-room to let in the air, he heard the slow creak of the boots of a solitary policeman. His own step in the empty room seemed loud and sonorous; some of the carpets had been raised, and whenever he moved he roused a melancholy echo. He sat down in one of the arm-chairs; the big, dark dining-table twinkled here and there in the small candle-light; the pictures on the wall, all of them very brown, looked vague and incoherent. There was a ghostly presence in the room, as of diners long since digested, of table-talk that had lost its actuality. This hint of the supernatural perhaps had something to do with the fact that Ralph's imagination took a flight, and that he remained in his chair a long time beyond the hour at which he should have been in bed; doing nothing, not even reading the evening paper. I say he did nothing, and I may maintain the phrase in the face of the fact that he thought at these moments of Isabel. To think of Isabel could only be for Ralph an idle pursuit, leading to nothing and profiting little to any one. His cousin had not yet seemed to him so charming as during these days

spent in sounding, tourist fashion, the deeps and shallows of the London art-world. Isabel was constantly interested and often excited; if she had come in search of local color, she found it everywhere. She asked more questions than he could answer, and propounded theories that he was equally unable to accept or to refute. The party went more than once to the British Museum, and to that brighter palace of art which reclaims for antique variety so large an area of a monotonous suburb; they spent a morning in the Abbey, and went on a penny steamer to the Tower; they looked at pictures both in public and private collections, and sat on various occasions beneath the great trees in Kensington Gardens. Henrietta Stackpole proved to be an indefatigable sight-seer, and a more good-natured critic than Ralph had ventured to hope. She had, indeed, many disappointments, and London at large suffered from her vivid remembrance of many of the cities of her native land; but she made the best of its dingy peculiarities, and only heaved an occasional sigh, and uttered a desultory "Well!" which led no further, and lost itself in retrospect. The truth was that, as she said herself, she was not in her element. "I have not a sympathy with inanimate objects," she remarked to Isabel at the National Gallery; and she continued to suffer from the meagreness of the glimpse that had as yet been vouchsafed to her of the inner life. Landscapes by Turner and Assyrian bulls were a poor substitute for the literary dinner-parties at which she had hoped to meet the genius and renown of Great Britain.

"Where are your public men? Where are your men and women of intellect?" Henrietta inquired of Ralph, standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square, as if she had supposed this to be a place where she would naturally meet a few. "That's one of them on the top of the column, you say, — Lord Nelson? Was

he a lord, too? Was n't he high enough, that they had to stick him a hundred feet in the air? That's the past, — I don't care about the past. I want to see some of the leading minds of the present, — I won't say of the future, because I don't believe much in your future." Poor Ralph had few leading minds among his acquaintance, and rarely enjoyed the pleasure of button-holing a celebrity, — a state of things which appeared to Miss Stackpole to indicate a deplorable want of enterprise. "If I were on the other side I should call," she said, "and tell the gentleman, whoever he might be, that I had heard a great deal about him and had come to see for myself. But I gather from what you say that this is not the custom here. You seem to have plenty of meaningless customs, and none of those that one really wants. We *are* in advance, certainly. I suppose I shall have to give up the social side altogether." And Henrietta, though she went about with her guide-book and pencil, and wrote a letter to the Interviewer about the Tower (in which she described the execution of Lady Jane Grey), had a depressing sense of falling below her own standard.

The incident which had preceded Isabel's departure from Gardencourt left a painful trace in the girl's mind; she took no pleasure in recalling Lord Warburton's handsome, bewildered face and softly reproachful tones. She could not have done less than what she did; this was certainly true. But her necessity, all the same, had been a distasteful one, and she felt no desire to take credit for her conduct. Nevertheless, mingled with this absence of an intellectual relish of it was a feeling of freedom which in itself was sweet, and which, as she wandered through the great city with her ill-matched companions, occasionally throbbed into joyous excitement. When she walked in Kensington Gardens, she stopped the children (mainly

of the poorer sort) whom she saw playing on the grass; she asked them their names and gave them sixpence, and when they were pretty she kissed them. Ralph noticed such incidents; he noticed everything that Isabel did.

One afternoon, by way of amusing his companions, he invited them to tea in Winchester Square, and he had the house set in order as much as possible, to do honor to their visit. There was another guest, also, to meet the ladies, an amiable bachelor, an old friend of Ralph's, who happened to be in town, and who got on uncommonly well with Miss Stackpole. Mr. Bantling, a stout, fair, smiling man of forty, who was extraordinarily well dressed, and whose contributions to the conversation were characterized by vivacity rather than continuity, laughed immoderately at everything Henrietta said, gave her several cups of tea, examined in her society the bricabrac, of which Ralph had a considerable collection, and afterwards, when the host proposed they should go out into the square and pretend it was a *fête-champêtre*, walked round the limited inclosure several times with her, and listened with candid interest to her remarks upon the inner life.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bantling. "I dare say you found it very quiet at Gardencourt. Naturally, there's not much going on there when there's such a lot of illness about. Touchett's very bad, you know; the doctors have forbid his being in England at all, and he has only come back to take care of his father. The old man, I believe, has half a dozen things the matter with him. They call it gout, but to my certain knowledge he is dropsical as well, though he does n't look it. You may depend upon it, he has got a lot of water somewhere. Of course that sort of thing makes it awfully slow for people in the house; I wonder they have them, under such circumstances. Then I believe Mr. Touchett is always squabbling with his wife;

she lives away from her husband, you know, in that extraordinary American way of yours. If you want a house where there is always something going on, I recommend you to go down and stay with my sister, Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. I'll write to her to-morrow, and I am sure she'll be delighted to ask you. I know just what you want: you want a house where they go in for theatricals and picnics and that sort of thing. My sister is just that sort of woman; she is always getting up something or other, and she is always glad to have the sort of people that help her. I am sure she'll ask you down by return of post; she is tremendously fond of distinguished people and writers. She writes herself, you know; but I have n't read everything she has written. It's usually poetry, and I don't go in much for poetry, — unless it's Byron. I suppose you think a great deal of Byron in America," Mr. Bantling continued, expanding in the stimulating air of Miss Stackpole's attention, bringing up his sequences promptly, and at last changing his topic, with a natural eagerness to provide suitable conversation for so remarkable a woman. He returned, however, ultimately to the idea of Henrietta's going to stay with Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. "I understand what you want," he repeated: "you want to see some jolly good English sport. The Touchetts are not English at all, you know; they live on a kind of foreign system; they have got some awfully queer ideas. The old man thinks it's wicked to hunt, I am told. You must get down to my sister's in time for the theatricals, and I am sure she will be glad to give you a part. I am sure you act well; I know you are very clever. My sister is forty years old, and she has seven children; but she is going to play the principal part. Of course you need n't act if you don't want to."

In this manner Mr. Bantling delivered himself, while they strolled over

the grass in Winchester Square, which, although it had been peppered by the London soot, invited the tread to linger. Henrietta thought her blooming, easy-voiced bachelor, with his impressibility to feminine merit and his suggestiveness of allusion, a very agreeable man, and she valued the opportunity he offered her.

"I don't know but I would go, if your sister should ask me," she said. "I think it would be my duty. What do you call her name?"

"Pensil. It's an odd name, but it is n't a bad one."

"I think one name is as good as another. But what is her rank?"

"Oh, she's a baron's wife; a convenient sort of rank. You are fine enough, and you are not too fine."

"I don't know but what she'd be too fine for me. What do you call the place she lives in, — Bedfordshire?"

"She lives away in the northern corner of it. It's a hideous country, but I dare say you won't mind that. I'll try and run down while you are there."

All this was very pleasant to Miss Stackpole, and she was sorry to be obliged to separate from Lady Pensil's obliging brother. But it happened that she had met the day before, in Piccadilly, some friends whom she had not seen for a year, — the Miss Climbers, two ladies from Wilmington, Delaware, who had been traveling on the Continent, and were now preparing to reëmbark. Henrietta had a long interview with them on the Piccadilly pavement, and though the three ladies all talked at once they had not exhausted their accumulated topics. It had been agreed, therefore, that Henrietta should come and dine with them in their lodgings in Jermyn Street at six o'clock on the morrow, and she now bethought herself of this engagement. She prepared to start for Jermyn Street, taking leave first of Ralph Touchett and Isabel, who, seated on garden chairs in another part of the

inclosure, were occupied — if the term may be used — with an exchange of amenities less pointed than the practical colloquy of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling. When it had been settled between Isabel and her friend that they should be reunited at some reputable hour at Pratt's Hotel, Ralph remarked that the latter must have a cab; she could not walk all the way to Jermyn Street.

"I suppose you mean it's improper for me to walk alone!" Henrietta exclaimed. "Merciful powers! have I come to this?"

"There is not the slightest need of your walking alone," said Mr. Bantling, in an off-hand tone, expressive of gallantry. "I should be greatly pleased to go with you."

"I simply meant that you would be late for dinner," Ralph answered. "Think of those poor ladies, in their impatience, waiting for you!"

"You had better have a hansom, Henrietta," said Isabel.

"I will get you a hansom, if you will trust to me," Mr. Bantling went on. "We might walk a little till we met one."

"I don't see why I should n't trust to him, do you?" Henrietta inquired of Isabel.

"I don't see what Mr. Bantling could do to you," Isabel answered, smiling; "but if you like, we will walk with you till you find your cab."

"Never mind; we will go alone. Come on, Mr. Bantling, and take care you get me a good one."

Mr. Bantling promised to do his best, and the two took their departure, leaving Isabel and her cousin standing in the square, over which a clear September twilight had now begun to gather. It was perfectly still; the wide quadrangle of dusky houses showed lights in none of the windows, where the shutters and blinds were closed; the pavements were a vacant expanse, and putting aside

two small children from a neighboring slum, who, attracted by symptoms of abnormal animation in the interior, were squeezing their necks between the rusty railings of the inclosure, the most vivid object within sight was the big red pillar-post on the southeast corner.

"Henrietta will ask him to get into the cab and go with her to Jermyn Street," Ralph observed. He always spoke of Miss Stackpole as Henrietta.

"Very possibly," said his companion.

"Or rather, no, she won't," he went on. "But Bantling will ask leave to get in."

"Very likely again. I am very glad they are such good friends."

"She has made a conquest. He thinks her a brilliant woman. It may go far," said Ralph.

Isabel was silent a moment. "I call Henrietta a very brilliant woman; but I don't think it will go far," she rejoined at last. "They would never really know each other. He has not the least idea what she really is, and she has no just comprehension of Mr. Bantling."

"There is no more usual basis of matrimony than a mutual misunderstanding. But it ought not to be so difficult to understand Bob Bantling," Ralph added. "He is a very simple fellow."

"Yes, but Henrietta is simpler still! And pray, what am I to do?" Isabel asked, looking about her through the fading light, in which the limited landscape-gardening of the square took on a large and effective appearance. "I don't imagine that you will propose that you and I, for our amusement, should drive about London in a hansom."

"There is no reason why we should not stay here, — if you don't dislike it. It is very warm; there will be half an hour yet before dark; and if you permit it I will light a cigarette."

"You may do what you please," said Isabel, "if you will amuse me till seven

o'clock. I propose at that hour to go back and partake of a simple and solitary repast — two poached eggs and a muffin — at Pratt's Hotel."

"May I not dine with you?" Ralph asked.

"No; you will dine at your club."

They had wandered back to their chairs in the centre of the square again, and Ralph had lighted his cigarette. It would have given him extreme pleasure to be present in person at the modest little feast she had sketched; but in default of this he liked even being forbidden. For the moment, however, he liked immensely being alone with her, in the thickening dusk, in the centre of the multitudinous town; it made her seem to depend upon him and to be in his power. This power he could exert but vaguely; the best exercise of it was to accept her decisions submissively. There was almost an emotion in doing so.

"Why won't you let me dine with you?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because I don't care for it."

"I suppose you are tired of me."

"I shall be, an hour hence. You see I have the gift of fore-knowledge."

"Oh, I shall be delightful meanwhile," said Ralph. But he said nothing more, and as Isabel made no rejoinder they sat some time in silence which seemed to contradict his promise of entertainment. It seemed to him that she was preoccupied, and he wondered what she was thinking about; there were two or three very possible subjects. At last he spoke again: "Is your objection to my society this evening caused by your expectation of another visitor?"

She turned her head, with a glance of her clear, fair eyes.

"Another visitor? What visitor should I have?"

He had none to suggest; which made his question seem to himself silly as well as brutal.

"You have a great many friends that

I don't know," he said, laughing a little awkwardly. "You have a whole past from which I was perversely excluded."

"You were reserved for my future. You must remember that my past is over there across the waters. There is none of it here in London."

"Very good, then, since your future is seated beside you. Capital thing to have your future so handy." And Ralph lighted another cigarette, and reflected that Isabel probably meant that she had received news that Mr. Caspar Goodwood had crossed to Paris. After he had lighted his cigarette he puffed it a while, and then he went on: "I promised a while ago to be very amusing; but you see I don't come up to the mark, and the fact is there is a good deal of temerity in my undertaking to amuse a person like you. What do you care for my feeble attempts? You have grand ideas,—you have a high standard in such matters. I ought at least to bring in a band of music or a company of mountebanks."

"One mountebank is enough, and you do very well. Pray go on, and in another ten minutes I shall begin to laugh."

"I assure you that I am very serious," said Ralph. "You do really ask a great deal."

"I don't know what you mean. I ask nothing!"

"You accept nothing," said Ralph. She colored, and now suddenly it seemed to her that she guessed his meaning. But why should he speak to her of such things? He hesitated a little, and then he continued: "There is something I should like very much to say to you. It's a question I wish to ask. It seems to me I have a right to ask it, because I have a kind of interest in the answer."

"Ask what you will," Isabel answered gently, "and I will try and satisfy you."

"Well, then, I hope you won't mind my saying that Lord Warburton has

told me of something that has passed between you."

Isabel started a little; then she sat looking at her open fan. "Very good; I suppose it was natural he should tell you."

"I have his leave to let you know he has done so. He has some hope still," said Ralph.

"Still?"

"He had it a few days ago."

"I don't believe he has any now," said the girl.

"I am very sorry for him, then; he is such a fine fellow."

"Pray, did he ask you to talk to me?"

"No, not that. But he told me because he could n't help it. We are old friends, and he was greatly disappointed. He sent me a line asking me to come and see him, and I rode over to Lockleigh the day before he and his sister lunched with us. He was very heavy-hearted; he had just got a letter from you."

"Did he show you the letter?" asked Isabel, with momentary loftiness.

"By no means. But he told me it was a neat refusal. I was very sorry for him," Ralph repeated.

For some moments Isabel said nothing; then, at last, "Do you know how often he had seen me? Five or six times."

"That's to your glory."

"It's not for that I say it."

"What, then, do you say it for? Not to prove that poor Warburton's state of mind is superficial, because I am pretty sure you don't think that."

Isabel certainly was unable to say that she thought it; but presently she said something else: "If you have not been requested by Lord Warburton to argue with me, then you are doing it disinterestedly,—or for the love of argument."

"I have no wish to argue with you at all. I only wish to leave you alone.

I am simply greatly interested in your own state of mind."

"I am greatly obliged to you!" cried Isabel, with a laugh.

"Of course you mean that I am meddling in what does n't concern me. But why should n't I speak to you of this matter without annoying you or embarrassing myself? What's the use of being your cousin, if I can't have a few privileges? What is the use of adoring you without the hope of a reward, if I can't have a few compensations? What is the use of being ill and disabled, and restricted to mere spectatorship at the game of life, if I really can't see the show when I have paid so much for my ticket? Tell me this," Ralph went on, while Isabel listened to him with quickened attention: "What had you in your mind when you refused Lord Warburton?"

"What I had in my mind?"

"What was the logic — the view of your situation — that dictated so remarkable an act?"

"I did n't wish to marry him, — if that is logic."

"No, that is not logic, — and I knew that before. What was it you said to yourself? You certainly said more than that."

Isabel reflected a moment, and then she answered this inquiry with a question of her own: "Why do you call it a remarkable act? That is what your mother thinks, too."

"Warburton is such a fine fellow; as a man I think he has hardly a fault. And then he is what they call here a swell. He has immense possessions, and his wife would be thought a superior being. He unites the intrinsic and the extrinsic advantages."

Isabel watched her cousin while he spoke, as if to see how far he would go. "I refused him because he was too perfect, then. I am not perfect myself, and he is too good for me. Besides, his perfection would irritate me."

"That is ingenious rather than candid," said Ralph. "As a fact, you think nothing in the world too perfect for you."

"Do I think I am so good?"

"No; but you are exacting, all the same, without the excuse of thinking yourself good. Nineteen women out of twenty, however, even of the most exacting sort, would have contented themselves with Warburton. Perhaps you don't know how he has been run after."

"I don't wish to know. But it seems to me," said Isabel, "that you told me of several faults that he has, one day when I spoke of him to you."

Ralph looked grave. "I hope that what I said then had no weight with you; for they were not faults, the things I spoke of; they were simply peculiarities of his position. If I had known he wished to marry you, I would never have alluded to them. I think I said that as regards that position he was rather a skeptic. It would have been in your power to make him a believer."

"I think not. I don't understand the matter, and I am not conscious of any mission of that sort. You are evidently disappointed," Isabel added, looking gently but earnestly at her cousin. "You would have liked me to marry Lord Warburton."

"Not in the least. I am absolutely without a wish on the subject. I don't pretend to advise you, and I content myself with watching you, — with the deepest interest."

Isabel gave a rather conscious sigh.

"I wish I could be as interesting to myself as I am to you!"

"There you are not candid, again; you are extremely interesting to yourself. Do you know, however," said Ralph, "that if you have really given Lord Warburton his final answer I am rather glad it has been what it was? I don't mean I am glad for you, and still less, of course, for him. I am glad for myself."

"Are you thinking of proposing to me?"

"By no means. From the point of view I speak of, that would be fatal; I should overturn my own porridge. What I mean is, I shall have the entertainment of seeing what a young lady does who won't marry Lord Warburton."

"That is what your mother counts upon, too," said Isabel.

"Ah, there will be plenty of spectators! We shall contemplate the rest of your career. I shall not see all of it, but I shall probably see the most interesting years. Of course, if you were to marry our friend, you would still have a career, — a very honorable and brilliant one. But, relatively speaking, it would be a little prosaic. It would be definitively marked out in advance; it would be wanting in the unexpected. You know I am extremely fond of the unexpected, and now that you have kept the game in your hands I depend on your giving us some magnificent example of it."

"I don't understand you very well," said Isabel, "but I do so well enough to be able to say that if you look for magnificent examples of anything, I shall disappoint you."

"You will do so only by disappointing yourself, — and that will go hard with you!"

To this Isabel made no direct reply; there was an amount of truth in it which would bear consideration. At last she said, abruptly, "I don't see what harm there is in my wishing not to tie myself. I don't want to begin life by marrying. There are other things a woman can do."

"There is nothing she can do so well. But you are many-sided."

"If one is two-sided, it is enough," said Isabel.

"You are the most charming of polygons!" Ralph broke out, with a laugh. At a glance from his companion, how-

ever, he became grave, and to prove it he went on, "You want to see life, as the young men say."

"I don't think I want to see it as the young men want to see it; but I do want to look about me."

"You want to drain the cup of experience."

"No, I don't wish to touch the cup of experience. It's a poisoned drink! I only want to see for myself."

"You want to see, but not to feel," said Ralph.

"I don't think that if one is a sentient being one can make the distinction," Isabel returned. "I am a good deal like Henrietta. The other day, when I asked her if she wished to marry, she said, 'Not till I have seen Europe!' I too don't wish to marry until I have seen Europe."

"You evidently expect that a crowned head will be struck with you."

"No, that would be worse than marrying Lord Warburton. But it is getting very dark," Isabel continued, "and I must go home."

She rose from her place, but Ralph sat still a moment, looking at her. As he did not follow her, she stopped, and they remained a while exchanging a gaze, full on either side, but especially on Ralph's, of utterances too vague for words.

"You have answered my question," said Ralph at last. "You have told me what I wanted. I am greatly obliged to you."

"It seems to me I have told you very little."

"You have told me the great thing, — that the world interests you, and that you want to throw yourself into it."

Isabel's silvery eyes shone for a moment in the darkness. "I never said that."

"I think you meant it. Don't repudiate it; it's so fine!"

"I don't know what you are trying to fasten upon me, for I am not in the

least an adventurous spirit. Women are not like men."

Ralph slowly rose from his seat, and they walked together to the gate of the square. "No," he said: "women rarely boast of their courage; men do so with a certain frequency."

"Men have it to boast of!"

"Women have it, too; you have a great deal."

"Enough to go home in a cab to Pratt's Hotel; but not more."

Ralph unlocked the gate, and after they had passed out he fastened it.

"We will find your cab," he said; and as they turned towards a neighboring street, in which it seemed that this quest would be fruitful, he asked her again if he might not see her safely to the inn.

"By no means," she answered. "You are very tired; you must go home and go to bed."

The cab was found, and he helped her into it, standing a moment at the door.

"When people forget I am a sick man I am often annoyed," he said. "But it's worse when they remember it."

XVI.

Isabel had had no hidden motive in wishing her cousin not to take her home; it simply seemed to her that for some days past she had consumed an inordinate quantity of his time, and the independent spirit of the American girl, who ends by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity, had made her decide that for these few hours she must suffice to herself. She had, moreover, a great fondness for intervals of solitude, and since her arrival in England it had been but scantily gratified. It was a luxury she could always command at home, and she had missed it. That evening, however, an incident occurred which — had there

been a critic to note it — would have taken all color from the theory that the love of solitude had caused her to dispense with Ralph's attendance. She was sitting, toward nine o'clock, in the dim illumination of Pratt's Hotel, trying with the aid of two tall candles to lose herself in a volume she had brought from Gardencourt, but succeeding only to the extent of reading other words on the page than those that were printed there, — words that Ralph had spoken to her in the afternoon.

Suddenly the well-muffled knuckle of the waiter was applied to the door, which presently admitted him, bearing the card of a visitor. This card, duly considered, offered to Isabel's startled vision the name of Mr. Caspar Goodwood. She let the servant stand before her inquiringly for some instants, without signifying her wishes.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, ma'am?" he asked at last, with a slightly encouraging inflection.

Isabel hesitated still, and while she hesitated she glanced at the mirror.

"He may come in," she said at last, and waited for him with some emotion.

Caspar Goodwood came in, and shook hands with her. He said nothing till the servant had left the room again; then he said, —

"Why did n't you answer my letter?" He spoke in a quick, full, slightly peremptory tone; the tone of a man whose questions were usually pointed, and who was capable of much insistence.

Isabel answered him by a question: —

"How did you know I was here?"

"Miss Stackpole let me know," said Caspar Goodwood. "She told me that you would probably be at home alone this evening, and would be willing to see me."

"Where did she see you — to tell you that?"

"She did n't see me; she wrote to me."

Isabel was silent. Neither of them had

seated themselves; they stood there with a certain air of defiance, or at least of resistance.

"Henrietta never told me that she was writing to you," Isabel said at last. "This is not kind of her."

"Is it so disagreeable to you to see me?" asked the young man.

"I did n't expect it. I don't like such surprises."

"But you knew I was in town; it was natural we should meet."

"Do you call this meeting? I hoped I should not see you. In so large a place as London it seemed to me very possible."

"Apparently it was disagreeable to you even to write to me," said Mr. Goodwood.

Isabel made no answer to this; the sense of Henrietta Stackpole's treachery, as she momentarily qualified it, was strong within her.

"Henrietta is not delicate!" she exclaimed, with a certain bitterness. "It was a great liberty to take."

"I suppose I am not delicate, either. The fault is mine as much as hers."

As Isabel looked at him it seemed to her that his jaw had never been more square. This might have displeased her; nevertheless, she rejoined inconsequently, —

"No, it is not your fault so much as hers. What you have done is very natural."

"It is, indeed!" cried Caspar Goodwood, with a short laugh. "And now that I have come, at any rate, may I not stay?"

"You may sit down, certainly."

And Isabel went back to her chair again, while her visitor took the first place that offered, in the manner of a man accustomed to pay little thought to the sort of chair he sat in.

"I have been hoping every day for an answer to my letter," he said. "You might have written me a few lines."

"It was not the trouble of writing

that prevented me; I could as easily have written you four pages as one. But my silence was deliberate; I thought it best."

He sat with his eyes fixed on hers while she said this; then he lowered them and attached them to a spot in the carpet, as if he were making a strong effort to say nothing but what he ought to say. He was a strong man in the wrong, and he was acute enough to see that an uncompromising exhibition of his strength would only throw the falsity of his position into relief. Isabel was not incapable of finding it agreeable to have an advantage of position over a person of this calibre, and though she was not a girl to flaunt her advantage in his face, she was woman enough to enjoy being able to say, "You know you ought not to have written to me yourself!" and to say it with a certain air of triumph.

Caspar Goodwood raised his eyes to hers again; they wore an expression of ardent remonstrance. He had a strong sense of justice, and he was ready any day in the year, over and above this, to argue the question of his rights.

"You said you hoped never to hear from me again; I know that. But I never accepted the prohibition. I promised you that you should hear very soon."

"I did not say that I hoped never to hear from you," said Isabel.

"Not for five years, then, — for ten years. It is the same thing."

"Do you find it so? It seems to me there is a great difference. I can imagine that at the end of ten years we might have a very pleasant correspondence. I expect to write a much more brilliant letter ten years hence than I do now."

Isabel looked away while she spoke these words, for she knew they were of a much less earnest cast than the countenance of her listener. Her eyes, however, at last came back to him, just as he said, very irrelevantly, —

"Are you enjoying your visit to your uncle?"

"Very much indeed." She hesitated, and then she broke out with even greater irrelevance, "What good do you expect to get by insisting?"

"The good of not losing you."

"You have no right to talk about losing what is not yours. And even from your own point of view," Isabel added, "you ought to know when to let one alone."

"I displease you very much," said Caspar Goodwood gloomily; not as if to provoke her to compassion for a man conscious of this blighting fact, but as if to set it well before himself, so that he might endeavor to act with his eyes upon it.

"Yes, you displease me very much, and the worst is that it is needless."

Isabel knew that his was not a soft nature, from which pin-pricks would draw blood; and from the first of her acquaintance with him, and of her having to defend herself against a certain air that he had of knowing better what was good for her than she knew herself, she had recognized the fact that perfect frankness was her best weapon. To attempt to spare his sensibility or make her opposition oblique, as one might do with men smaller and superficially more irritable, — this, in dealing with Caspar Goodwood, who would take everything of every sort that one might give him, was superfluous diplomacy. It was not that he had not susceptibilities, but his passive surface, as well as his active, was large and firm, and he might always be trusted to dress his wounds himself. In measuring the effect of his suffering, one might always reflect that he had a sound constitution.

"I can't reconcile myself to that," he said.

There was a dangerous magnanimity about this; for Isabel felt that it was quite open to him to say that he had not always displeased her.

"I can't reconcile myself to it, either, and it is not the state of things that ought to exist between us. If you would only try and banish me from your mind for a few months, we should be on good terms again."

"I see. If I should cease to think of you for a few months, I should find I could keep it up indefinitely."

"Indefinitely is more than I ask. It is more even than I should like."

"You know that what you ask is impossible," said the young man, taking his adjective for granted in a manner that Isabel found irritating.

"Are you not capable of making an effort?" she demanded. "You are strong for everything else; why should n't you be strong for that?"

"Because I am in love with you," said Caspar Goodwood simply. "If one is strong, one loves only the more strongly."

"There is a good deal in that;" and indeed our young lady felt the force of it. "Think of me or not, as you find most possible; only leave me alone."

"Until when?"

"Well, for a year or two."

"Which do you mean? Between one year and two there is a great difference."

"Call it two, then," said Isabel, wondering whether a little cynicism might not be effective.

"And what shall I gain by that?" Mr. Goodwood asked, giving no sign of wincing.

"You will have obliged me greatly."

"But what will be my reward?"

"Do you need a reward for an act of generosity?"

"Yes, when it involves a great sacrifice."

"There is no generosity without sacrifice. Men don't understand such things. If you make this sacrifice I shall admire you greatly."

"I don't care a straw for your admiration. Will you marry me? That is the question."

"Assuredly not, if I feel as I feel at present."

"Then I ask again what I shall gain."

"You will gain quite as much as by worrying me to death!"

Caspar Goodwood bent his eyes again, and gazed for a while into the crown of his hat. A deep flush overspread his face, and Isabel could perceive that this dart at last had struck home. To see a strong man in pain had something terrible for her, and she immediately felt very sorry for her visitor.

"Why do you make me say such things to you?" she cried, in a trembling voice. "I only want to be gentle, — to be kind. It is not delightful to me to feel that people care for me, and yet to have to try and reason them out of it. I think others also ought to be considerate; we have each to judge for ourselves. I know you are considerate, as much as you can be; you have good reasons for what you do. But I don't want to marry. I shall probably never marry. I have a perfect right to feel that way, and it is no kindness to a woman to urge her, — to persuade her against her will. If I give you pain, I can only say I am very sorry. It is not my fault; I can't marry you simply to please you. I won't say that I shall always remain your friend, because when women say that, in these circumstances, it is supposed, I believe, to be a sort of mockery. But try me some day."

Caspar Goodwood, during this speech, had kept his eyes fixed upon the name of his hatter, and it was not until some time after she had ceased speaking that he raised them. When he did so, the sight of a certain rosy, lovely eagerness in Isabel's face threw some confusion into his attempt to analyze what she had said. "I will go home, — I will go to-morrow. I will leave you alone," he murmured at last. "Only," he added in a louder tone, "I hate to lose sight of you!"

"Never fear. I will do no harm."

"You will marry some one else," said Caspar Goodwood.

"Do you think that is a generous charge?"

"Why not? Plenty of men will ask you."

"I told you just now that I don't wish to marry, and that I shall probably never do so."

"I know you did; but I don't believe it."

"Thank you very much. You appear to think I am attempting to deceive you; you say very delicate things."

"Why should I not say that? You have given me no promise that you will not marry."

"No; that is all that would be wanting!" cried Isabel, with a bitter laugh.

"You think you won't, but you will," her visitor went on, as if he were preparing himself for the worst.

"Very well, I will, then. Have it as you please."

"I don't know, however," said Caspar Goodwood, "that my keeping you in sight would prevent it."

"Don't you, indeed? I am, after all, very much afraid of you. Do you think I am so very easily pleased?" she asked suddenly, changing her tone.

"No, I don't; I shall try and console myself with that. But there are a certain number of very clever men in the world; if there were only one, it would be enough. You will be sure to take no one who is not."

"I don't need the aid of a clever man to teach me how to live," said Isabel.

"I can find it out for myself."

"To live alone, do you mean? I wish that when you have found that out you would teach me."

Isabel glanced at him a moment; then, with a quick smile, "Oh, *you* ought to marry!" she said.

Poor Caspar may be pardoned if for an instant this exclamation seemed to him to have the infernal note, and I can-

not take upon myself to say that Isabel uttered it in obedience to a strictly celestial impulse. It was a fact, however, that it had always seemed to her that Caspar Goodwood, of all men, ought to enjoy the whole devotion of some tender woman. "God forgive you!" he murmured between his teeth, turning away.

Her exclamation had put her slightly in the wrong, and after a moment she felt the mind to right herself. The easiest way to do it was to put her suitor in the wrong. "You do me great injustice,—you say what you don't know!" she broke out. "I should not be an easy victim; I have proved it."

"Oh, to me, perfectly."

"I have proved it to others as well," and she paused a moment. "I refused a proposal of marriage last week,—what they call a brilliant one."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the young man, gravely.

"It was a proposal that many girls would have accepted. It had everything to recommend it." Isabel had hesitated to tell this story, but now she had begun, the satisfaction of speaking it out, and doing herself justice, as it were, took possession of her. "I was offered a great position and a great fortune,—by a person whom I like extremely."

Caspar was gazing at her with great interest. "Is he an Englishman?"

"He is an English nobleman," said Isabel.

Mr. Goodwood received this announcement in silence; then, at last, he said, "I am glad he is disappointed."

"Well, then, as you have companions in misfortune, make the best of it."

"I don't call him a companion," said Caspar, grimly.

"Why not, since I declined his offer absolutely?"

"That does n't make him my companion. Besides, he's an Englishman."

"And pray, is not an Englishman a human being?" Isabel inquired.

"Oh, no; he's superhuman."

"You are angry," said the girl. "We have discussed this matter quite enough."

"Oh, yes, I am angry. I plead guilty to that!"

Isabel turned away from him, and walked to the open window, where she stood a moment looking into the dusky vacancy of the street, where a turbid gaslight alone represented social animation. For some time neither of these two young persons spoke; Caspar lingered near the chimney-piece, with his eyes gloomily fixed upon our heroine. She had virtually requested him to withdraw,—he knew that; but at the risk of making himself odious to her he kept his ground. She was far too dear to him to be easily forfeited, and he had sailed across the Atlantic to extract some pledge from her. Presently she left the window, and stood before him again.

"You do me very little justice," she said, "after my telling you what I told you just now. I am sorry I told you, since it matters so little to you."

"Ah," cried the young man, "if you were thinking of *me* when you did it!" And then he paused, with the fear that she might contradict so happy a thought.

"I was thinking of you a little," said Isabel.

"A little? I don't understand. If the knowledge that I love you had any weight with you at all, it must have had a good deal."

Isabel shook her head impatiently, as if to carry off a blush. "I have refused a noble gentleman. Make the most of that."

"I thank you, then," said Caspar Goodwood, gravely. "I thank you immensely."

"And now you had better go home."

"May I not see you again?" he asked.

"I think it is better not. You will be sure to talk of this, and you see it leads to nothing."

"I promise you not to say a word that will annoy you."

Isabel reflected a little, and then she said, "I return in a day or two to my uncle's, and I can't propose to you to come there; it would be very inconsistent."

Caspar Goodwood, on his side, debated within himself. "You must do me justice, too. I received an invitation to your uncle's more than a week ago, and I declined it."

"From whom was your invitation?" Isabel asked, surprised.

"From Mr. Ralph Touchett, whom I suppose to be your cousin. I declined it because I had not your authorization to accept it. The suggestion that Mr. Touchett should invite me appeared to have come from Miss Stackpole."

"It certainly did, n't come from me. Henrietta certainly goes very far," Isabel added.

"Don't be too hard on her; that touches me."

"No; if you declined, that was very proper of you, and I thank you for it." And Isabel gave a little exhalation of dismay at the thought that Lord Warburton and Mr. Goodwood might have met at Gardencourt. It would have been so awkward for Lord Warburton!

"When you leave your uncle, where are you going?" Caspar asked.

"I shall go abroad with my aunt, — to Florence and other places."

The serenity of this announcement struck a chill to the young man's heart; he seemed to see her whirled away into circles from which he was inexorably excluded. Nevertheless, he went on quickly with his questions: "And when shall you come back to America?"

"Perhaps not for a long time; I am very happy here."

"Do you mean to give up your country?"

"Don't be an infant."

"Well, you will be out of my sight, indeed!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"I don't know," she answered, rather grandly. "The world strikes me as small."

"It is too large for me!" Caspar exclaimed, with a simplicity which our young lady might have found touching if her face had not been set against concessions.

This attitude was part of a system, a theory, that she had lately embraced, and to be thorough she said, after a moment, "Don't think me unkind if I say that it's just that — being out of your sight — that I like. If you were in the same place as I, I should feel as if you were watching me, and I don't like that. I like my liberty too much. If there is a thing in the world that I am fond of," Isabel went on, with a slight recurrence of the grandeur that had shown itself a moment before, "it is my personal independence."

But whatever there was of grandeur in this speech moved Caspar Goodwood's admiration; there was nothing that displeased him in the sort of feeling it expressed. This feeling not only did no violence to his way of looking at the girl he wished to make his wife, but seemed a grace the more in so ardent a spirit. To his mind she had always had wings, and this was but the flutter of those stainless pinions. He was not afraid of having a wife with a certain largeness of movement; he was a man of long steps himself. Isabel's words, if they had been meant to shock him, failed of the mark, and only made him smile with the sense that here was common ground. "Who would wish less to curtail your liberty than I?" he asked. "What can give me greater pleasure than to see you perfectly independent — doing whatever you like? It is to make you independent that I want to marry you."

"That's a beautiful sophism," said

the girl, with a smile more beautiful still.

"An unmarried woman, a girl of your age, is not independent. There are all sorts of things she can't do. She is hampered at every step."

"That's as she looks at the question," Isabel answered, with much spirit. "I am not in my first youth; I can do what I choose; I belong quite to the independent class. I have neither father nor mother; I am poor; I am of a serious disposition, and not pretty. I therefore am not bound to be timid and conventional; indeed, I can't afford such luxuries. Besides, I try to judge things for myself; to judge wrong, I think, is more honorable than not to judge at all. I don't wish to be a mere sheep in the flock; I wish to choose my fate, and know something of human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me." She paused a moment, but not long enough for her companion to reply. He was apparently on the point of doing so, when she went on: "Let me say this to you, Mr. Goodwood. You are so kind as to speak of being afraid of my marrying. If you should hear any rumor that I am on the point of doing so, — girls are liable to have such things said about them, — remember what I have told you about my love of liberty, and venture to doubt it."

There was something almost passionately positive in the tone in which Isabel gave him this advice, and he saw a shining candor in her eyes which helped him to believe her. On the whole, he felt reassured, and you might have perceived it by the manner in which he said, quite eagerly, "You want simply to travel for two years? I am quite willing to wait two years, and you may do what you like in the interval. If that is all you want, pray say so. I don't want you to be conventional; do I strike you as conventional myself? Do you want to improve your mind? Your

mind is quite good enough for me; but if it interests you to wander about a while and see different countries, I shall be delighted to help you, in any way in my power."

"You are very generous; that is nothing new to me. The best way to help me will be to put as many hundred miles of sea between us as possible."

"One would think you were going to commit a crime!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"Perhaps I am. I wish to be free even to do that, if the fancy takes me."

"Well, then," he said, slowly, "I will go home;" and he put out his hand, trying to look contented and confident.

Isabel's confidence in him, however, was greater than any he could feel in her. Not that he thought her capable of committing a crime; but, turn it over as he would, there was something ominous in the way she reserved her option. As Isabel took his hand, she felt a great respect for him; she knew how much he cared for her, and she thought him magnanimous. They stood so for a moment, looking at each other, united by a hand-clasp which was not merely passive on her side. "That's right," she said, very kindly, almost tenderly. "You will lose nothing by being a reasonable man."

"But I will come back, wherever you are, two years hence," he returned, with characteristic grimness.

We have seen that our young lady was inconsequent, and at this she suddenly changed her note: "Ah, remember, I promise nothing, — absolutely nothing!" Then, more softly, as if to help him to leave her, she added, "And remember, too, that I shall not be an easy victim!"

"You will get very sick of your independence."

"Perhaps I shall; it is even very probable. When that day comes, I shall be very glad to see you."

She had laid her hand on the knob of the door that led into her own room, and she waited a moment to see whether her visitor would not take his departure. But he appeared unable to move; there was still an immense unwillingness in his attitude, a deep remonstrance in his eyes.

"I must leave you now," said Isabel; and she opened the door, and passed into the other room.

This apartment was dark, but the darkness was tempered by a vague radiance sent up through the window from the court of the hotel, and Isabel could make out the masses of the furniture, the dim shining of the mirror, and the looming of the big four-posted bed. She stood still a moment, listening, and at last she heard Caspar Goodwood walk out of the sitting-room and close the door behind him. She stood still a moment longer, and then, by an irresistible impulse, she dropped on her knees before her bed, and hid her face in her arms.

XVII.

She was not praying; she was trembling, — trembling all over. She was an excitable creature, and now she was much excited; but she wished to resist her excitement, and the attitude of prayer, which she kept for some time, seemed to help her to be still. She was extremely glad Caspar Goodwood was gone; there was something exhilarating in having got rid of him. As Isabel became conscious of this feeling she bowed her head a little lower. The feeling was there, throbbing in her heart; it was a part of her emotion; but it was a thing to be ashamed of, — it was profane and out of place. It was not for some ten minutes that she rose from her knees, and when she came back to the sitting-room she was still trembling a little. Her agitation had two causes: part of it was to be accounted for by

her long discussion with Mr. Goodwood, but it might be feared that the rest was simply the enjoyment she found in the exercise of her power. She sat down in the same chair again, and took up her book, but without going through the form of opening the volume. She leaned back, with that low, soft, aspiring murmur with which she often expressed her gladness in accidents of which the brighter side was not superficially obvious, and gave herself up to the satisfaction of having refused two ardent suitors within a fortnight. That love of liberty of which she had given Caspar Goodwood so bold a sketch was as yet almost exclusively theoretic; she had not been able to indulge it on a large scale. But it seemed to her that she had done something: she had tasted of the delight, if not of battle, at least of victory; she had done what she preferred. In the midst of this agreeable sensation the image of Mr. Goodwood taking his sad walk homeward through the dingy town presented itself with a certain reproachful force; so that, as at the same moment the door of the room was opened, she rose quickly, with an apprehension that he had come back. But it was only Henrietta Stackpole returning from her dinner.

Miss Stackpole immediately saw that something had happened to Isabel, and indeed the discovery demanded no great penetration. Henrietta went straight up to her friend, who received her without a greeting. Isabel's elation in having sent Caspar Goodwood back to America presupposed her being glad that he had come to see her; but at the same time she perfectly remembered that Henrietta had had no right to set a trap for her.

"Has he been here, dear?" Miss Stackpole inquired, softly.

Isabel turned away, and for some moments answered nothing.

"You acted very wrongly," she said at last.

"I acted for the best, dear. I only hope you acted as well."

"You are not the judge. I can't trust you," said Isabel.

This declaration was unflattering, but Henrietta was much too unselfish to heed the charge it conveyed; she cared only for what it intimated with regard to her friend.

"Isabel Archer," she declared, with equal abruptness and solemnity, "if you marry one of these people, I will never speak to you again!"

"Before making so terrible a threat, you had better wait till I am asked," Isabel replied. Never having said a word to Miss Stackpole about Lord Warburton's overtures, she had now no impulse whatever to justify herself to Henrietta by telling her that she had refused that nobleman.

"Oh, you'll be asked quick enough, when once you get off on the Continent. Annie Climber was asked three times in Italy, — poor, plain little Annie."

"Well, if Annie Climber was not captured, why should I be?"

"I don't believe Annie was pressed; but you'll be."

"That's a flattering conviction," said Isabel, with a laugh.

"I don't flatter you, Isabel; I tell you the truth!" cried her friend. "I hope you don't mean to tell me that you did n't give Mr. Goodwood some hope!"

"I don't see why I should tell you anything; as I said to you just now, I can't trust you. But since you are so much interested in Mr. Goodwood, I won't conceal from you that he returns immediately to America."

"You don't mean to say you have sent him off?" Henrietta broke out in dismay.

"I asked him to leave me alone; and I ask you the same, Henrietta."

Miss Stackpole stood there with expanded eyes, and then she went to the

mirror over the chimney-piece and took off her bonnet.

"I hope you have enjoyed your dinner," Isabel remarked, lightly, as she did so.

But Miss Stackpole was not to be diverted by frivolous propositions, nor bribed by the offer of autobiographic opportunities.

"Do you know where you are going, Isabel Archer?"

"Just now I am going to bed," said Isabel, with persistent frivolity.

"Do you know where you are drifting?" Henrietta went on, holding out her bonnet delicately.

"No, I have n't the least idea, and I find it very pleasant not to know. A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see, — that's my idea of happiness."

"Mr. Goodwood certainly did n't teach you to say such things as that, — like the heroine of an immoral novel," said Miss Stackpole. "You are drifting to some great mistake."

Isabel was irritated by her friend's interference, but even in the midst of her irritation she tried to think what truth this declaration could represent. She could think of nothing that diverted her from saying, "You must be very fond of me, Henrietta, to be willing to be so disagreeable to me."

"I love you, Isabel," said Miss Stackpole, with feeling.

"Well, if you love me, let me alone. I asked that of Mr. Goodwood, and I must also ask it of you."

"Take care you are not let alone too much."

"That is what Mr. Goodwood said to me. I told him I must take the risks."

"You are a creature of risks; you make me shudder!" cried Henrietta. "When does Mr. Goodwood return to America?"

"I don't know; he did n't tell me."

"Perhaps you did n't inquire," said

Henrietta, with the note of righteous irony.

"I gave him too little satisfaction to have the right to ask questions of him."

This assertion seemed to Miss Stackpole, for a moment, to bid defiance to comment; but at last she exclaimed, "Well, Isabel, if I did n't know you, I might think you were heartless!"

"Take care," said Isabel; "you are spoiling me."

"I am afraid I have done that already. I hope, at least," Miss Stackpole added, "that he may cross with Annie Climber!"

Isabel learned from her the next morning that she had determined not to return to Gardencourt (where old Mr. Touchett had promised her a renewed welcome), but to await in London the arrival of the invitation that Mr. Bantling had promised her from his sister, Lady Pensil. Miss Stackpole related very freely her conversation with Ralph Touchett's sociable friend, and declared to Isabel that she really believed she had now got hold of something that would lead to something. On the receipt of Lady Pensil's letter—Mr. Bantling had virtually guaranteed its arrival—she would immediately depart for Bedfordshire, and if Isabel cared to look out for her impressions in the Interviewer she would certainly find them. Henrietta was evidently going to see something of the inner life this time.

"Do you know where you are drifting, Henrietta Stackpole?" Isabel asked, imitating the tone in which her friend had spoken the night before.

"I am drifting to a big position,—to being the queen of American journalism. If my next letter is n't copied all over the West, I'll swallow my pen-wiper!"

She had arranged with her friend, Miss Annie Climber, the young lady of the Continental offers, that they should go together to make those purchases which were to constitute Miss Climber's

farewell to a hemisphere in which she at least had been appreciated; and she presently repaired to Jermyn Street to pick up her companion. Shortly after her departure Ralph Touchett was announced, and, as soon as he came in, Isabel saw that he had, as the phrase is, something on his mind. He very soon took his cousin into his confidence. He had received a telegram from his mother, telling him that his father had had a sharp attack of his old malady, that she was much alarmed, and that she begged Ralph would instantly return to Gardencourt. On this occasion, at least, Mrs. Touchett's devotion to the electric wire had nothing incongruous.

"I have judged it best to see the great doctor, Sir Matthew Hope, first," Ralph said. "By great good luck, he's in town. He is to see me at half past twelve, and I shall make sure of his coming down to Gardencourt,—which he will do the more readily as he has already seen my father several times, both there and in London. There is an express at 2.45, which I shall take, and you will come back with me, or remain here a few days longer, exactly as you prefer."

"I will go with you!" Isabel exclaimed. "I don't suppose I can be of any use to my uncle, but if he is ill I should like to be near him."

"I think you like him," said Ralph, with a certain shy pleasure in his eye. "You appreciate him, which all the world has n't done. The quality is too fine."

"I think I love him," said Isabel, simply.

"That's very well. After his son, he is your greatest admirer."

Isabel welcomed this assurance, but she gave secretly a little sigh of relief at the thought that Mr. Touchett was one of those admirers who could not propose to marry her. This, however, was not what she said; she went on to inform Ralph that there were other rea-

sons why she should not remain in London. She was tired of it, and wished to leave it; and then Henrietta was going away, — going to stay in Bedfordshire.

"In Bedfordshire?" Ralph exclaimed, with surprise.

"With Lady Pensil, the sister of Mr. Bantling, who has answered for an invitation."

Ralph was feeling anxious, but at this he broke into a laugh. Suddenly, however, he looked grave again. "Bantling is a man of courage. But if the invitation should get lost on the way?"

"I thought the British post-office was impeccable."

"The good Homer sometimes nods," said Ralph. "However," he went on, more brightly, "the good Bantling never does, and, whatever happens, he will take care of Henrietta."

Ralph went to keep his appointment with Sir Matthew Hope, and Isabel made her arrangements for quitting Pratt's Hotel. Her uncle's danger touched her nearly, and while she stood before her open trunk, looking about her vaguely for what she should put into it, the tears suddenly rushed into her eyes. It was perhaps for this reason that when Ralph came back, at two o'clock, to take her to the station she was not yet ready. He found Miss Stackpole, however, in the sitting-room, where she had just risen from the lunch-table, and this lady immediately expressed her regret at his father's illness.

"He is a grand old man," she said; "he is faithful to the last. If it is really to be the last, — excuse my alluding to it, but you must often have thought of the possibility, — I am sorry that I shall not be at Gardencourt."

"You will amuse yourself much more in Bedfordshire."

"I shall be sorry to amuse myself at such a time," said Henrietta, with much propriety. But she immediately added, "I should like so to commemorate the closing scene."

"My father may live a long time," said Ralph, simply. Then, adverting to topics more cheerful, he interrogated Miss Stackpole as to her own future.

Now that Ralph was in trouble, she addressed him in a tone of larger allowance, and told him that she was much indebted to him for having made her acquainted with Mr. Bantling. "He has told me just the things I want to know," she said; "all the society items and all about the royal family. I can't make out that what he tells me about the royal family is much to their credit; but he says that's only my peculiar way of looking at it. Well, all I want is that he should give me the facts; I can put them together quick enough, when once I've got them." And she added that Mr. Bantling had been so good as to promise to come and take her out in the afternoon.

"To take you where?" Ralph ventured to inquire.

"To Buckingham Palace. He is going to show me over it, so that I may get some idea how they live."

"Ah," said Ralph, "we leave you in good hands. The first thing we shall hear is that you are invited to Windsor Castle."

"If they ask me, I shall certainly go. Once I get started I am not afraid. But for all that," Henrietta added, in a moment, "I am not satisfied; I am not satisfied about Isabel."

"What is her last misdemeanor?"

"Well, I have told you before, and I suppose there is no harm in my going on. I always finish a subject that I take up. Mr. Goodwood was here last night."

Ralph opened his eyes. He even blushed a little, — his blush being the sign of an emotion somewhat acute. He remembered that Isabel, in separating from him in Winchester Square, had repudiated his suggestion that her motive in doing so was the expectation of a visitor at Pratt's Hotel, and it was a novel

sensation to him to have to suspect her of duplicity. On the other hand, he quickly said to himself, What concern was it of his that she should have made an appointment with a lover? Had it not been thought graceful in every age that young ladies should make a secret of such appointments? Ralph made Miss Stackpole a diplomatic answer: "I should have thought that, with the views you expressed to me the other day, that would satisfy you perfectly."

"That he should come to see her? That was very well, as far as it went. It was a little plot of mine; I let him know that we were in London, and when it had been arranged that I should spend the evening out I just sent him a word, — a word to the wise. I hoped he would find her alone; I won't pretend I didn't hope that you would be out of the way. He came to see her; but he might as well have stayed away."

"Isabel was cruel?" Ralph inquired, smiling, and relieved at learning that his cousin had not deceived him.

"I don't exactly know what passed between them. But she gave him no satisfaction, — she sent him back to America."

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" Ralph exclaimed.

"Her only idea seems to be to get rid of him," Henrietta went on.

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" repeated Ralph. The exclamation, it must be confessed, was somewhat mechanical. It failed exactly to express his thoughts, which were taking another line.

"You don't say that as if you felt it. I don't believe you care."

"Ah," said Ralph, "you must remember that I don't know this interesting young man, — that I have never seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and I shall tell him not to give up. If I did n't believe Isabel would come round," said Miss Stackpole, — "well, I'd give her up myself!"

XVIII.

It had occurred to Ralph that, under the circumstances, Isabel's parting with Miss Stackpole might be of a slightly embarrassed nature, and he went down to the door of the hotel in advance of his cousin, who after a slight delay followed, with the traces of an unaccepted remonstrance, as he thought, in her eye. The two made the journey to Garden-court in almost unbroken silence, and the servant who met them at the station had no better news to give them of Mr. Touchett, — a fact which caused Ralph to congratulate himself afresh on Sir Matthew Hope's having promised to come down in the five-o'clock train and spend the night. Mrs. Touchett, he learned, on reaching home, had been constantly with the old man, and was with him at that moment; and this fact made Ralph say to himself that, after all, what his mother wanted was simply opportunity. The finest natures were those that shone on large occasions. Isabel went to her own room, noting, throughout the house that perceptible hush which precedes a crisis. At the end of an hour, however, she came downstairs, in search of her aunt, whom she wished to ask about Mr. Touchett. She went into the library, but Mrs. Touchett was not there, and as the day, which had been damp and chill, was now apparently on the point of breaking into storm it was not probable that she had gone for her usual walk in the grounds. Isabel was on the point of ringing to send an inquiry to her room, when her attention was taken by an unexpected sound, — the sound of low music, proceeding, apparently, from the drawing-room. She knew that her aunt never touched the piano, and the musician was therefore probably Ralph, who played for his own amusement. That he should have resorted to this recreation at the present time indicated, evidently, that his anxiety about his

father had been relieved; so that Isabel took her way to the drawing-room with much alertness. The drawing-room at Gardencourt was an apartment of great distances, and as the piano was placed at the end of it furthest removed from the door at which Isabel entered, her arrival was not noticed by the person seated before the instrument. This person was neither Ralph nor his mother; it was a lady whom Isabel immediately saw to be a stranger to herself, although her back was presented to the door. This back—an ample and well-dressed one—Isabel contemplated for some moments in surprise. The lady was of course a visitor, who had arrived during her absence, and who had not been mentioned by either of the servants—one of them her aunt's maid—of whom she had had speech since her return. Isabel had already learned, however, that the British domestic is not effusive, and she was particularly conscious of having been treated with dryness by her aunt's maid, whose offered assistance the young lady from Albany—versed, as young ladies are in Albany, in the very metaphysics of the toilet—had suffered her to perceive that she deemed obstructive. The arrival of a visitor was far from disagreeable to Isabel; she had not yet divested herself of a youthful impression that each new acquaintance would exert some momentous influence upon her life. By the time she had made these reflections, she became aware that the lady at the piano played remarkably well. She was playing something of Beethoven's,—Isabel knew not what, but she recognized Beethoven,—and she touched the piano softly and discreetly, but with evident skill. Her touch was that of an artist.

Isabel sat down, noiselessly, on the nearest chair, and waited till the end of the piece. When it was finished she felt a strong desire to thank the player, and rose from her seat to do so, while at the same time the lady at the piano

turned quickly round, as if she had become aware of her presence.

"That is very beautiful, and your playing makes it more beautiful still," said Isabel, with all the young radiance with which she usually uttered a truthful rapture.

"You don't think I disturbed Mr. Touchett, then?" the musician answered as sweetly as this compliment deserved. "The house is so large, and his room so far away, that I thought I might venture, especially as I played just—just *du bout des doigts*."

"She is a Frenchwoman," Isabel said to herself; "she says that as if she were French." And this supposition made the stranger more interesting to our speculative heroine. "I hope my uncle is doing well," Isabel added. "I should think that to hear such lovely music as that would really make him feel better."

The lady gave a discriminating smile.

"I am afraid there are moments in life when even Beethoven has nothing to say to us. We must admit, however, that they are our worst moments."

"I am not in that state now," said Isabel. "On the contrary, I should be so glad if you would play something more."

"If it will give you pleasure,—most willingly." And this obliging person took her place again, and struck a few chords, while Isabel sat down nearer the instrument. Suddenly the stranger stopped, with her hands on the keys, half turning and looking over her shoulder at the girl. She was forty years old, and she was not pretty; but she had a delightful expression. "Excuse me," she said, "but are you the niece,—the young American?"

"I am my aunt's niece," said Isabel, with *naïveté*.

The lady at the piano sat still a moment longer, looking over her shoulder with her charming smile. "That's very well," she said; "we are compatriots." And then she began to play.

"Ah, then she is not French," Isabel murmured; and as the opposite supposition had made her interesting, it might have seemed that this revelation would have diminished her effectiveness. But such was not the fact; for Isabel, as she listened to the music, found much stimulus to conjecture in the fact that an American should so strongly resemble a foreign woman.

Her companion played in the same manner as before, softly and solemnly, and while she played the shadows deepened in the room. The autumn twilight gathered in, and from her place Isabel could see the rain, which had now begun in earnest, washing the cold-looking lawn, and the wind shaking the great trees. At last, when the music had ceased, the lady got up, and, coming to her auditor, smiling, before Isabel had time to thank her again, said, "I am very glad you have come back. I have heard a great deal about you."

Isabel thought her a very attractive person; but she nevertheless said, with a certain abruptness, in answer to this speech, "From whom have you heard about me?"

The stranger hesitated a single moment, and then, "From your uncle," she answered. "I have been here three days, and the first day he let me come and pay him a visit in his room. Then he talked constantly of you."

"As you did n't know me, that must have bored you."

"It made me want to know you. All the more that since then — your aunt being so much with Mr. Touchett — I have been quite alone, and have got rather tired of my own society. I have not chosen a good moment for my visit."

A servant had come in with lamps, and was presently followed by another, bearing the tea-tray. Of the appearance of this repast Mrs. Touchett had apparently been notified, for she now arrived, and addressed herself to the tea-pot. Her greeting to her niece did

not differ materially from her manner of raising the lid of this receptacle in order to glance at the contents: in neither act was it becoming to make a show of avidity. Questioned about her husband, she was unable to say that he was better; but the local doctor was with him, and much light was expected from this gentleman's consultation with Sir Matthew Hope.

"I suppose you two ladies have made acquaintance?" she said. "If you have not, I recommend you to do so; for so long as we continue — Ralph and I — to cluster about Mr. Touchett's bed, you are not likely to have much society but each other."

"I know nothing about you but that you are a great musician," Isabel said to the visitor.

"There is a good deal more than that to know," Mrs. Touchett affirmed, in her little dry tone.

"A very little of it, I am sure, will content Miss Archer!" the lady exclaimed, with a light laugh. "I am an old friend of your aunt's; I have lived much in Florence, — I am Madame Merle."

She made this last announcement as if she was referring to a person of tolerably distinct identity. For Isabel, however, it represented but little; she could only continue to feel that Madame Merle had a charming manner.

"She is not a foreigner, in spite of her name," said Mrs. Touchett. "She was born — I always forget where you were born."

"It is hardly worth while I should tell you, then."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Touchett, who rarely missed a logical point, "if I remembered, your telling me would be quite superfluous."

Madame Merle glanced at Isabel with a fine, frank smile. "I was born under the shadow of the national banner."

"She is too fond of mystery," said Mrs. Touchett; "that is her great fault."

"Ah," exclaimed Madame Merle, "I have great faults, but I don't think that is one of them; it certainly is not the greatest! I came into the world in the Brooklyn navy-yard. My father was a high officer in the United States navy, and had a post — a post of responsibility — in that establishment at the time. I suppose I ought to love the sea, but I hate it. That's why I don't return to America. I love the land; the great thing is to love something."

Isabel, as a dispassionate witness, had not been struck with the force of Mrs. Touchett's characterization of her visitor, who had an expressive, communicative, responsive face, — by no means of the sort which, to Isabel's mind, suggested a secretive disposition. It was a face that told of a rich nature and of quick and liberal impulses, and, though it had no regular beauty, was in the highest degree agreeable to contemplate.

Madame Merle was a tall, fair, plump woman; everything in her person was round and replete, though without those accumulations which minister to indolence. Her features were thick, but there was a graceful harmony among them, and her complexion had a healthy clearness. She had a small gray eye, with a great deal of light in it, — an eye incapable of dullness, and, according to some people, incapable of tears, — and a wide, firm mouth, which, when she smiled, drew itself upward to the left side, in a manner that most people thought very odd, some very affected, and a few very graceful. Isabel inclined to range herself in the last category. Madame Merle had thick, fair hair, which was arranged with picturesque simplicity, and a large, white hand, of a perfect shape, — a shape so perfect that its owner, preferring to leave it unadorned, wore no rings. Isabel had taken her at first, as we have seen, for a Frenchwoman; but extended observation led her to say to herself that Madame Merle might be a German, —

a German of rank, a countess, a princess. Isabel would never have supposed that she had been born in Brooklyn, though she could doubtless not have justified her assumption that the air of distinction, possessed by Madame Merle in so eminent a degree, was inconsistent with such a birth. It was true that the national banner had floated immediately over the spot of the lady's nativity, and the breezy freedom of the stars and stripes might have shed an influence upon the attitude which she then and there took towards life. And yet Madame Merle had evidently nothing of the fluttered, flapping quality of a morsel of bunting in the wind; her deportment expressed the repose and confidence which come from a large experience. Experience, however, had not quenched her youth; it had simply made her sympathetic and supple. She was, in a word a woman of ardent impulses, kept in admirable order. What an ideal combination! thought Isabel.

She made these reflections while the three ladies sat at their tea; but this ceremony was interrupted before long by the arrival of the great doctor from London, who had been immediately ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs. Touchett took him off to the library, to confer with him in private; and then Madame Merle and Isabel parted, to meet again at dinner. The idea of seeing more of this interesting woman did much to mitigate Isabel's perception of the melancholy that now hung over Gardencourt.

When she came into the drawing-room, before dinner, she found the place empty; but in the course of a moment Ralph arrived. His anxiety about his father had been lightened; Sir Matthew Hope's view of his condition was less sombre than Ralph's had been. The doctor recommended that the nurse alone should remain with the old man for the next three or four hours; so that Ralph, his mother, and the great physi-

cian himself were free to dine at table. Mrs. Touchett and Sir Matthew came in; Madame Merle was the last to appear.

Before she came, Isabel spoke of her to Ralph, who was standing before the fire-place.

"Pray, who is Madame Merle?"

"The cleverest woman I know, not excepting yourself," said Ralph.

"I thought she seemed very pleasant."

"I was sure you would think her pleasant," said Ralph.

"Is that why you invited her?"

"I did n't invite her, and when we came back from London I did n't know she was here. No one invited her. She is a friend of my mother's, and just after you and I went to town my mother got a note from her. She had arrived in England (she usually lives abroad, though she has first and last spent a good deal of time here), and she asked leave to come down for a few days. Madame Merle is a woman who can make such proposals with perfect confidence; she is so welcome wherever she goes. And with my mother there could be no question of hesitating; she is the one person in the world whom my mother very much admires. If she were not herself (which she after all much prefers), she would like to be Madame Merle. It would, indeed, be a great change."

"Well, she is very charming," said Isabel. "And she plays beautifully."

"She does everything beautifully. She is complete."

Isabel looked at her cousin a moment.

"You don't like her."

"On the contrary, I was once in love with her."

"And she did n't care for you, and that's why you don't like her."

"How can we have discussed such things? M. Merle was then living."

"Is he dead now?"

"So she says."

"Don't you believe her?"

"Yes, because the statement agrees with the probabilities. The husband of Madame Merle would be likely to die."

Isabel gazed at her cousin again. "I don't know what you mean. You mean something — that you don't mean. What was M. Merle?"

"The husband of madame."

"You are very odious. Has she any children?"

"Not the least little child, — fortunately."

"Fortunately?"

"I mean fortunately for the child; she would be sure to spoil it."

Isabel was apparently on the point of assuring her cousin for the second time that he was odious; but the discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the lady who was the topic of it. She came rustling in quickly, apologizing for being late, fastening a bracelet, dressed in dark blue satin, which exposed a white bosom that was ineffectually covered by a curious silver necklace. Ralph offered his arm with the exaggerated alertness of a man who was no longer a lover.

Even if this had still been his condition, however, Ralph had other things to think about. The great doctor spent the night at Gardencourt, and, returning to London on the morrow, after another consultation with Mr. Touchett's own medical adviser, concurred in Ralph's desire that he should see the patient again on the day following. On the day following Sir Matthew Hope reappeared at Gardencourt, and on this occasion took a less encouraging view of the old man, who had grown worse in the twenty-four hours. His feebleness was extreme, and to his son, who constantly sat by his bedside, it often seemed that his end was at hand. The local doctor, who was a very sagacious man, and in whom Ralph had secretly more confidence than in his distinguished colleague, was constantly in attendance, and Sir Matthew Hope returned several times to Gardencourt. Mr. Touchett

was much of the time unconscious; he slept a great deal; he rarely spoke. Isabel had a great desire to be useful to him, and was allowed to watch with him several times, when his other attendants (of whom Mrs. Touchett was not the least regular) went to take rest. He never seemed to know her, and she always said to herself, "Suppose he should die while I am sitting here," — an idea which excited her and kept her awake. Once he opened his eyes for a while, and fixed them upon her intelligently; but when she went to him, hoping he would recognize her, he closed them, and relapsed into unconsciousness. The day after this, however, he revived for a longer time; but on this occasion Ralph was with him, alone. The old man began to talk, much to his son's satisfaction, who assured him that they should presently have him sitting up.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Touchett; "not unless you bury me in a sitting posture, as some of the ancients — was it the ancients? — used to do."

"Ah, daddy, don't talk about that," Ralph murmured. "You must not deny that you are getting better."

"There will be no need of my denying it, if you don't affirm it," the old man answered. "Why should we prevaricate, just at the last? We never prevaricated before. I have got to die some time, and it's better to die when one is sick than when one is well. I am very sick, — as sick as I shall ever be. I hope you don't want to prove that I shall ever be worse than this? That would be too bad. You don't? Well, then."

Having made this excellent point, he became quiet; but the next time that Ralph was with him he again addressed himself to conversation. The nurse had gone to her supper, and Ralph was alone with him, having just relieved Mrs. Touchett, who had been on guard since dinner. The room was lighted only by the flickering fire, which of late

had become necessary, and Ralph's tall shadow was projected upon the wall and ceiling, with an outline constantly varying, but always grotesque.

"Who is that with me? Is it my son?" the old man asked.

"Yes, it's your son, daddy."

"And is there no one else?"

"No one else."

Mr. Touchett said nothing for a while; and then, "I want to talk a little," he went on.

"Won't it tire you?" Ralph inquired.

"It won't matter if it does. I shall have a long rest. I want to talk about you."

Ralph had drawn nearer to the bed; he sat leaning forward, with his hand on his father's. "You had better select a brighter topic," he said.

"You were always bright; I used to be proud of your brightness. I should like so much to think that you would do something."

"If you leave us," said Ralph, "I shall do nothing but miss you."

"That is just what I don't want; it's what I want to talk about. You must get a new interest."

"I don't want a new interest, daddy. I have more old ones than I know what to do with."

The old man lay there looking at his son; his face was the face of the dying, but his eyes were the eyes of Daniel Touchett. He seemed to be reckoning over Ralph's interest. "Of course you have got your mother," he said at last. "You will take care of her."

"My mother will always take care of herself," Ralph answered.

"Well," said his father, "perhaps as she grows older she will need a little help."

"I shall not see that. She will outlive me."

"Very likely she will; but that's no reason" — Mr. Touchett let his phrase die away in a helpless but not exact-

ly querulous sigh, and remained silent again.

"Don't trouble yourself about us," said his son. "My mother and I get on very well together, you know."

"You get on by always being apart; that's not natural."

"If you leave us, we shall probably see more of each other."

"Well," the old man observed, with wandering irrelevance, "it cannot be said that my death will make much difference in your mother's life."

"It will probably make more than you think."

"Well, she'll have more money," said Mr. Touchett. "I have left her a good wife's portion, just as if she had been a good wife."

"She has been one, daddy, according to her own theory. She has never troubled you."

"Ah, some troubles are pleasant," Mr. Touchett murmured. "Those you have given me, for instance. But your mother has been less — less — what do you call it? — less theoretic since I have been ill. I presume she knows I have noticed it."

"I shall certainly tell her so. I am so glad you mention it."

"It won't make any difference to her; she did n't do it to please me. She did it to please — to please" — And he lay a while, trying to think why she had done it. "She did it to please herself. But that is not what I want to talk about," he added. "It's about you. You will be very well off."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I know that. But I hope you have not forgotten the talk we had a year ago, — when I told you exactly what money I should need, and begged you to make some good use of the rest."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I made a new will — in a few days. I suppose it was the first time such a thing had happened, — a young man trying to get a will made against him."

"It is not against me," said Ralph. "It would be against me to have a large property to take care of. It is impossible for a man in my state of health to spend much money, and enough is as good as a feast."

"Well, you will have enough, — and something over. There will be more than enough for one, — there will be enough for two."

"That's too much," said Ralph.

"Ah, don't say that. The best thing you can do, when I am gone, will be to marry."

Ralph had foreseen what his father was coming to, and this suggestion was by no means novel. It had long been Mr. Touchett's most ingenious way of expressing the optimistic view of his son's health. Ralph had usually treated it humorously; but present circumstances made the humorous tone impossible. He simply fell back in his chair, and returned his father's appealing gaze in silence.

"If I, with a wife who has n't been very fond of me, have had a very happy life," said the old man, carrying his ingenuity further still, "what a life might you not have, if you should marry a person different from Mrs. Touchett. There are more different from her than there are like her." Ralph still said nothing; and after a pause his father asked softly, "What do you think of your cousin?"

At this Ralph started, meeting the question with a rather fixed smile. "Do I understand you to propose that I should marry Isabel?"

"Well, that's what it comes to in the end. Don't you like her?"

"Yes, very much." And Ralph got up from his chair and wandered over to the fire. He stood before it an instant, and then he stooped and stirred it, mechanically. "I like Isabel very much," he repeated.

"Well," said his father, "I know she likes you. She told me so."

"Did she remark that she would like to marry me?"

"No; but she can't have anything against you. And she is the most charming young lady I have ever seen. And she would be good to you. I have thought a great deal about it."

"So have I," said Ralph, coming back to the bedside again. "I don't mind telling you that."

"You *are* in love with her, then? I should think you would be. It's as if she came over on purpose."

"No, I am not in love with her; but I should be if — if certain things were different."

"Ah, things are always different from what they might be," said the old man.

"If you wait for them to change, you never do anything. I don't know whether you know," he went on, "but I suppose there is no harm in my alluding to it in such an hour as this: there was some one wanted to marry Isabel, the other day, and she would n't have him."

"I know she refused Lord Warburton; he told me himself."

"Well, that proves that there is a chance for somebody else."

"Somebody else took his chance, the other day, in London, — and got nothing by it."

"Was it you?" Mr. Touchett asked, eagerly.

"No, it was an older friend, — a poor gentleman who came over from America to see about it."

"Well, I am sorry for him. But it only proves what I say, — that the way is open to you."

"If it is, dear father, it is all the greater pity that I am unable to tread it. I have n't many convictions, but I have three or four that I hold strongly. One is that people, on the whole, had better not marry their cousins. Another is that people in an advanced stage of pulmonary weakness had better not marry at all."

The old man raised his feeble hand,

and moved it to and fro a little before his face. "What do you mean by that? You look at things in a way that would make everything wrong. What sort of a cousin is a cousin that you have never seen for more than twenty years of her life? We are all each other's cousins, and if we stopped at that the human race would die out. It is just the same with your weak lungs. You are a great deal better than you used to be. All you want is to lead a natural life. It is a great deal more natural to marry a pretty young lady that you are in love with than it is to remain single, on false principles."

"I am not in love with Isabel," said Ralph.

"You said just now that you would be if you did n't think it was wrong. I want to prove to you that it is n't wrong."

"It will only tire you, dear daddy," said Ralph, who marveled at his father's tenacity, and at his finding strength to insist. "Then where shall we all be?"

"Where shall you be if I don't provide for you? You won't have anything to do with the bank, and you won't have me to take care of. You say you have got so many interests; but I can't make them out."

Ralph leaned back in his chair, with folded arms; his eyes were fixed for some time in meditation. At last, with the air of a man fairly mustering courage, "I take a great interest in my cousin," he said, "but not the sort of interest you desire. I shall not live many years; but I hope I shall live long enough to see what she does with herself. She is entirely independent of me; I can exercise very little influence upon her life. But I should like to do something for her."

"What should you like to do?"

"I should like to put a little wind in her sails."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I should like to put it into her power

to do some of the things she wants. She wants to see the world, for instance. I should like to put money in her purse."

"Ah, I am glad you have thought of that," said the old man. "But I have thought of it, too. I have left her a legacy, — five thousand pounds."

"That is capital; it is very kind of you. But I should like to do a little more."

Something of that veiled acuteness with which it had been, on Daniel Touchett's part, the habit of a life-time to listen to a financial proposition, still lingered in the face in which the invalid had not obliterated the man of business. "I shall be happy to consider it," he said, softly.

"Isabel is poor, then. My mother tells me that she has but a few hundred dollars a year. I should like to make her rich."

"What do you mean by rich?"

"I call people rich when they are able to gratify their imagination. Isabel has a great deal of imagination."

"So have you, my son," said Mr. Touchett, listening very attentively, but a little confusedly.

"You tell me I shall have money enough for two. What I want is that you should kindly relieve me of my superfluity, and give it to Isabel. Divide my inheritance into two equal halves, and give the second half to her."

"To do what she likes with?"

"Absolutely what she likes."

"And without an equivalent?"

"What equivalent could there be?"

"The one I have already mentioned."

"Her marrying some one or other?"

It's just to do away with anything of that sort that I make my suggestion. If she has an easy income she will never have to marry for a support. She wishes to be free, and your bequest will make her free."

"Well, you seem to have thought it out," said Mr. Touchett. "But I don't see why you appeal to me. The money

will be yours, and you can easily give it to her yourself."

Ralph started a little. "Ah, dear father, I can't offer Isabel money!"

The old man groaned. "Don't tell me you are not in love with her! Do you want me to have the credit of it?"

"Entirely. I should like it simply to be a clause in your will, without the slightest reference to me."

"Do you want me to make a new will, then?"

"A few words will do it; you can attend to it the next time you feel a little lively."

"You must telegraph to Mr. Hilary, then. I will do nothing without my lawyer."

"You shall see Mr. Hilary to-morrow."

"He will think we have quarreled, you and I," said the old man.

"Very probably. I shall like him to think it," said Ralph, smiling; "and to carry out the idea I give you notice that I shall be very sharp with you."

The humor of this appeared to touch his father; he lay a little while taking it in. "I will do anything you like," he said at last; "but I'm not sure it's right. You say you want to put wind in her sails; but are n't you afraid of putting too much?"

"I should like to see her going before the breeze!" Ralph answered.

"You speak as if it were for your entertainment."

"So it is, a good deal."

"Well, I don't think I understand," said Mr. Touchett, with a sigh. "Young men are very different from what I was. When I cared for a girl, — when I was young, — I wanted to do more than look at her. You have scruples that I should n't have had, and you have ideas that I should n't have had, either. You say that Isabel wants to be free, and that her being rich will keep her from marrying for money. Do you think that she is a girl to do that?"

"By no means. But she has less money than she has ever had before; her father gave her everything, because he used to spend his capital. She has nothing but the crumbs of that feast to live on, and she does n't really know how meagre they are; she has yet to learn it. My mother has told me all about it. Isabel will learn it when she is thrown upon the world, and it would be painful to me to think of her coming to the consciousness of a lot of wants that she should be unable to satisfy."

"I have left her five thousand pounds. She can satisfy a good many wants with that."

"She can, indeed. But she would probably spend it in two or three years."

"You think she would be extravagant, then?"

"Most certainly," said Ralph, smiling serenely.

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness was rapidly giving place to pure confusion. "It would merely be a question of time, then, her spending the larger sum?"

"No. At first I think she would plunge into that pretty freely; she would probably make over a part of it to each of her sisters. But after that she would come to her senses, remember that she had still a life-time before her, and live within her means."

"Well, you *have* worked it out," said the old man, with a sigh. "You do take an interest in her, certainly."

"You can't consistently say I go too far. You wished me to go further."

"Well, I don't know," the old man answered. "I don't think I enter into your spirit. It seems to me immoral."

"Immoral, dear daddy?"

"Well, I don't know that it's right to make everything so easy for a person."

"It surely depends upon the person. When the person is good, your making things easy is all to the credit of virtue. To facilitate the execution of good impulses, what can be a nobler act?"

This was a little difficult to follow, and Mr. Touchett considered it for a while. At last he said, —

"Isabel is a sweet young girl; but do you think she is as good as that?"

"She is as good as her best opportunities," said Ralph.

"Well," Mr. Touchett declared, "she ought to get a great many opportunities for sixty thousand pounds."

"I have no doubt she will."

"Of course I will do what you want," said the old man. "I only want to understand it a little."

"Well, dear daddy, don't you understand it now?" his son asked, caressingly. "If you don't, we won't take any more trouble about it; we will leave it alone."

Mr. Touchett lay silent a long time. Ralph supposed that he had given up the attempt to understand it. But at last he began again: —

"Tell me this, first: Does n't it occur to you that a young lady with sixty thousand pounds may fall a victim to the fortune-hunters?"

"She will hardly fall a victim to more than one."

"Well, one is too many."

"Decidedly. That's a risk, and it has entered into my calculation. I think it's appreciable, but I think it's small, and I am prepared to take it."

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness had passed into perplexity, and his perplexity now passed into admiration.

"Well, you *have* gone into it!" he exclaimed. "But I don't see what good you are to get of it."

Ralph leaned over his father's pillows and gently smoothed them; he was aware that their conversation had been prolonged to a dangerous point. "I shall get just the good that I said just now I wished to put into Isabel's reach, — that of having gratified my imagination. But it's scandalous, the way I have taken advantage of you!"

Henry James, Jr.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

WE sit before the curtain, and we heed the pleasant bustle:
The ushers hastening up the aisles, the fans' and programmes' rustle;
The boy that cries librettos, and the soft, incessant sound
Of talking and low laughter that buzzes all around.

How very old the drop-scene looks! A thousand times before
I've seen that blue paint dashing on that red distemper shore;
The castle and the *gouache* sky, the very ilex-tree, —
They have been there a thousand years, — a thousand more shall be.

All our lives we have been waiting for that weary daub to rise;
We have peeped behind its edges, "as if we were God's spies;"
We have listened for the signal; yet still, as in our youth,
The colored screen of matter hangs between us and the truth.

When in my careless childhood I dwelt beside a wood,
I tired of the clearing where my father's cabin stood;
And of the wild young forest paths that lured me to explore,
Then dwindled down, or led me back to where I stood before.

But through the woods before our door a wagon track went by,
Above whose utmost western edge there hung an open sky;
And there it seemed to make a plunge, or break off suddenly,
As though beneath that open sky it met the open sea.

Oh, often have I fancied, in the sunset's dreamy glow,
That mine eyes had caught the welter of the ocean waves below;
And the wind among the pine-tops, with its low and ceaseless roar,
Was but an echo from the surf on that imagined shore.

Alas! as I grew older, I found that road led down
To no more fair horizon than the squalid factory town:
So all life's purple distances, when nearer them I came,
Have played me still the same old cheat, — the same, the same, the same!

And when, O King, the heaven departeth as a scroll,
Wilt thou once more the promise break thou madest to my soul?
Shall I see thy feasting presence thronged with baron, knight, and page?
Or will the curtain rise upon a dark and empty stage?

For lo, quick undulations across the canvas run;
The foot-lights brighten suddenly, the orchestra has done;
And through the expectant silence rings loud the prompter's bell;
The curtain shakes, — it rises. Farewell, dull world, farewell!

Henry A. Beers.

GERMAN COÖPERATIVE CREDIT-UNIONS.

No healthy social science ever came before the public with plans which were to render labor, energy, and mental exertion unnecessary. Even if it were possible, no sound political economy would desire to make the struggle for existence less earnest. Social reforms, however, have the object of dividing material goods — and the spiritual ones to which the first serve as a necessary basis — more in proportion to useful intellectual and physical labor performed, and less in accordance to inheritance, privilege, and class; of easing the contest for the means of subsistence in some places, and giving it a better prospect of success; of rendering it really earnest in others.

Such is the aim of the credit-unions, founded and managed by a warm-hearted humanitarian for the purpose of elevating the moral and material welfare of entire classes of society. They are not charitable institutions. On the contrary, one main object is to render laborers and tradesmen independent; to give them such a consciousness of their own dignity as men as shall make them scorn charity. Their watch-word is "self-help;" the principle upon which they are based is "that man has received from nature not only wants, but also powers, the proper use of which gives him the means of satisfying his wants." Schulze-Delitzsch comes repeatedly back to this fundamental proposition, and is unable to value too highly a manly self-reliance. "We wish no aid from the state," cries he, "we desire no public subventions! Let us alone. Give us freedom and the liberty of managing our own affairs, and we ask no further assistance." Schulze-Delitzsch does not decry generosity and the doctrine of human "brotherhood." These are noble principles of our nature, and useful

in relieving individual cases of distress. He contends, nevertheless, that where classes of the people are concerned, charity, whether public or private, is powerless. Instead of strengthening, it weakens; instead of elevating the character of the recipients of its benefits, it debases it. Coöperative associations, rightly understood, have a far weightier mission than that of relieving dependent poverty, namely, that of preventing it.

The Schulze-Delitzsch credit-unions presuppose two economic propositions: (1.) Wealth tends to accumulate in a few hands. (2.) A proper use of credit is of assistance in operating against this tendency, politically and economically injurious. Some writers are inclined to dispute these propositions, although modern political economists of note appear to be as unanimous in assenting to the first as in defending the value of credit.

It would seem that the careful student of history, as well as the close observer of his own times, ought to have little doubt that wealth has a dangerous tendency to accumulate. From the era of Lycurgus up to our own times, legislators have had to occupy themselves more or less with measures to prevent this. It is certain that concentration of property in a few hands had much to do with Rome's corruption and final fall. The agrarian laws did not prove sufficient to maintain a middle class, — the stronghold of freedom, "in which are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society." We must remember that that is a wrong view of political economy which confines it to the treatment of ways proper to increase national wealth. The increase of national wealth is by no means necessarily a blessing. It can become also a curse to

a country. By flowing into the hands of the few, it may make the rest of the citizens their dependents, and to a certain extent, *de facto*, their slaves. Legislation has to be conducted with great shrewdness to operate against too vast an accumulation of wealth. This may be brought about by directly opposite causes. In England primogeniture has favored it; in Westphalia an equal distribution of property among the children. The farms in Westphalia have become so small, in a large number of cases, as to make a further division impracticable: upon the death of the father, the land must be sold to give each child its share; the consequence is, some large proprietor "rounds out" his great estate by buying the little farm which formerly nourished a humble but contented peasant family. Other examples are not difficult to be found. Let us turn our attention to the city. Hackney coaches do a considerable business in large towns. A has five coaches and horses, B one. One of A's horses dies, and a coach is smashed by a runaway. A has credit, buys a new horse and coach, his family avoid unnecessary expense for six months, and he is as fortunate as ever. At this juncture, B's one horse falls, breaks his leg, and must be shot. The poor man has no credit to enable him to purchase another, and is obliged to sell his hack to A in order to pay a small mortgage still remaining on it. A at once buys another horse, and B steps down into the class of day laborers. These are not fanciful examples. Any observant man sees such cases happening continually. The inventions and technical progress of the last few decades, though in themselves blessings, have been unfortunate in strengthening the natural tendency we have described. The means of communication, the transport of goods and passengers, formerly supported in every large country thousands of independent men, too rich to become the clients of the

great, too poor to domineer over others. In countries like England and America, where railroads are managed by private parties, a few men of enormous wealth and power, with an army of subalterns, have taken their place. Similar movements have been accomplished in nearly all industries.

The tendency of our time is to conduct all business on a large scale, and crush out the "small man." Technical progress and the modern means of communication require increased stock in trades and commerce. A high preparatory education, increased skill, and large capital are now the elements of success. The credit-unions aim at preserving the independent existence of as many of the poorer classes as possible.

But how is credit to accomplish this? asks some one. There are those who condemn all credit as injurious. If we are not mistaken, this was the opinion of the late Horace Greeley. His repeated advice to any and every body was, under all circumstances, to avoid debt as the pest. It caused him an inward groan to relate that a person who should walk down Broadway, and ask the men he met if they wished a loan of ten thousand dollars, would receive an affirmative answer from nine out of ten. But such views result from too narrow a consideration of national and private economy. Credit, when rightly managed, is of immense benefit to a community, and its development is a mark of economic progress. One highly celebrated German economist, the late Professor Hildebrand, was so impressed with the importance and utility of credit that he divided the economic development of a people into three stadia, as follows: In the first, barter and truck prevail, — barter and truck economy; in the second, payment in money, — money economy; in the third, credit pushes aside, to a great extent, the employment of the precious metals as money, — the credit economy. We consider that this division contains sci-

entific errors, but we will not busy ourselves with them at present. It serves to show the weight that a distinguished scientist attached to credit; which is nothing other than a commercial transaction, in which the service or performance (*Leistung*) of the one falls in the present, the counter-service (*Gegenleistung*) of the other in the future.¹ We will point out the main benefits to be derived from a use of credit, following the order in which they are given by Professor Conrad, of Halle, in his lectures on Political Economy: (1.) Credit furnishes a more perfect and convenient means of payment in large sums and between distant places than the precious metals, saving time and labor. This is effected by means of notes, checks, and bills of exchange. (2.) Credit takes the place of corresponding amounts of gold and silver. This is a saving, as it enables us to employ the precious metals for other useful purposes. (3.) Capital is employed more productively. He who possesses capital, but is for any reason unable to make use of it, transfers it to another for a compensation, to the benefit of both, as well as that of the public economy. It is given, *ceteris paribus*, to him who is ready to pay the highest price for its use; that is, in general, to him who can employ it most productively. (4.) The laborers, artisans, and traders, although unprovided with means of their own, may by the use of credit obtain capital to assist them in their labors, and that without sacrificing their independence. This point is to be particularly borne in mind as of especial weight in judging the credit-unions. Credit is thus of importance in avoiding that separation of capital and labor which excites so much bad feeling, and which forebodes danger to modern civilization. (5.) Credit gathers together the smallest sums, which, by means of joint-stock companies and

otherwise, are economically employed. Capital is concentrated, but its returns are disseminated among the people, — politically, a weighty point. (6.) The possibility of employing every sum, however minute, urges people on to saving. (7.) Credit binds together the interests of those having dealings with one another. Under a highly developed system of credit economy, it is the interest of each to show himself worthy of trust; this can be of advantage in the moral education of a people. (8.) It enables men to save for their old age, and make provision for their families in case of their death. Were there no such thing as credit, the best one could do would be to heap up, and then consume afterwards, the capital gathered together. (9.) Capital, when obtained under favorable circumstances, yields a larger return than the interest. Were it otherwise, borrowing, except in case of special need and distress, would cease. The prudent and skillful laborer, who can command credit, is thus enabled to obtain, besides his wages, a surplus from the use of the capital.¹ "Credit, WELL USED, is therefore economically as productive as a favorable climate, or a high education of a people."

The dangers of the credit-economy are not to be underestimated. Temptation to indulge in a disproportioned consumption and to undertake precarious speculation may be mentioned. There is also danger of the rich man's acquiring a still greater preponderance over the poor by a more extensive use of credit. The credit-unions are especially directed against the last-mentioned misfortune of the credit economy. A slight inquiry will show that banks and the other ordinary resources by means of which the rich obtain credit do not exist for the poor. What does the mechanic, with a small shop in some little town, know of the money market and its ways?

¹ Cf. Carl Knies, Geld u. Credit, Theil ii. der Credit. Berlin. 1875.

¹ No. 9 is added by the writer.

He is ill-acquainted with these things, and were he perfectly familiar with them would not be able to employ them for his purposes. The expenses of a journey to a money centre would often equal a third or a fourth of all he needed; and on arriving there, he would find himself unprovided with security which would be accepted, even though those acquainted with his affairs might know that he was good for ten times the amount desired. This is also true, in a higher degree, of ordinary laborers. Generally, these "little people" have to get on as best they can without the use of credit, however necessary and profitable it might be to them, or have recourse to a usurer; and in every small town, and great one too, will be found men who live by bleeding such people. Usury laws have too often proved themselves of little worth. In Germany they were abolished in 1867. Before this time, and before Dr. Schulze founded the first union in Delitzsch, in 1850, the interest which tradesmen in that town were obliged to pay was enormous, and a refutation to those who would have us think usury an unreality, an illusion! One tradesman, who had a lively little business in Delitzsch, wished to borrow fifty thalers (\$37.50) for a few days, to make purchases at the Leipzig fair. He was obliged to pay an interest of one thaler a day, or an annual interest of seven hundred and thirty per cent. Schulze-Delitzsch reports that inquiry among small dealers and laborers has shown him that an interest of one thaler a month for a loan of twenty thalers was common enough, — an interest of sixty per cent. per annum.

The success of the credit-unions shows conclusively that they supply a need which was felt. Less than thirty years ago Dr. Schulze founded the first one in the provincial town of Delitzsch, in the province of Saxony. In 1851, the year after, two men, who have done much for the welfare of their fellows, Dr. Bern-

hardi and the tailor Bürmann, founded a second in the neighboring city of Eilenburg; the third was established in 1853, in Zörtig; in the next two years, four more were founded in various places. These seven unions flourishing, Dr. Schulze published the first edition of his work, *Vorschuss- und Creditvereine als Volksbanken*, in 1856. The idea took at once, and they have been spreading all over Germany since that time. In his annual report for 1878, Schulze-Delitzsch was able to mention the names and the locations of 1841 credit-unions. Full reports were made to him, as the representative of their interests, by 940 unions. These unions had, at the termination of the year 1878, 480,507 members, and had made loans during the same year to the amount of 1,456,003,733 marks.¹

The want of people's banks was so keenly felt that numbers were established, especially in the larger cities, about the year 1848, in response to the cry for such institutions. They did not prosper. Some soon closed up; others led a miserable existence, wavering between life and death. The cause was the false foundation upon which they were built, namely, that of charity. Wealthy people, of good intentions, lent the money necessary for conducting the business. There was not always a sufficient examination into the ability of the receiver of the loan to repay what had been lent him, nor, indeed, did he in all cases think it incumbent upon him to pay at the appointed time. Money was lost. Those who should have been grateful for assistance received found themselves often disappointed in their expectations, and demanded increased loans of their patrons, or loaded them with reproaches. In short, universal discontent reigned on all sides. Germany's experience has demonstrated, says Schulze-Delitzsch, that institutions

¹ The mark is \$0.23821. Three marks make a thaler.

of this character which are to possess life must stand on their own feet, demanding neither private nor public charity.

Schulze-Delitzsch, therefore, in establishing the unions which bear his name, proceeded from the stand-point that the greatest service those whose position in life has given them the advantage of greater intellectual development can render to the laboring classes is to teach them to grasp the means of self-help which lie within their reach, and to strengthen their trust in their own power (*ihr Selbstgefühl zu stärken*). These unions find their strength in the power of organization. The motto adopted is the French one: *Un pour tous, tous pour un*. In other words, they are founded on the principle of the full liability of each and every member for all debts of the association. The security offered is a different one from that recognized usually in business circles; it is in considerable degree personal. One laborer alone, have he a project never so sure of success, and be he never so skillful himself, is not able to borrow money from capitalists, least of all from banks, unless he can pledge property, easily realizable, to more than the full amount; if he does not do it, some friend is obliged to do it for him, or he must be deprived of the use of credit. If several artisans and laborers, however, each having need of credit, bind themselves together in such a way as to be unitedly responsible for the debt of all, a capitalist can well afford to lend them money. He can calculate upon the theory of probabilities, as the life insurance companies do. If they are ordinarily clever men, — and provision is made for that in the credit-unions, as we shall see hereafter, — a certain per cent. are bound to succeed well enough to pay any reasonable loan made to all. Some might be inclined to smile at such an investment as dangerous, but the plan has worked brilliantly in Germany.

It is doubtful if, in America, any one kind of business can show so small a proportionate number of failures as the coöperative German unions. Yet these unions have provided the poor and propertyless with credit. Their good name has grown, and more money has often been offered them, at low rates of interest, — they pay on an average about four and a half per cent. per annum, — than they could use. In places where they have been established, the unions have made all those worthy of credit able to obtain it (*creditwürdig, creditfähig*). Instead of charging interest varying from fifty to seven hundred per cent., they have lent money to the "little" man at rates varying from six to ten per cent. — as for example in rare cases, to defray the expense of starting a new bank, the rate has been eleven per cent. One chief element in the organization of credit-unions is, therefore, the full liability of all members. The second is a saving and formation of capital by the members. They must become shareholders. No one can become a member of a credit-union without purchasing shares in the business. A majority of those, however, for whom the associations are designed are unable to purchase their shares at once; accordingly, they are sold on part payments, each of which is so small that the ordinary laborer can spare the sum. Thus in a few years it happens that a large part of the stock of the banks belongs to the members. The calculation is that each member shall buy shares to the amount of fifty to one hundred thalers. As Germany is a poor country and wages low, the corresponding minimum for the United States ought to be, at least, one hundred dollars. This may be considered insignificant, but it is not to be forgotten that a main point to encourage in saving is to create a taste for it. A large part of those who join the unions never before had so much capital in their possession; in fact, never before had any capital

which was yielding a revenue and accumulating.

In cultivating a habit of providing for the future, the importance of the first step cannot be overestimated. The self-respect and importance of the laborers are raised as soon as they become, even in a small way, capitalists. The feeling that they are members of a large and powerful institution has been found to help wonderfully. This may be called sentiment, but as it is, like many other sentiments, a reality and a power for good, that is no objection. Very many can be led to save only by such powerful motives as the associations offer, inasmuch as the shares are made a source of gain, and credit can be obtained by the most only by becoming members. It is touching to read of the race in saving which sometimes takes place between the members of the credit-unions after they have become fairly started, particularly after the first dividends have been declared. The poor strive to keep up with those better circumstanced by the most rigorous economy, by cutting off every unnecessary expense. The unions thus become savings-banks and render the pawn shops unnecessary for its members.

The principal items to be taken account of in considering the coöperative credit-unions are :—

(1.) The seekers of loans are in general members and managers of the institution which is to supply them with credit ; they have a decisive voice in the administration ; the profit and loss are alike shared by them.

(2.) The monetary transactions are conducted on business principles, as in banks,—service for counter-service ; those who lend money to the union receive the usual interest ; those who borrow pay the market rate for the loans ; the directors and other officials receive salaries which correspond to their positions.

(3.) The members buy shares at once,

or by means of payments in small sums from time to time. The shares furnish the standard for the distribution of the dividends ; the latter are often added to the money paid for the shares. Dividends and shares thus build a continually increasing capital stock.

(4.) The money, apart from its own capital stock, which the union needs for conducting its business is borrowed. All members are fully liable for the amount.

THE LEGAL REQUIREMENTS FOR ESTABLISHING CREDIT-UNIONS IN GERMANY.

We give the legal status of the unions in Germany, because the laws have been framed with special reference to the coöperative credit-unions. Under German law coöperative unions have flourished as nowhere else, and have been followed as far as possible as models in other European countries. In any country or state, those founding such unions should first consult some honest and capable lawyer, and one interested in the coöperative cause. It were desirable, indeed, that the leader of the movement should be an able lawyer. It is owing to Schulze-Delitzsch's legal knowledge and general ability that they have succeeded so well in Germany. He was formerly what we would call a county judge, and has long been a member of the Prussian and German Imperial Parliaments. In effecting the passage of the Imperial Association Law (*Genossenschaftsgesetz*), he is considered as having rendered one of his greatest services to his country. The chief cost and trouble is in starting the first association in each state. After one has been established, and formularies and statutes drawn up which can serve as models, the foundation of others is easy. No outside help is required. The elements for an organization are in every place. All that is necessary is earnestness.

In Germany no concession from the

state is required. Private law (*jus privatum*) is alone concerned. The purpose of the association is the mutual assistance of the members in their private affairs. The German courts have even decided that the unions cannot be regarded as business concerns, conducting a business for profit with the public, when they lend money only to members, although they may borrow money from third parties. The union furnishes its members with the means of carrying on various kinds of business. The profits and dividends come from the members themselves, and the members obtain them from their labors and trades. Legally, the dividends cannot be regarded any more as profits than the money which I take out of one pocket and put in the other. This decision of the German courts frees the unions from the tax to which trades and banks are subjected. Unions which do not confine their loans to members, but lend to the general public for interest and commission, are, on the contrary, naturally regarded as business concerns, in the ordinary sense.

We will best understand the legal position of the unions by comparing them with various other business associations. They differ from the *societas* of German-Roman law inasmuch as (1) the *societas* is formed by a certain limited number of definite persons. The entrance of new members and the withdrawal of old ones change its entire character, leading generally to its dissolution, even when the remaining old members and the new-comers form a new *societas*. In the credit-unions an easy means of entering the association and of quitting it is one of the fundamental conditions. Again, the benefits of the union are not confined to a small number of partners, as in the *societas*, but are extended to the greatest possible number. (2.) A *societas* does business with the public, and stands as a unity opposed to the public. The credit-

unions do business within themselves. The members are the consumers. This is also the case with the "Consumers' Unions" and "Raw-Material Associations," which arose in Germany about the same time. If they have a larger capital than the members need, they may do business with the public, but that is a secondary consideration. The productive associations produce for the public, and occupy a different position.

Joint-stock companies answer the purposes of the unions as regards the change of members, the entrance of new-comers, the liberty of any member to quit the association, and the decision by majorities. But the full liability of the members, one of the chief considerations, fails. By uniting this element of ordinary partnership with the provisions we have named of joint-stock companies, we have the requirements necessary for establishing credit-unions. This was brought about in Germany by the federal law of 1867, which became imperial law in 1873. There are, however, other differences between the position of the credit-unions and that of joint-stock companies: (1.) To become a member of a joint-stock company, one must have a certain ready capital, which shuts out poor people. (2.) The amount of the capital of joint-stock companies must be fixed beforehand and made known to everybody. The capital cannot be changed without the knowledge of the creditors. The basis of the Schulze-Delitzsch unions is eminently personal credit. The French law of July 24, 1867, calls them, on account of the changeable capital, "*sociétés à capitale variable*." In societies in a healthy condition the stock usually increases, on account of the savings of the members.

The unions are entered in the public registers, together with their statutes, by-laws, and officers, and gain thereby the rights of a legal and commercial person in respect of holding property, bills of

exchange, mortgages, etc. They can conduct legal proceedings before the courts, can sue and be sued. They are obliged by law to keep books which shall show plainly at all times their assets and liabilities: to publish during the first six months of every business year a statement of their balance, also the number of members who have quitted the union and who have joined it. They are obliged to send in monthly and quarterly statements to the commercial court (*Handelsgericht*) of the names of all new members and those who have left. Once a year an alphabetical list of all members must be sent to the court, and a notice published to the effect that at such a place it may be seen by any one desiring, as also a copy of the statutes. One very weighty provision of German association law is that all claims against members expire two years after they have left the union, either voluntarily, by death, or by the dissolution of the society. This is called the *zweijährige Verjährungsrecht*) the two-years-prescription law.

The statutes are subscribed to by all the members, thus forming a written contract. An abstract of the statutes must be published by the court. By these different means the public is inspired with confidence. It knows with whom it is dealing. The directors of the union are responsible for the correctness of the list of members, under pain of punishment. The names of the directors are published in the papers. The directors represent the union before the court. Notice must always be made to the court of a change of statutes or directors; in case of dissolution, of the liquidators.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

To demand ten or twenty dollars at once as a condition of entrance excludes the poorer class, and there is no object for doing this, even when the middle classes take an active part in the union,

as frequently happens. The unions are founded on the principle of self-help, and this is the decisive point. As already emphatically remarked, the unions are not charitable institutions. He who cannot *probably* make use of credit, help himself by it, and return the loan when given on favorable terms cannot become a member. Therefore, as long as a man can care for himself and his own, even though wretchedly, he is to be admitted. Otherwise, "he is dead for the unions, and to be cared for by public or private charity." The test of a person's worthiness is his ability to pay each month even a small sum for his shares. This indicates a certain moral force and strength of will. Schulze-Delitzsch reports that he knows many laborers and tradesmen (*Handwerker*) without property who were at first refused credit, but who paid regularly their contributions. As a result, they have finally obtained credit corresponding to their conditions in life, and since have been among the most regular dealers with the unions, having always a balance in their favor. If the balance amounts to but thirty or forty dollars, it is not to be despised. It is with such small amounts as these that the great work is done in Germany.

It is evident that, on account of the liability of the members, only persons legally independent can join. Minors and wards are excluded, except that they can use the unions as savings-banks and thus become creditors. In Germany no married woman can join without the written consent of her husband. Admission is promised to no one and to no class of people indiscriminately, any more than admission to any other private society. Applicants have to be accepted by the directors and an admittance committee. A very important proviso is the right of appeal to the members, which any applicant has who has been rejected by the directors and committee. Did not this exist, the management would have the

power of crushing every opposition by admitting only those favorably disposed to it.

Although every member has the right of leaving, he may not do so at any time. Limits must be put upon this right in order to insure solidity to the union. No one can leave except at the close of the financial year, when all accounts are arranged, and the balance and share of each one in profits and business are reckoned. This is the requirement of German law, which also requires a four-weeks' warning when one intends to withdraw. The death of a member has the same legal effect as a warning, and closes his membership with the year, even if the death happens just before its close. This is of evident importance to the heirs. No one, after quitting the union, can demand his share in the business to be paid to him before the expiration of the first three months after the close of the year. This regulation is necessary for the safety of the creditors and the members. On leaving, no member has any claims on the reserve fund or on the property of the union as such, — furniture, etc.

THE FULL-LIABILITY PRINCIPLE, OR SOLIDARITY.

Herr Schulze-Delitzsch is a strong advocate of this stipulation of the law, dangerous as it may seem. Without it credit-unions have not been able to thrive in Germany. In Bavaria, in 1873, the unions had the choice offered them between a full-liability law and a limited-liability one, and chose the former. In Austria the law does not allow credit-unions to be formed with full liability, and their leader and attorney in that country, Herr H. Ziller, regards this restriction as a reason why they do not flourish so well in Austria as in Germany. He is agitating for a full-liability law.

The coöperative credit-unions teach the members the unity and identity of

their interests. During the late crisis the different members have assisted one another as far as possible; the various unions have done the same. This makes them a good moral school for the members. The unions have fully stood the severe test of the crisis in Germany. The unions and the members have an interest to help one another over a hard point, as the failure of one is not a matter of indifference to the others, owing to the resulting discredit brought on the whole organization. This circumstance cultivates a feeling of personal responsibility.

Where the liability is limited, there is too much temptation to speculation, as in Austria. According to Dr. Schulze, the English law of August 7, 1862, which limited liability to the amount invested in capital stock, injured the co-operative cause in England. The law of the 24th of July, 1867, had a similar effect in France.

The prudent and skillful management of the unions of Germany appears from the fact that the eighty unions which reported in 1859 lent over 4,000,000 thalers, and that of this sum only 470 thalers were lost.

In Germany there are various other coöperative associations, some of which we have already named. At the close of the year 1878, the number of associations of all descriptions, so far as known, was 3146. Coöperative unions have existed over twenty years in Germany, but all the failures of importance during this time, including the voluntary liquidations, which have caused any considerable loss amount to, at the most, 120, so far as is known.

Two paragraphs of the German association law deserve attention: —

(1.) The creditors must first bring to a close bankruptcy proceedings against the union before they can turn to the members.

(2.) The opening of bankruptcy proceedings against the union does not

place its members in a state of bankruptcy.

Paragraph 2 is of especial weight. Since in many cases, a good part of the citizens of a town are members, to declare them all in a state of bankruptcy would stop business in the place, and produce so much harm as to be injurious to the creditors themselves. During the bankruptcy proceedings, the directors or liquidators prepare a plan for dividing the deficiency among the members, and, after it has been approved by the court, it is executed summarily.

MEANS OF RAISING THE MONEY FOR THE UNIONS.

The unions must take the same position as other banks, and not borrow from them, but direct from the public. If they borrow from banks, the costs and dangers are increased. In times when money is "tight," the other banks would be unable to satisfy their wants.

The greatest care is to be taken to reserve a right of demanding a previous notice (*Kündigung*) before one can withdraw one's deposit. If the union borrows the money on an average "on three months' notice," it is clear that it cannot lend its money on an average of "six months' notice." Safety demands that competition should be made with other banks rather by offering a higher rate of interest than by making any concession as to the "right of demanding notice." Thus the union in Delitzsch granted four per cent. interest, while the city savings-bank gave only three and one half per cent. In general these provisions are not needed, but they become necessary at once in a time of crisis, as a single inability to pay occasions bankruptcy and ruin. The right may perhaps be granted the smallest depositors to draw out their money at once.

Encouragement is to be offered to deposits for a long time by offering a higher rate of interest, which is of course

lost when the depositor withdraws his money before the expiration of the term. The writer has noticed that this regulation seems to be general in Switzerland. Some prominent banks there, for example, the Banque Cantonale in Neuchâtel and the Comptoir d'Escompte in Geneva, give only two per cent. interest for deposits which can be drawn out at any time (*disponibles*), but advance it gradually until it reaches four or four and a half per cent. on deposits for two years. Another bank, that of Chatelain, Clandon & Cie, in Neuchâtel, gives four per cent. on deposits which are disponibles, four and a fourth per cent. when the deposits are on three months' notice, four and a half per cent. when they are on six months' notice, four and three fourths per cent. on nine months' notice, five per cent. on deposits for one year. That seems to be rather high for Switzerland. The regulations of the credit-unions have to be fixed more or less by experience and special circumstances. The larger the reserve fund and the shares of the members, which cannot be drawn out like deposits, the more favorable the conditions which can be offered.

In most of the German states and provinces the unions are organized into a whole, which has its directors. When one union has a lack of money and another a superfluity, the directors bring the two unions together, to their mutual benefit. This is also accomplished by means of advertisement in the paper which is the organ of all German coöperative associations, the *Blätter für Genossenschaftswesen*, published in Leipzig. The union which has a surplus lends to the union which has a want of money at the rate of five or six per cent. per annum and a small commission. Monthly, quarterly, and yearly reports are made, and thus the condition of each union is known.

Care is to be exercised in prosperous times not to accept more money than is needed and more than corresponds to

the funds in possession of the unions. A temptation to speculate can too easily arise if the unions are not on their guard in this matter.

There is a German Imperial Organization, or Central Board, which stands at the head of the state and provincial organizations. This superior organization includes all coöperative associations in Germany which choose to comply with the conditions required for joining it. It now embraces some 1100 unions of various kinds. As attorney (*Anwalt*) Schulze-Delitzsch stands at the head of it. This arrangement has been the chief promoter of the coöperative cause in Germany. Schulze-Delitzsch's repeated warnings against every beginning of an unhealthy development, his watchful care, and his readiness and ability to defend with pen and word the interests of the unions have contributed more than anything else to their sound business basis to-day. It is undoubtedly due to him that that certainly very dangerous full-liability act has not led to great abuses. The English have tried to supply the place of such a law by not allowing any one to withdraw the capital which he has placed in a coöperative association. The share any member may have can only be sold to another. This regulation gives the unions a certain stability, but would seem to be hardly sufficient to prevent two or three buying up all the shares, and thus defeating the purpose of the institution.

FUNDS OF THE UNIONS.

The first concern of a coöperative credit-union must be the formation of a capital of its own. It gives the association a solid basis. Banks would naturally hesitate to lend money to an association without capital proper, because however safe the full liability act might make such a loan, its collection, in case the union failed, would be attended with unpleasantness to say the least.

The next question is, What should

be the proportion between the capital of the union and the borrowed money? The experience in Germany answers the question as follows: Even at the opening of a credit-union, its capital should never be less than one-tenth of the money borrowed, that is, one-eleventh of the whole capital; after two or three years this one tenth should have increased to one fifth or one fourth; and finally to one half.

The stock of the credit-unions is divided into two parts: (1.) The reserve (*das Gesamtvermögen des Vereines*), the property of the union itself. (2.) The shares of the members (*das Mitgliedervermögen*).

(1.) The reserve. The reserve gives an additional security to the union. When members quit, they can take no part of it with them. In case of dissolution only is it divided among the then remaining members. The reserve is formed in the beginning of a union by contribution on the part of the members. Afterwards an entrance fee is charged, which ought to become larger in proportion as the reserve grows, since the new member would have his share of the same in case of a dissolution. The entrance fee, at the same time, must never be so high as to shut out the poorest man. In Germany the maximum is ten marks, even when it is paid in part payments, from time to time, during two years or more. The entire profits of the first year are generally added to the reserve; fifteen to twenty per cent. of those of the second or third years; afterwards five to ten per cent. The reserve should increase in proportion to the growth of business and risk. It should also have a certain fixed relation to the capital the members have invested in shares, — say, ten per cent. The reserve is not to be used to cover any loss so long as undivided profits still remain in possession of the union; after the profits are exhausted, recourse is had to the reserve; after that is gone, to

the stock of the members. The reserve does not need to lie idle, as the credit-unions neither indulge in nor favor speculation. It must, nevertheless, be invested in such a manner as to be perfectly safe and to be realizable at all times. A separate account must be kept of it.

(2.) The shares of the members. The monthly contribution towards the payment for the shares must not be less than one half a mark in the smaller places, in the larger not less than one mark. As already stated, the ability of a laborer to save a small sum has been found by experience to be a good test of his worthiness to receive credit. When one reflects on the small wages of the laboring classes, and what saving means to them, one will be ready to avow that saving implies in them especial energy and understanding.

The amount which may be invested in shares depends upon the business done. After a credit-union has been doing business for some time, the capital needed is to be divided by the number of members. This gives the maximum which any one person may invest. If any member were allowed to buy more than a corresponding number of shares, it would be possible for a few members to take possession of the whole concern, and its *raison d'être* would cease. Let us suppose that a credit-union is able to make use of \$20,000, and is composed of 200 members; we find, by dividing 20,000 by 200 that \$100 is the maximum amount which any one member may invest in shares. It is, however, advisable to borrow part of the capital necessary for conducting the business, as thereby the profits are divided among a smaller number of shares, and the dividends are larger. In Germany, a bank which abstains entirely from unhealthy speculation and stock gambling has been found to be perfectly safe when fifty per cent. of the capital belongs to the share-holders. The profits

of the other half of the capital are then divided among them in the form of dividends.

Loss and profit are divided among the share-holders in proportion to the shares which they own. The division is not made in either case in proportion to the shares for which one has subscribed; only the money actually paid into the treasury is considered. Any loss would otherwise fall hardest on the poorest, who are naturally most in arrears in their payments. The dividends have always given a sharp incentive to saving. After the first dividend has been declared, it frequently happens that many members increase their savings, so as to have in a short time three and four times as large an investment in the undertaking as before.

THE ORGANS OF THE CREDIT-UNIONS, AND THEIR COMPETENCY.

(1.) The general assembly of all the members. The unions are grounded on self-help; the members, therefore, are not merely passive. The general assembly is the constituent and legislative power. Its functions are: (a) the formation and change of the statutes; (b) the dissolution and liquidation of the union; (c) the election of directors, officials, plenipotentiaries (*Bevollmächtigte*), to transact business for the unions, the board of control and administration; (d) to listen to complaints against the directors and other officials of the union, and, when necessary, to order them to be tried before the court; (e) to decide in cases of dispute between the other organs of the union; (f) to dispose of the profits and to audit accounts.

All matters are decided by vote, but in certain cases of particular importance more than a simple majority is required to effect a decision.

(2.) The directors. The direction consists of the chief officers of the union, who represent it before the courts and public generally. Care must be taken

to elect men of acknowledged probity and good sense. Security is required from these and the other employees.

(3.) The board of control and administration. This board is consulted in important and difficult cases, which are prescribed by the statutes.

(4.) The cashier and other officials. All employees receive full compensation for their services.

FORMS IN WHICH LOANS ARE MADE.

Loans are made on (1) promissory notes and (2) bills of exchange, which are preferable because they can be realized on without possibility of dispute or delay; (3) on account current (*conto corrente*). The third form comes more and more into use in Germany, on account of its convenience for those desiring loans. It is, however, a more difficult and dangerous form of making loans than the first and second methods. It presupposes a certain skill and experience in banking, and no union should be hasty in beginning it. When such accounts are kept, it is necessary always to have on hand bills of exchange, notes, etc., which can be realized on at once.

The rules which Schulze-Delitzsch recommends to unions keeping accounts current are :—

(1.) To pay not over two per cent. per annum for any deposits that one may make who has such an account.

(2.) To begin an account current with no one who has not deposited at least fifty thalers in the union's bank.

(3.) To fix the maximum of money to be lent on such an account, under all ordinary circumstances, at one thousand thalers.

(4.) To pay the amounts desired on an account-current at once when they do not exceed fifty thalers, but not over one hundred thalers on one day; to reserve the right of fourteen days' notice when five hundred thalers are required, and of thirty days' notice for

one thousand thalers. Usually no use is made of this right, but the amount is paid at once. A commission of one eighth of one per cent. is charged. If any person has given notice that he will need five hundred thalers in fourteen days, he cannot give any further notice of a demand for money before the expiration of fourteen days.

(5.) Interest must be paid semi-annually.

(6.) The union reserves the right of closing an account current by giving fourteen days' notice.

It is not easy to avoid the use of checks when accounts current are kept, but they are in general to be avoided, as being more suitable for large banks.

AMOUNT OF CREDIT TO BE GRANTED.

The people's banks must be on their guard against persons coming with demands for large sums. The ordinary banks are more profitable for the "big people" (*die grossen Leute*), and it looks suspicious when these wish to patronize the unions. There is a danger of temptation by offers of high interest and commissions. As the directors are usually paid partly by a percentage, the maximum of credit to be granted to one person should be fixed from time to time by the general assembly. The greater care is to be exercised, inasmuch as ruin does not come at once. Things may appear to be going very well for a year or two, and high dividends may be repeatedly declared, when all is preparing for a crash. This state of things is brought about by prolongations of the loans from time to time; finally, further prolongation is impossible, accounts cannot be settled, and ruin follows.

The maximum of credit to be allowed any one should always bear a certain fixed relation to the stock and property of the union, and not exceed one fifth, or at the most one fourth, of the same. By regulating the maximum in this way, a consciousness of the risk incurred is

kept alive in the minds of the members. In the largest and richest unions, the maximum should rarely exceed two thousand dollars. As already pointed out, too great prudence cannot be exercised in prolonging loans. It is advisable to demand at least a partial repayment every time a renewal is asked for. By all means, the unions must avoid accustoming any member to live on credit, or to suppose he has a permanent loan. The credit granted by the coöperative unions should be eminently a "productive" credit, to be employed in carrying on or extending one's business, and not to be eaten up in unproductive consumption.

MEANS OF INSURING THE SAFETY OF THE LOANS.

The basis of all transactions is the morality of the undertaking in which the loan is to be employed. Another one of Schulze's fundamental propositions is, "Whatever is morally bad is in all cases economically ruinous." The credit-unions abstain entirely from stock speculations. They lend no money to assist one in gaining a living without honest labor. Like the Prussian minister of public works, they regard the stock-exchange as a tree which bears only poisonous fruit (*Giftbaum*).

As the directors of the bank exercise control over the loans, they are not allowed in any shape, directly or indirectly, to borrow money from the unions. That is one condition of their employment, and its violation is punished with instant dismissal.

In cases where there is doubt about the advisability of granting a loan, the board of control is consulted. The points to be considered in the applicant are his financial solidity, his business ability, and his moral character.

One condition of granting a loan is that the applicant should find some one to sign the note or bill with him. A clever and industrious artisan or laborer

can easily obtain security among his fellows, when his project has any reasonable prospect of success. In case of failure of the debtor to pay, his share is first taken, and then recourse is had for the deficiency to the one who signed with him. In Germany a praiseworthy moral feeling exists among the laborers in these matters. They consider it highly dishonorable to bring one of their fellows into trouble, even when they are less conscientious in their transactions with the rich or the union itself.

The shares of the members are not taken as security. If they were, one could draw out his capital without giving the required warning. The shares furnish the public with a certain security, and it is dishonest to mortgage or pawn them. The union which did so would lose stability.

Mortgages on real estate of any description should be avoided by the unions. The cost of realizing on them is too great. As money is usually borrowed on three months' notice, the securities should be of a character to be realized on in the same time. Not long ago, a credit-union found itself with a coal mine on its hands, and was ruined thereby; not because the mine had been valued too highly, but because the union was not able to sell it at once and did not understand managing it. The experience of the unions has exhibited so clearly the disadvantages of mortgages on real estate that two general conventions of the coöperative associations in Germany — those of 1864 and 1869 — have declared against them.

The interest and commission must be so reckoned as to pay all costs, dividends, contribution to reserve, etc.; otherwise, the enterprise will fail. When the unions first started, one Prussian *Pfennig* was charged weekly for a loan of one thaler, or three hundred and sixty Prussian pfennigs; that is, fourteen and one third per cent., inclusive of commission. The cost of starting justified this

high rate. Afterwards ten per cent., and then later on eight per cent., per annum inclusive of commission, was the rule. In some towns, where the people's banks do a large business, the interest has been reduced to five per cent., with a commission of one half per cent., which equals an annual interest of eleven per cent. on loans for one month, of seven per cent. on loans for three months. In a few large cities, where the middle classes have taken an active part in the credit-unions, the annual interest charged is five per cent., with a commission varying between one sixth and one fourth per cent., — about the rates which the large banks in Germany charge.

The credit-unions pay an average of four and one half per cent. for the money they receive; the cost of conducting the business is usually about two per cent., making a total expense of six and one half per cent. on the capital employed. They receive an average varying between eight and ten per cent. for their money, which leaves a surplus for the dividends after adding a part to the reserve.

It remains only to add a few practical remarks, of importance in organizing and managing credit-unions. First of all, let no one deceive himself as to the obligation imposed by the full-liability principle. It is *very dangerous*, and were it possible it would be advisable to avoid it. The Americans are not such a steady-going, careful people as the Germans. Whoever founds credit-unions should remember that they are chiefly for the poorer classes. All formularies should be as clear and simple as possible. In small towns, where the affairs of a union are not very extensive and it is managed by laborers or artisans, book-keeping by single entry is to be recommended, on account of its simplicity. Unions in Germany have been founded and managed exclusively by laborers. In larger places book-keeping by double entry is necessary, and in such

towns will occasion no difficulty. Branch unions are to be avoided as far as possible, since they make the business more complicated. In no place should a branch union be established where an independent one is able to exist.

In Germany a central credit-union bank has existed in Berlin since 1864. This connects the unions with the large banking institutions of the country. It has a capital of nine million marks, three fourths of which are owned by the various unions and their members. Such a central bank is to be recommended wherever the unions have obtained importance enough to justify it.

The unions of the various German provinces and states have annual meetings, besides which the unions of all Germany hold an annual convention. At these meetings and conventions the affairs of the unions are discussed by delegates. They assist, warn, and protect each other. The journal which is the organ of the coöperative cause in Germany and the annual meetings enable each union to make use of the experience which other unions have gathered. Schulze-Delitzsch sums up thus the benefits which the credit-union confers on its members: —

(1.) It enables them to obtain at any moment ready money in amount corresponding to their positions, their property, the business they do, etc.

(2.) It saves them the high interest they were formerly obliged to sacrifice for such loans, in case they obtained them.

(3.) The profits of money dealing, formerly *de facto* a monopoly of capitalists, flow into their pockets, and assist them in the formation of a capital of their own.

The following table of the different credit-unions which have furnished Schulze-Delitzsch with accurate accounts of their condition gives a good idea of the progress which has been made during the last twenty years: —

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF THE COÖPERATIVE CREDIT-UNIONS: 1859-1878.

1	2	3	4		5					6					7	
			LOANS AND PROLONGATIONS GRANTED.		FUNDS OF THE UNIONS (EIGNER FONDEN).					MONEY BORROWED BY THE UNIONS.						
			a	b	a	b	c	d	a	b	c	d	e			
Financial Year.	Number of Coöperative Credit-Unions which reported.	Number of Mem- bers.	The entire Sum.	Average for each Credit-Union.	Shares of the Mem- bers.	Reserves.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	The entire Sum; that is, a + b.	Average for each Credit-Union.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Average for each Credit-Union.	The per centum of the Capital of the Unions to the Borrowed Capital: Average.
1859	80	18,676	4,131,436	51,642	246,001	30,845	276,846	3,460	501,795	512,350	1,014,145	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	12,676	27.50
1860	133	31,603	8,478,489	63,748	462,012	66,845	528,857	3,976	1,069,833	1,332,404	2,392,327	17,987	1,332,404	2,392,327	17,987	22.10
1861	188	48,760	16,876,000	89,776	799,375	107,238	907,213	4,825	1,983,441	2,649,036	4,632,477	24,641	2,649,036	4,632,477	24,641	19.50
1862	243	69,202	23,674,261	97,425	1,199,545	132,893	1,332,438	5,483	3,441,033	2,747,577	6,188,610	25,467	2,747,577	6,188,610	25,467	21.10
1863	339	99,175	33,917,948	100,053	1,803,203	218,047	2,021,250	5,962	5,641,820	3,416,220	9,058,040	26,719	3,416,220	9,058,040	26,719	22.30
1864	455	135,013	48,147,485	105,818	2,957,296	293,461	3,250,757	7,148	7,401,317	5,355,295	12,756,582	28,036	5,355,295	12,756,582	28,036	25.40
1865	498	169,595	67,569,903	135,682	4,442,879	409,679	4,852,558	9,744	11,154,579	8,726,578	19,895,529	37,455	8,726,578	19,895,529	37,455	27.40
1866	532	193,712	85,010,145	159,793	5,773,106	556,398	6,329,504	11,897	10,646,394	9,758,769	20,405,163	43,316	10,646,394	20,405,163	43,316	30.40
1867	570	219,358	102,026,152	178,993	6,847,031	660,054	7,507,085	13,170	12,395,960	11,378,570	23,774,530	50,614	12,395,960	23,774,530	50,614	30.30
1868	666	256,337	139,247,793	209,080	9,365,692	865,955	10,231,457	15,392	16,309,078	14,889,661	31,198,739	68,098	16,309,078	31,198,739	68,098	31.03
1869	735	304,772	181,602,109	247,078	12,078,464	1,175,138	13,253,602	18,092	19,658,859	17,989,661	37,648,520	83,637	19,658,859	37,648,520	83,637	31.87
1870	740	314,656	207,618,287	280,565	13,449,152	1,214,175	14,663,327	19,815	20,136,679	23,600,040	43,736,719	98,507	20,136,679	43,736,719	98,507	28.97
1871	777	340,396	241,331,151	310,593	15,530,620	1,506,689	17,036,309	21,925	32,027,943	24,165,160	56,193,103	122,014	32,027,943	56,193,103	122,014	27.69
1872	807	372,742	354,519,200	439,305	19,515,767	1,857,762	21,373,529	26,485	41,747,927	4,283,432	46,031,372	93,420	41,747,927	46,031,372	93,420	27.33
1873	834	399,741	446,733,015	535,651	23,250,531	2,281,284	25,531,815	30,613	56,145,748	4,383,177	60,528,925	122,014	56,145,748	60,528,925	122,014	27.63
1874	815	411,443	451,908,394	554,488	25,711,589	2,479,783	28,191,372	34,590	59,686,384	3,686,272	63,372,656	135,037	59,686,384	63,372,656	135,037	27.85
1875	815	418,251	468,549,479	611,717	27,847,336	2,809,327	30,656,663	37,616	64,858,584	4,409,705	69,268,289	Mark.	64,858,584	69,268,289	135,037	27.85
1876	806	431,216	1,525,389,219	1,892,542	88,876,139	10,015,027	98,891,166	122,694	198,349,234	14,160,425	212,509,659	Mark.	198,349,234	212,509,659	334,472,581	29.57
1877	920	468,652	1,550,402,433	1,668,894	98,635,583	12,065,410	110,700,993	119,161	209,285,582	17,141,659	226,427,241	377,846	209,285,582	226,427,241	351,019,103	31.54
1878	948	480,507	1,456,003,733	1,535,869	102,882,342	13,855,027	116,735,369	123,138	208,041,742	17,548,473	225,590,215	385,607	208,041,742	225,590,215	346,545,433	33.68

Particular attention should be given to column 7, which marks a favorable development in the proportion existing between the capital of the union and the borrowed capital.

The following figures show the trades or occupations of the members of seven hundred and six unions as they existed in 1878:—

Number of members, 346,051.

Farmers, gardeners, foresters, and fishermen having an independent business: males, 77,342; females, 3059.

Assistants and laborers for the foregoing class: males, 10,154; females, 687.

Manufacturers, mine-owners, and builders: males, 12,668; females, 277.

Artisans and tradesmen having a business of their own: males, 107,972; females, 3664.

Mechanics, miners, and artisans working for others: males, 16,232; females, 547.

Merchants: males, 32,894; females, 2257.

Clerks: males, 2374; females, 117.

Carriers (*Fuhrherren*), ship-owners,

and hotel-keepers: males, 17,377; females, 884.

Conductors, other railway employees, waiters in hotels and restaurants, and sailors and letter-carriers: males, 7033; females, 84.

Servants and porters: males, 2449; females, 909.

Physicians, public officials, artists, teachers, authors: males, 23,602; females, 946.

Those living without work, retired merchants, etc.: males, 10,388; females, 13,984.

Summa summarum: males, 320,479; females, 27,421.

Although we cannot assent to all of the economic propositions of Dr. Schulze, and although we are unable to regard the credit-unions as by any means a solution of the social problem which exists in all European countries and will soon enough make its appearance in America, we acknowledge that they have done and are still doing a good work in Germany. They assist the cleverest and strongest of the laboring classes in bettering their condition.

Richard T. Ely.

Literature. The two works chiefly to be recommended to those who wish to become further acquainted with the coöperative credit-unions of Germany are: (1.) *Vorschuss- und Creditvereine als Volksbanken.* Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Fünfte völlig umgearbeitete Auflage. Leipzig. 1876. (2.) *Jahresbericht für 1878 über die auf Selbsthilfe gegründeten Deutschen Erwerbs- und Wirthschaftsgenossenschaften.* Von Dr. H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1879. Further information, as well as accounts of different coöperative associations in Germany, will be found in the following works:—

Die Raiffeisen'schen Darlehnskassen in der Rheinprovinz, und die Grundcreditfrage für den ländlichen Kleinbesitz. Von Dr. H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1875.

Die Arbeitenden Klassen und das Associationswesen in Deutschland als Programm zu einem Deutschen Congress. Von H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1858.

Associationsbuch für Deutsche Handwerker und Arbeiter. Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1853.

Deutsche Baugenossenschaften. Von Dr. F. Schneider. Leipzig. 1875.

Consumvereine. Von Eugen Richter. Berlin. 1867.

Blätter für das Genossenschaftswesen. Published weekly in Leipzig.

Die Entwicklung des Genossenschaftswesens in Deutschland. Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Berlin. 1870.

Die Genossenschaftsgesetze im Deutschen Reich. Von Ludolf Parisius. Berlin. 1876.

The best German work on credit in general is that by the distinguished professor of political economy in Heidelberg, Dr. Carl Knies, — *Geld u. Credit, Theil II. der Credit.*

For the condition of the small trades in Germany and the tendency towards concentration, see *Die Deutschen Kleingewerbe im 19ten Jahrhundert.* Von Gustav Schmoller, Professor of Political Economy in Strassburg, — a work so interesting that it is hard to lay it aside before finishing it.

WHO ARE THE ARYANS?

IN the beginning of the Vendidad, or first of the Parsi collection of sacred books, known as the Zendavesta, we are told that the supreme deity Ahura-Mazda created a country full of delights, but difficult of access, and the name of this country was Aryana Vaejo. So charming was this primitive country that, had it not been made difficult of approach, the whole animate creation would have flocked thither and quite overwhelmed it. But this state of things did not long continue; for Ahri-man, or Anramainyus, the spirit of darkness, was the implacable adversary of Ormuzd, or Ahura-Mazda, the spirit of light, and took pleasure in spoiling all his creations. So this death-dealing enemy, with the aid of his *daevas*, or demons, created a great serpent and brought ten months of winter cold upon the land, so that Aryana Vaejo was no longer a comfortable dwelling-place. The good spirit then created a new home for his people, called Sugdha; but the adversary spoiled this by creating a kind of wasp which devastated the fields and brought death to the cattle. Then Ahura-Mazda made a third habitat, which was called the high and holy Muru; but the dark demon now whispered evil reports and stirred up strife, until here, too, life became unendurable, and the beautiful land of Bakhdi, or Baktria, was created as a fourth home for the children of light. So the warfare went on, until no less than sixteen countries are enumerated as successively created and made uncomfortable. In the last region of all the complaint is again of cold weather and hoar-frost; but perhaps in comparison with all the other plagues this now seemed endurable. At all events, the account here ends, with the admission that there are also other regions and places besides

those described; as much as to say that we are not here concerned, however, with the history of all mankind, but only with the worshipers of Ahura-Mazda.

The book from which this legend is cited is one of the oldest in the literature of the world. It belongs to a more primitive age than the Homeric poems, and may probably be regarded as contemporary with the oldest hymns of the Veda. Written not in the court language of ancient Persia, but in the closely-related archaic dialect of Baktria, — very much as the ecclesiastical services of Russia to-day are written in Old Bulgarian, — the Zendavesta was, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, the sacred book of the most prominent nation in the world. For eleven hundred years afterward the worship of Ahura-Mazda retained its ascendancy in the countries between the Euphrates and the Indus, until in the seventh century after Christ this whole region was overrun by Mohammedans, and converted to their faith. For a long time, no doubt, the Magian religion continued to survive alongside of Islam, as we see from the frequent allusions to "fire-worshippers" in the Arabian Nights, where they are indeed most abominably slandered. But after a while the good Ahura-Mazda, yielding to this last and gravest mischief wrought by the adversary, devised yet another abode for the remnant of his people, and led them to Bombay and its neighborhood, where, under the name of "Parsis," or "Persians," they still keep up their old ceremonies and their old faith.

The legend of the sixteen countries created by the good spirit was regarded by Bunsen as a historical tradition of the migrations by which the ancestors of the Indo-Persians reached the countries

where, at the beginning of authentic history, we find their descendants. But it will not do to attach too much historical value to legends like this. For, however venerable may be the record, the very mist of antiquity which shrouds it prevents us from knowing how or whence it got the information which it imparts. The story before us, indeed, has neither the pretensions nor the credentials of an authentic historical narrative. It relates long-past events as ascertained not through the sifting of previous human testimony, but by direct revelation from the good spirit to his prophet Zarathustra or Zoroaster. Nevertheless, the geographical succession of the various places mentioned in this legend is very suggestive. With the exception of Aryana Vaejo, every one of the sixteen abodes seems to be described by a genuine geographical name, though two or three have not yet been satisfactorily determined. Thus Sugdha, the second country, is what the ancients knew as Sogdiana; Muru appears to be the modern Merv, or Margiana; and Baktria, the next in order, has been already mentioned. And so, curiously enough, by stringing together the whole series of names, there is indicated a continuous migration from the region beyond the Oxus, at first southwesterly, and then southeasterly, down to what we now call the Punjab, or "country of five rivers," but which in the Vedic hymns is somewhat more comprehensively termed the Sapta-Sindhavas, or "Seven Rivers," and which in our Zend legend is described in identical language as the Hapta Hendu. This larger designation is reached by including, along with the five rivers of the Punjab, the Sarasvati and the Indus, or "The River," *par excellence*. Having thus reached the northwestern confines of Hindustan, in the fifteenth country created by Ahura-Mazda, the legend here informs us that Anramainyu devised "untimely evils and

unbearable heat;" and thereupon we are abruptly transported, in the sixteenth region, to the cool neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, perhaps the country of the Medes.

Now, however difficult it may be to accept such an account as properly historical, the course of migration here indicated is so thoroughly in accordance with all that we know of the relations between the peoples of the Persian Empire and the dominant race of Hindus in India that it is hard not to grant to it some traditionary value. It would appear, at least, that when the Vendidad was composed the worshippers of Ahura-Mazda must have believed that their ancestors came from somewhere beyond the Oxus, and traveled in the direction of Hindustan, until something occurred which turned them westward again. This would seem to be the only sound meaning that can be extracted from the legend. But this is in wonderful accordance with the results of modern critical inquiry. From a minute survey of the languages and legends of this whole region, it has been well established that the dominant race in ancient Persia and in ancient India was one and the same; that it approached India from the northwest; and that a great religious schism was accompanied by the westward migration of a large part of the community, while the other part proceeded onward, and established itself in Hindustan. A comparison of the Zendavesta with the Veda—so strongly alike as they are, both in thought and in expression—shows clearly that the occasion of this schism must have been the promulgation of the worship of Ahura-Mazda.

In illustration of this community of origin between the Vedic and Zendavestan peoples, let us refer to the name of the first country which the supreme deity created,—the name of Aryana Vaejo. This, as already hinted, is not a geographical name. There is no

identifiable locality which has ever been called Aryana Vaëjo. The name means simply "the starting-place of the Aryans." In later Persian mythology, as represented in the *Minokhired*, the name came to stand for a terrestrial paradise, where men live for three hundred years, without pain or sickness, where no lies are told, and where ten men eat of one loaf and grow fat thereon. In the *Vendidad*, however, Aryana Vaëjo is simply the primeval dwelling-place, whatever it may have been, from which the Aryans passed into Sogdiana. Now "Aryan" was the name by which the ancient Persians and the ancient Hindus alike described themselves. In the Vedic hymns the dominant people of India habitually speak of themselves as Aryans, in contrast with the Dasyus, or inferior races of Hindustan, whom they had subdued. Just in the same way Darius Hystaspes, in the inscription upon his tomb, declares himself to be an Aryan, of Aryan descent. The Medes are always called Aryans by Armenian writers; and Herodotos was also familiar with this appellation. In a more special sense the countries between India and Persia, now known as Afghanistan and Cabul, were known throughout classic antiquity as Ariana. Along with this community of name there was close community of speech among these peoples. The court language of the Medes and Persians, as preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius, the Zend or Baktrian language, in which the sacred books of Zarathustra are written, and the Sanskrit of the Vedic hymns are as clearly dialects of the same parental language as French, Spanish, and Italian are dialects of Latin. These outline facts are all that we need for the present to show how Aryan was the common name for a race which, advancing from the north, acquired supremacy over all the country between the Euphrates and the mouth of the Ganges. Whence these people

originally came it would be idle to inquire, but we may fairly conclude that they first attained to something like world-historic importance in the highlands of Central Asia, somewhere about the sources of the Oxus and the Jaxartes; and this region we regard as "Aryana Vaëjo," or the most aboriginal spot to which we are able to trace the Aryan people.

We have next to inquire into the meaning of the word Aryan; and this is not a difficult matter, or one about which there is much question. In Sanskrit the word *arya*, with a short initial *a*, is applied to cultivators of the soil, and it would seem to be connected etymologically with the Latin *arare* and the archaic English *ear*, "to plow." As men who had risen to an agricultural stage of civilization, the Aryans might no doubt fairly contrast themselves with their nomadic Turanian neighbors, who — as Huns, Tatars, and Turks — have at different times disturbed the Indo-European world. But for the real source of the word, as applied to the race, we must look further. This word *arya*, "a cultivator of the soil," came naturally enough in Sanskrit to mean a householder or land-owner, and hence it is not strange that we find it reoccurring, with a long initial *a*, as an adjective, meaning "noble" or "of good family." As a national appellative, whether in Sanskrit or Zend, this initial *a* is always long, and there can be no doubt that the Aryans gave themselves this title as being the noble, aristocratic, or ruling race, in contradistinction to the aboriginal races which they brought into servitude. In this sense of noble, the word frequently occurs in the composition of Persian proper names, such as Ariobarzanes, Ariaramnes, and Ariarathes; just as in old English we have the equivalent word *ethel*, or noble, in such names as Ethelwolf and Ethelred. As an ethnic name, therefore, the word Aryan seems to have a tinge of patri-

otic or clannish self-satisfaction about it. But we shall find, I think, that such a shade of meaning has been more than justified by history; for we have now reached a point where we may profitably enlarge the scope of our discussion, and show how the term *Aryan* is properly applicable, not merely over an Indo-Persian, but over an Indo-European area, comprehending the most dominant races known to history, — the Greeks and Romans, Slavs and Teutons, with the highly-composite English, whose language and civilization are now spreading themselves with unexampled rapidity over all the hitherto unoccupied regions of the earth, which the *Vendidad* did not care or did not know how to specify. In order to explain in what sense we may all properly be called Aryans, we must consider for a moment some of the striking results which have been obtained, within the present century, from the comparative study of languages.

No event of modern times has exerted a more profound and manifold influence upon the intellectual culture of mankind than the English conquest of India. The enlargement of our mental horizon which has resulted therefrom is not less remarkable than that which attended the revival of Greek studies in the fifteenth century. It is not simply that observation of India is making us acquainted with an enormous multitude of primitive social, linguistic, and religious phenomena which formerly were hidden from our notice. In contemplating these phenomena, we have become possessed of a method of study which has already wrought such wonders as to vie with the ointment of the Arabian dervise, that enabled its owner to detect all the buried treasures of the earth. This mighty talisman is the Comparative Method, or the attempt to interpret a fact by comparing it with a series of similar facts, which different circumstances have caused to vary in different

degrees. I do not mean to imply that mankind have not always used this method more or less, both in matters of science and in matters of every-day life. Nor do I mean to claim for modern philology any exclusive title to the honor of having shown what can be done by studying phenomena in this way. I do not forget that the classification of living and extinct animals by Cuvier, with reference to palæontological epochs, was a gigantic act of comparison, which first made it possible for us to understand the past history of life on our globe. It is none the less true not only that the systematic employment of the comparative method on an extensive scale is the most notable philosophic achievement of the nineteenth century, but also that its first great triumph was the establishment of the *Aryan*, or Indo-European, family of languages. This triumph was prepared by the study of Sanskrit, which ensued upon the English conquest of India. Previous to this, indeed, the close resemblance between Greek and Latin had been often enough remarked, and theories had been entertained concerning a primeval kinship between the peoples of Greece and Italy. But in the case of peoples so similar in aspect and so closely connected with one another from time immemorial, this similarity of speech did not provoke much curiosity. It was quite otherwise when a language unmistakably akin to Greek and Latin, both in grammar and vocabulary, was discovered in such an out-of-the-way country as Hindustan, and among a people who had hitherto been generally supposed to be barbarians. The discovery was emphasized by the fact that no such obvious resemblances existed in Hebrew, a language much nearer geographically and historically, and from which there had been no end of futile attempts to derive Latin and Greek. Further interest was excited when it became known that this newly-found language contained an enormous mass of literature alleged

to be the oldest in the world. All things thus combined to stimulate speculation as to the true character of the relationship between Sanskrit and the languages of Greece and Rome. This relationship was not one of parentage. It has been a common popular error to suppose that Latin and Greek are derived from Sanskrit; but from the first no such view was countenanced by competent scholars. About 1790, Sir William Jones declared his opinion that the three languages were sprung from "some common source, which perhaps no longer exists." Persian also he was inclined to attribute to the same source, and he hinted at the possibility that Gothic and Keltic might be included in the group. This was coming very near to the conception of an Indo-European family of languages. But that conception was not clearly formed until nearly twenty years later, and then it was reached not by a great philological scholar, but by a poet and literary critic. In 1808, Friedrich Schlegel maintained that the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany were connected by common descent from an extinct language, just as the modern Romanic languages are connected by common descent from Latin; and for the whole family he proposed the name Indo-Germanic. The correctness of this view was demonstrated by Bopp, in his *Comparative Grammar*, published from 1833 to 1852, in which the Zend, Armenian, Slavonic, and Lithuanian languages also were added to the group. The Keltic languages were included about the same time, and the name Indo-Germanic was extended to Indo-European. Within the last fifteen years — mainly through the influence of Max Müller's writings — the name Aryan has come into general use as the most convenient designation of the whole family. The use of the word in this extensive sense has indeed been objected to by Professor Whitney and others, who urge that it is properly appli-

cable only to the Indo-Persian branch of the family; and in strictness their argument seems to be sound enough. There is no evidence that any of the European peoples have ever called themselves Aryans, and the traces of the name which Müller has sought to point out in Europe are very scanty and obscure. According to Stephanus of Byzantium, *Aria* was an old name for Thrace, and among the ancient Germans we find a tribe of *Arii* and such proper names as *Ariovistus*; but it is by no means certain that these names are in any way connected with the original *Arya*. Nor did Pictet meet with any better success in his attempt to find *Arya* in the name of *Erin* or *Ireland*, the home of the *Eri*, or *Irish*. This modern name is a contracted form. Its root in old Keltic seems to have been *Ieer*, which is the same as the Sanskrit *avara*, "western." It appears in the Latin *Avernus*, a famous lake on the west coast of Italy, as well as in *Ivernia*, or *Hibernia*, the western island. This old word *Iver* has been shortened to *Ir* or *Er*, and out of this, by putting on their own terminations, the English have made *Ire-land*, the home of the *Ir-ish*, or "westerners." But in spite of the fact that we find no certain traces of the name *Aryan* in the European languages, I believe that the modern use of the word, as descriptive of the whole family, is likely to prevail. It is a much less cumbrous term than "Indo-European," and, while it is advantageously free from geographical restrictions, it emphasizes, at the same time, the fundamental fact that the *Aryana Væjō*, or prehistoric starting-point of the eastern members of the family, was also the starting-point of the western members. It implies — what every one admits to be true — that the dominant race in Europe came from Central Asia. And, still further, it serves admirably as a name for the extinct mother tongue from which all the Indo-European lan-

guages have descended. By many scholars this primitive tongue is itself called Indo-European; but I am unable to see any propriety in giving such a name to a language which, as being confessedly spoken north of the Oxus and east of the Caspian, was certainly neither Indian nor European in any sense. It seems to me much better, and more in conformity to the general style of philologists, to call this ancestral language "Old Aryan," just as we say "Old Norse" for the primitive form of Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian.

As we now proceed to take a brief survey of the Aryan domain, I think we shall realize the advantage of having a word that is independent of geographical limits. The Aryana of the present day is much more than an Indo-European region. Its eastern boundaries have altered but little for many centuries; but on the west it has extended to the Pacific coast of America, and on the other side of the world it has begun to annex territory in South Africa and Australia. Indeed, if we are to judge from what has been going on since the times of Drake and Froisher, it seems in every way likely that men of English speech will by and by have seized upon every part of the earth's surface not already covered by a well-established civilization, and will have converted them all into Aryan countries. But our linguistic term Aryan is independent of such changes. Since prehistoric times eight principal divisions of Aryan speech have existed, but these groups of languages have had very different careers, and some of them are rapidly becoming extinct. The first great separation of Aryan tribes was the separation between the invaders of Indo-Persia and the invaders of Europe. We have already observed how the language of the Indo-Persians became divided in twain. In the Indic class of languages, comprising the classical Sanskrit, the Prakrit of later dramatic writ-

ers, the Pali, or sacred language of the Buddhists in Ceylon, and some twenty modern dialects spoken chiefly in the northern half of Hindustan, we have the first grand division of Aryan speech. The second or Iranic class comprehends the Zend, the ancient Persian of the cuneiform inscriptions, the Parsi of Bombay, the Pushtu of Afghanistan, modern Persian, Armenian, Kurdish, and the Ossetian spoken in the Caucasus. Concerning these two grand divisions, we need only observe that the extremely close resemblance between Sanskrit and Zend would seem to indicate that the separation of the two occurred at a comparatively late date, though it would perhaps be difficult to suppose it later than two thousand years before Christ. Long before this time western tribes of Aryans must have crossed the Volga and begun the conquest of Europe. First appear to have come the Kelts, whose languages constitute the third great division. These languages diverge considerably from the common type, and were the latest to be recognized as Aryan in character, — a fact which is quite in harmony with the opinion that they were the first to branch off from the original stock. The Kelts have always been an important race, but their languages have not thriven in the world. Keltic geographical names are scattered all over Europe, and in the eastern part such words as Dnieper, Don, and Danube testify to the former presence of the language, in which *don* was a common name for water or river. The Kelts formed a large part of the populations of Spain and Northern Italy, and a principal part of the populations of Gaul and Britain, when these countries were subjected to Roman dominion; and as late as the Christian era they were to be found in large numbers as far east as Bohemia. Since then they have been partly conquered and partly driven westward by Romans and Teutons, without ceasing to be conspicuous

as a race; but their languages have sunk into comparative obscurity, and are fast disappearing. The Gauls, who showed such a remarkable aptitude for taking on the manners of their conquerors that by the fourth century their country was almost as thoroughly Romanized as Italy itself, forgot their own language with wonderful ease. It was so completely trampled out by Latin that very scanty vestiges remain to show what it was, if we except geographical names. At the present day two groups of Keltic languages remain: the Gaelic, still spoken in Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man; and the Kymric, or old British, which survives in Welsh and in the dialect of Brittany. A third dialect of Kymric was formerly spoken in Cornwall, but it died in 1770 with Dame Dolly Dentreath.

Concerning the fourth and fifth grand divisions of Aryan speech — the Italic and Hellenic — but little need be said. These languages are too illustrious to stand in need of much description. The relationship between them is closer than in the case of any other Aryan languages of different class, save the Zend and Sanskrit; and this close resemblance justifies the inference that the separation between Greeks and Italians was comparatively recent. They would appear to have entered Europe somewhat later than the Kelts, but everything connected with their prehistoric career is extremely problematical. To the Hellenic class belong only two languages, — the uncultivated Albanian and the Greek, which was stereotyped so early and so thoroughly by literary culture that to the Athenian school-boy of to-day the history of Herodotos can hardly seem written in a foreign tongue. To the Italic class belong the ancient Umbrian and Oscan and the Latin, which still survives under the variously modified forms of Italian, French, Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumansch, and Wallachian. To the linguist the history

of these Romanic dialects is peculiarly valuable, as illustrating, with the aid of plentiful documents, a process of divergence somewhat similar to that which previously broke up the Old Aryan into different languages.

The Teutons, whose languages form our sixth grand division, seem to have entered Europe after the tribes already mentioned. About Caesar's time we find Teutons driving Kelts out of Germany, and threatening invasions into Gaul; but during most of classic antiquity the centre of Teutonism seems to have been farther east than Germany. The greater part of what is now European Turkey was occupied by Goths in the time of Herodotos, and for eight centuries afterwards. The ancient Thracians were Goths, according to Grimm, and so were the Getæ. And since the Christian era Teutonic tribes appeared in what is now Southern Russia. The terrible irruption of non-Aryan Huns from Asia, in the fifth century, drove these tribes westward, and brought them into collision with the Empire. Of the Gothic language nothing remains save a portion of a translation of the Bible, made by Ulfilas in the fourth century. The other branches of Teutonic speech — Scandinavian, High German, and Low German, of which our own English is the most important dialect — are too well known to require comment.

The seventh and eighth grand divisions of Aryan language are the closely-related Lettic and Slavonic. The Lettic languages, like the Keltic, are fast dying out. "Old Prussian, which has been dead for two centuries, is only represented by the Catechism of Albert of Brandenburg,"¹ Lettish and Lithuanian, of which the latter is remarkable for its strong resemblance to Sanskrit, are still spoken in the Baltic provinces of Russia.

As for the Slavs, they appear in history north of the Black Sea about the

¹ Farrar, *Families of Speech*, page 104.

time of Trajan, and begin to be frequently mentioned in the sixth century. Since then they have pushed westward far into the Teutonic domain, but have nowhere, save in Russia, retained political independence. Of the fifteen or more Slavonic languages, the Old Bulgarian and the modern Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian, and Serbian are of most importance.

Looking thus over our modern linguistic Aryana, we see that in the Old World it pretty nearly covers the geographical area included between the Ganges and the Atlantic Ocean. Small regions of non-Aryan speech, however, occur here and there within this area, and a brief glance at these will serve to increase the definiteness of our knowledge.

Wherever non-Aryan languages are spoken within this Indo-European domain, it is for either one of two reasons. Such languages are spoken either by descendants of the aboriginal tribes, whom the invading Aryans overcame, or by descendants of non-Aryan invaders, who have pushed in at a later date, and secured for themselves a lodgment upon Aryan soil. Of the first class we find a few sporadic instances. The language variously called the Bask, Euskarian, or Iberian, now spoken in the Asturias and about the Pyrenees, has no similarity whatever to the Aryan languages. It is spoken by the scanty remnant of a people who in immemorial antiquity seem to have been spread all over Western Europe, but who were for the most part conquered or absorbed by the Keltic van of the Aryan invasion. The case may have been similar with the Iapygian and Etruscan, which were long ago trampled out in Italy by the Latin; but on this obscure point I would hardly venture an opinion. In Northern Europe, Finnish, Esthonian, and Lappish are still spoken by races pushed into the corner by Teutons and Slavs. A perfect Babel of aboriginal dialects

still exists in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Caucasus; and many of the highlands of India similarly shelter primitive non-Aryan tribes, whose forefathers refused to submit to Brahmanic oppression. It is a characteristic of such remnants of conquered speech to subsist only in out-of-the-way or undesirable corners. On the other hand, Turkish and Hungarian are foreign tongues brought into the Indo-European area by recent intruders. Both these languages belong to the Altaic, Turanian, or Tataric family, spoken by nomadic tribes all over Northern Asia, and including in Europe the Finnish and its congeners above mentioned. The Hungarian has especially strong affinities with the Finnish, while the nearest relatives to Turkish are to be found about Khiva and Bokhara, in the Tataric region which Russia is so rapidly subjugating.

We have now arrived at a tolerably correct idea of what is meant by the word Aryan. But one important point must not be overlooked. In its modern sense we have seen that the word is a linguistic term. It describes community of language. As we now use the word, Aryans are people who speak Aryan, or Indo-European, languages. It is only in a secondary way that this word can be used as an ethnological term, describing community of race. We are so accustomed to consider language a mark of race that it is difficult to avoid using linguistic epithets in an ethnological sense, and a good deal of confused thinking sometimes results from this. We have above alluded to the Aryans as a dominant race, which long since overran Europe and is now spreading over America; yet it is easy to see that we have no means of determining how far the various peoples who speak Aryan languages are of common descent. It is never safe to use language as a direct criterion of race, for speech and blood depend on different sets of circumstances, which do not always vary to-

gether. We of the English race have much Celtic blood in our veins, but very few Celtisms in our speech; while, on the other hand, with a vocabulary nearly half made up of Latin words, we have either no Roman blood in our veins, or so little as not to be worth mentioning. During the past twenty-five years Frenchmen have had a good deal to say about the "Latin race." There could hardly be a more flagrant instance of the perversion of a linguistic name to ethnological purposes. In reality, even in Cæsar's time, the dominant tribes of Latium had become well-nigh absorbed in the non-Latin, though kindred, Italic races which had succumbed to them. After Gaul had been conquered, it learned Roman manners, but without receiving any very large infusion of Roman blood. In point of race the French are Kelts, with a considerable substratum of Iberian and superstratum of Teutonic blood, — the former chiefly in the south, the latter chiefly in the north. Between Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Northern Italians there is, indeed, a close ethnic affinity; but this is because they are all to a great extent Kelts, not because they have all learned to speak dialects of Latin.

Now if we pursue the matter a little farther, and inquire what we mean by saying that these three peoples are in great part Celtic, we shall find that a similar qualification is needed. Obviously, we mean that they are Celtic in so far as they are descended from people who formerly spoke Celtic languages. Our knowledge of the prehistoric career of the Kelts is too small to admit of our meaning more than this. In just the same way, when we say that Spaniards and Englishmen and Russians are akin to each other as being Aryans, we can only mean that they are in great part descended from people who spoke Aryan languages.

There can be little doubt, however, that all races which have long wandered

and fought have become composite to a degree past deciphering. And, however mixed may have been the blood of the Aryan-speaking invaders of Europe, it remains undeniable that the possession of a common language by such great multitudes of people implies a very long period of time, during which their careers must have been moulded by circumstances in common. It implies common habits of thought and a common civilization, such as it was. And this inference is fully confirmed by a comparative study of the myths and superstitions, as well as of the primitive legal ideas and social customs, of the various parts of the Indo-European world. For this reason I think we are justified in speaking of the Aryan race just as we speak, without error, of the English race, though we know that many race elements have combined their energies in the great work of English civilization. I do not say, either, that we may not fairly speak of a Latin race, provided we bear in mind the limitations of the phrase; the objection is not so much to the phrase as to the loose way in which it is customarily used and the absurd inferences which are often grounded on it.

The ethnologist, who deals with skulls and statures and complexions, may venture much farther, sometimes, than the linguist, — though perhaps the greater length of his excursions may not always compensate for their comparative insecurity. It is quite open to the ethnologist to hold that the successive Aryan swarms which colonized Europe were like each other in physiological characteristics, as well as in language and general culture. Differences of complexion, when well marked, are among the most conspicuous differences which distinguish individuals, groups, or races from one another; and they are, moreover, apt to be correlated with deep-seated physiological differences of temperament. In all countries peopled by Eu-

ropeans there are to be found two contrasted complexions, the blonde and brunette; endlessly complicated and varied by intermarriage, but nevertheless in their extreme examples so strikingly different that a stranger might well be excused for considering them as marks of difference in race. In populations that have long been stationary and isolated from foreign intrusion we do not find such differences of complexion. We do not find them in China or Japan, or among the Samoyeds, or Kafirs, or Pacific islanders, or among the Arabs. It appears to be only among the Indo-European nations that they occur side by side in the same community, as an every-day matter. Now we may account for this coexistence and intermingling of contrasted complexions by supposing that the various peoples of Europe have arisen from the intermixing in various proportions of a race that was entirely blonde with a race that was entirely brunette. We know that the Bask or Iberian race, which once seems to have possessed a great part of Europe, was, and still is, uniformly dark complexioned. We may, accordingly, suppose that the Aryan-speaking invaders were uniformly light. The effect of the earlier invasions of Kelts, Italians, and Greeks would be to crowd the dark-skinned Iberians into the three southern peninsulas, into Western Gaul, and into the British Isles. The next step would be the conquest of all these regions, followed by extensive intermarriage and the general adoption of Aryan speech. In the remotest corner of all, cooped up between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay, — here, if anywhere, a remnant of the aboriginal population might preserve its purity of race and its primitive speech. As a result of these proceedings, the Aryan-

speaking peoples of Greece, Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Britain would show a mixture of light and dark complexions, and wherever the invaders had been much less numerous than the aborigines the brunettes would predominate. But now, where the later swarms of Teutons and Slavs came pouring in, the case would have been somewhat altered for them. Their conquerings and interminglings would take place not with a pure-blooded race of dark aborigines, but with the mixed race which had resulted from the foregoing events. One consequence would be an increased percentage of fair complexions in western countries overrun by Teutons, especially in England, Northern France, and Northern Italy. Another consequence would be the partial darkening of Teutons and Slavs by intermixture with Kelto-Iberian predecessors in Southern Germany and Austria. Wherever, on the other hand, the new-comers were left pretty much to themselves, as in Northern Germany, Central Russia, and Scandinavia, we should find the auburn hair and blue eyes of the old Aryan still in the ascendent.

For my own part, I am quite inclined to accept this very ingenious hypothesis, which is defended by such a cautious ethnologist as Professor Huxley, and which makes such historic and philological data as we have account remarkably well for the actual distribution of light and dark complexions¹ throughout Europe. It agrees so well with the facts before us that we can hardly do better than adopt it as a provisional explanation, subject to such revision and amendment as may turn out to be necessary. But if we thus admit the existence of a primitive Aryan race that was physically homogeneous, it must be remembered that we admit it on very slight and compact frames, and long heads; while, on the other hand, along with their yellow hair, blue eyes, and blonde skins, the Aryans would seem to have been distinguished by tall stature, massive frames, and broad heads.

¹ I think we may go somewhat farther in our discrimination between the aboriginal Iberians and the invading Aryans. It is probable that, along with black hair, black eyes, and brunette skins, the Iberians were distinguished by short stature,

ferent grounds from those on which were based the demonstration of a primitive homogeneous Aryan language. The original community of language is a point on which we have reached absolute certainty; the community of race, in any other sense than that of long-continued community of language and culture, is merely a matter of speculation.

Concerning the people and the series of historic events of which Aryana Vaejo was the legendary starting-point, we have thus obtained much interesting and trustworthy information by the aid of the comparative method of inquiry. For be it observed that the results so far set down have been reached, for the most part, by a mere comparative survey of the various regions of the linguistic

and ethnical field with which we have been called upon to deal. We have in this way obtained quite an accurate conception of what is meant when we speak of the Aryans. But as yet we have dealt only with the veriest rudiments of the subject. Nor have we as yet gone far toward illustrating the vast and rich resources of the comparative method. To be able to depict the prehistoric culture of the Aryan-speaking people, to interpret their mythical conceptions, and to unfold the other remarkable truths that lie latent in the variety of their speech,—this is indeed a fruitful achievement. But to show how this has been brought about requires a separate and more detailed form of exposition.

John Fiske.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

X.

THE TAYLOR ADMINISTRATION, 1849, 1850.

GENERAL TAYLOR was elected president as an "available" candidate. The whigs, in nominating him rather than Webster or Clay, surrendered their good repute of fidelity, threw off all pretense of principle, and supported the hero of Buena Vista "as the only means"—so said Mr. Winthrop—"of averting the present policy of the country." His defeated competitors for the nomination were naturally much chagrined, for their ambition had not been weakened by age, or disheartened by defeat, while their credulity had only been increased with their years. Mr. Clay had confidently expected to be nominated until the result came upon him like a clap of thunder in a clear sky; and he not only denounced the

action of the convention, but was severe in his criticisms upon his former lieutenant, John J. Crittenden, for what he had done to bring it about. Mr. Webster was equally forcible in his denunciation of treacherous friends at the convention, and, while his pecuniary necessities forced him to accept a considerable sum of money from the whig state committee of Massachusetts, in payment for one of his oracular speeches advocating the election of Taylor, he did not hesitate to say that there was "no man more firmly of opinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made."

General Taylor was, of all the men who have filled the presidential chair by the choice of the people, the one least competent to perform its duties. He had been placed before his countrymen as a candidate, in spite of his repeated avowals of incapacity, inexperience, and repugnance to all civil duties.

Although sixty-four years of age, he had never exercised the right of suffrage, and he was well aware that he was elected because of his military prowess. But no sooner did he learn that he had been chosen than he displayed the same invincible courage, practical sense, and indomitable energy of purpose in the discharge of his new and arduous civil duties which had characterized his military career.

The president elect was fortunate in having as a companion, counselor, and friend Colonel William Wallace Bliss, who had served as his chief of staff in the Mexican campaign, and who became the husband of his favorite daughter, Miss Betty. Colonel Bliss was the son of Captain Bliss, of the regular army, and after having been reared in the State of New York he was graduated at West Point, where he served afterwards for some years as acting professor of mathematics. He thus acquired a pedagogical manner and studious habits, but he was sagacious and energetic, unacquainted with the crooked paths of politics, and unwilling to submit to arrogant Southern dictation.

On his way to Washington from his Louisiana plantation, General Taylor visited Frankfort, and personally invited Mr. John J. Crittenden, then governor of Kentucky, to become his secretary of state. Governor Crittenden, embarrassed by the return of Henry Clay to the senate, declined, and General Taylor then telegraphed to Mr. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, tendering him the position, which that gentleman promptly accepted. The Southern whigs had selected Mr. William C. Rives, — the man who, as Mr. Webster said, "could ride with all his personal friends in an omnibus," — but the president elect did not fancy his impracticable conservatism.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who had contributed largely to the expenditures during the presidential campaign, solic-

ited the appointment of secretary of the treasury, and was offered the navy department, which he declined. Mr. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, had desired this place, but Mr. Robert Toombs, supported by Representative Stephens and Senator Dawson, succeeded in having Mr. George W. Crawford, of that State, appointed secretary of war.

Mr. William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, was rather forced upon General Taylor as secretary of the treasury, by Mr. Clayton and other whigs; not only on account of his acknowledged talents, but to exclude objectionable Pennsylvanians, among them Mr. Josiah Randall, the man who, more than any other, had contributed to the nomination and election of the general. A contest between Messrs. Corwin and Vinton, of Ohio, for a seat in the cabinet was settled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Ewing, of that State, as secretary of the interior; and Mr. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who had been an unsuccessful competitor with Mr. Upham for a seat in the senate, and had been recommended by the legislature as attorney-general, was made postmaster-general.

General Taylor had intended to appoint Mr. William Ballard Preston, of Virginia, as attorney-general, although several whig congressmen had expressed their disapprobation of the selection. Finally, Senator Archer, of Virginia, called and asked if there were any foundation for the report that his friend Preston was to be made attorney-general. "Yes!" answered General Taylor. "I have determined to appoint him." "Are you aware, general," said the senator, "that the attorney-general must represent the government in the supreme court?" "Of course!" responded the general. "But do you know that he must there meet Daniel Webster, Reverdy Johnson, and other leading lawyers?" "Certainly. What of that?" "Nothing, general, except that they will make a — fool of

your attorney-general." The Virginia senator then took his leave, and the next morning's papers contained the announcement that the president had decided to appoint his friend Mr. Preston secretary of the navy, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson attorney-general. Ridicule had secured the desired result.

Mrs. Taylor regretted the election of her husband, and came to Washington with a heavy heart. She was a native of Calvert County, Maryland, and was born on the estate where the father of Mrs. John Quincy Adams had formerly resided. Her father, Mr. Walter Smith, was an independent and highly respectable farmer, and her brother, Major Richard Smith, of the marine corps, was well remembered at Washington for his gallant bearing and his social qualities. The eldest daughter of General Taylor had married Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, then a subaltern officer of dragoons, against the wishes of her father, who would not for years exchange a word with his son-in-law. After her death, Mr. Davis served in the Mexican war as colonel of a regiment of Mississippi riflemen, and his gallantry at the battle of Monterey removed the existing prejudice, and secured for him the cordial thanks of General Taylor, who was in command. General Taylor's second daughter was the wife of Dr. Wood, of the army, who was at that time stationed at Baltimore, as was General Taylor's brother, Colonel Taylor. Mrs. Taylor, with her younger daughter, Mrs. Bliss, went directly from Louisiana to Baltimore, some weeks prior to the inauguration. They broke up house-keeping at Baton Rouge before they left there, and took with them William Oldham, a faithful colored man, who had been the body-servant of General Taylor for many years, the parade-horse "old Whitey," which he had ridden in the Mexican campaign, and a favorite dog.

President Polk called upon General

Taylor soon after his arrival at Washington, and invited him and Mr. Fillmore to dine at the White House, — an invitation which was accepted. General Cass also called to pay his respects to his successful competitor, and as he entered the room General Taylor advanced, grasped his hand, and shook it cordially. General Cass, who had not at first recognized the president elect, exclaimed, "You had the advantage of me! That's twice you've had the advantage of me!" "That's true," said General Taylor; "but you know the battle is not always to the strong?" "That's a fact," replied General Cass, and then the two had a very friendly chat. Just before General Cass left the room, a gentleman introduced himself to him, remarking, "I was on the stump as a democrat, and in every State in which I spoke you had a majority." "My good friend," said General Cass, "I am very much obliged to you; but I wish you had stumped in two or three States more."

General Taylor was inaugurated on Monday, March 5th. He was escorted from Willard's Hotel by an imposing procession, headed by twelve volunteer companies. The president elect rode in an open carriage, drawn by four gray horses, and he was joined at the Irving House by President Polk, who sat at his right hand. One hundred young gentlemen, residents of the District of Columbia, formed a body-guard, and kept the crowd from pressing around the president's carriage. Then came the "Rough and Ready" clubs of Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and Baltimore, with banners, badges, and music, while the students of the Jesuits' college brought up the rear.

The personal appearance of General Taylor, as he read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, was not imposing. His figure was somewhat portly, and his legs were short; his

thin, gray hair was unbrushed; his whiskers were of the military cut then prescribed; his features were weather-bronzed and care-furrowed; and he read almost inaudibly. It was evident, however, that he was a popular favorite, and when he had concluded, the vociferous cheering of the assembled thousands was echoed by the firing of cannon and the music of the bands.

The inaugural message showed that General Taylor regarded the Union as in danger, and that he intended to use every possible exertion for its preservation. Mr. Calhoun had requested, through Mr. Clayton, that nothing should be said in the inaugural on this subject, which had prompted the addition of a paragraph, in which the incoming president declared that a dissolution of the Union would be the greatest of calamities, and went on to say, "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the constitution."

There were three inauguration balls at night, — one in a temporary building annexed to the city hall, one at Mr. Rives's Jackson Hall, and one at Carusi's saloon. President Taylor, accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Bliss, attended them all, going last to the ball at the city hall, where the diplomatic corps were present, wearing their court suits. The Count de Bodisco wore the uniform of an imperial chamberlain, with the insignia of a number of orders of knighthood, while his beautiful wife appeared in the dress which she had worn when she was presented to the Czar, the year previous. It was of white satin embroidered with gold, and over it she wore a crimson velvet "polonaise," with a sweeping train, also embroidered with gold, while her crimson velvet head-dress was resplendent with diamonds.

When the bachelor ex-secretary of

state came forward with a number of his fair friends, to present them to the president, General Taylor remarked, "Ah, Mr. Buchanan, you always pick out the prettiest ladies!" "Why, Mr. President," was the courtly reply, "I know that your tastes and mine agree in that respect." "Yes," said General Taylor; "but I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans that I hardly know how to behave myself, surrounded by so many lovely women."

President Taylor, although a Southerner by birth and a slave-owner, took prompt steps to thwart the schemes of Mr. Calhoun and his fellow conspirators. Military officers were promptly ordered to California, Utah, and New Mexico, which had no governments but lynch law; and the people of the last-named province, which had been settled two hundred years before Texas asserted her independence, were assured that her domain would be guaranteed by the United States against the claim of the Lone Star State.

The horde of whig office-seekers which invaded Washington after the inauguration of President Taylor recalled the saying of John Randolph, when it was asserted that the patronage of the federal government was overrated: "I know," said the sarcastic Virginian, "that it may be overrated; I know that we cannot give to those who apply offices equal to their expectations; and I also know that with one bone I can call five hundred dogs." The democratic motto that "to the victors belong the spoils" was adopted by the Taylor administration. Unexceptionable men were removed from office, that their places might be filled with officers of Rough and Ready clubs, or partisan orators. Democratic collectors of customs, postmasters, surveyors, marshals, tide-waiters, and even keepers of light-houses were replaced by whigs, who were thus rewarded for their fabulous services. Veterans like General Arm-

strong and even the gifted Hawthorne were "rotated" from the offices which they held, without mercy. In the post-office department alone, where Mr. Fitz Henry Warren, as assistant postmaster-general, worked the political guillotine, there were 3406 removals during the first year of the Taylor administration, besides many hundred clerks and employees in the post-offices of the larger cities.

In the dispensation of "patronage" there was a display of shameless nepotism. A brother-in-law of Senator Webster was made navy agent at New York. Sons of Senators Crittenden, Clay, and Davis received important appointments abroad, and the son-in-law of Senator Calhoun was retained in the diplomatic service. Two sons-in-law of Senator Benton were offered high places. A nephew of Senator Truman Smith was made one of the United States judges in Minnesota, and a nephew of Secretary Clayton was made purser at the Washington navy yard. The pledge of the president that he had "no friends to reward" was apparently forgotten, and he was hedged in by a little circle of executive councilors, who urged him to listen to no other than their suggestions.

While the administration was profligate in its abuse of patronage, the conduct of several of the secretaries was such as to give the president great uneasiness as he became acquainted with what was going on. It was asserted that Secretary Ewing, of the interior department, had overturned the decisions of his predecessors, long acquiesced in, and that he had reopened and allowed obsolete claims, paying large sums as principal and interest without any specific authority of law. The Barron pension claim, the Chickasaw claim, the De la Francia claim, and others were but a part of the long catalogue of these raids upon the public treasury.

The Galphin claim was, however, the most barefaced robbery of the nation's

funds ever made under the auspices of a cabinet officer. In 1848, on the last night of the session, a bill had been smuggled through Congress, providing for the payment of a claim brought by the heirs of George Galphin, an Indian trader, for the destruction of his property in 1773. The State of Georgia had never acknowledged the claim, but on the contrary had repudiated it in every form; nor could any good reason be given why the United States should be liable for it. Congress, however, ordered the payment of an unnamed sum, and Secretary Walker paid the principal claimed, — \$43,518, — leaving the demand for the interest as a legacy to the Taylor administration. Of this sum, Mr. Crawford, the claimant's attorney, received one half; and after he became secretary of war the interest was allowed, amounting to \$191,352, of which he also received one half, making his whole receipts for principal and interest about \$115,000. The lawyers in Congress declared that the secretary acted professionally, but others censured him severely. Mr. James Brooks, the editor of the New York Express, then a whig member of the house, denounced Secretary Crawford's action as unwarrantable. He contended that the principal was never due from the United States, and he cited the authority of Attorneys-General Wirt, Legaré, and Crittenden to show that the interest was illegally paid. Judge Cartter, then a representative from Ohio, was severe in his comments on the monstrous corruption of the allowance of interest, the payment of which he said that he disliked, "both as an exaction on the part of the capitalist, and on account of its origin with the Jews, who killed the Saviour"!

A commission for the payment of claims arising from the war with Mexico was another source of corruption. Fraudulent claims were trumped up, and forced through the commission by lead-

ing whigs, some of them occupants of seats in Congress. This indecent practice of pressing unfounded and rejected claims before commissions or the executive departments by lawyers who are senators or representatives did not originate with the Taylor administration, but it received an impulse under it that was a serious infliction on the country, and alarmingly detrimental to the public interest. When those elected to make laws are employed, for high fees, to suplicate secretaries, auditors, and commissioners for worthless claims, and when those officials require these lawyers, in their legislative capacity, to grant them improper favors, the door for collusion is flung widely open between them. No species of bribery can be more corrupting than that by which the public treasury is made thus indirectly to pay legislators for bad laws and official delinquency.

President Taylor offered the place of secretary to the Mexican-claims commission to Dr. Charles Davis, who had practiced his profession in Mexico for fourteen years before the war, and had joined the general's staff as interpreter, rendering important services. The cabinet, however, decided to conciliate Senator Benton by giving the place to one of his sons-in-law, who was notoriously unfit for it, and the president had to apologize to Dr. Davis for having broken his promise. The doctor, incensed by this treatment, revenged himself by showing that the commission was beguiled into the allowance of a fraudulent claim to a dentist named Gardner, for damages to the works of a silvermine which existed only in his imagination. A commissioner sent to Mexico exposed the fraud, and Gardner was tried and convicted, but escaped punishment by committing suicide. The trial revealed the fact that leading Washington bankers and prominent whig politicians had secured a large share of the proceeds of this ingenious swindle.

The cabinet officers originally were confined to their legitimate duties, and as advisers were consulted only on measures of importance. Nothing was heard, in those early days of the republic, of sessions of the executive board to consider appointments which the constitution and the laws confided to the president alone. But the Taylor cabinet usurped this power, giving the president the casting vote at their meetings, where enemies were punished and friends rewarded, while the executive was transformed into a directory.

Socially, President Taylor enjoyed himself, and he used to take morning walks through the streets of Washington, wearing a high black silk hat perched on the back of his head, and a suit of black broadcloth much too large for him, but made in obedience to his orders, that he might be comfortable. Mrs. Taylor used to sit patiently all day in her room, plying her knitting-needles, and occasionally, it was said, smoking her pipe. Mrs. Bliss was an excellent housekeeper, and the introduction of gas into the Executive Mansion, with new furniture and carpets, enabled her to give it a more creditable appearance. It was said that she did the honors of the establishment "with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess."

The thirty-first Congress, which met on the first Monday in the December following the inauguration of President Taylor, contained many statesmen. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Jeff Davis, Douglas, Dickinson, Hamlin, Hale, Corwin, Houston, Seward, Chase, and Berrien were among the sixty senators, while many names of national prominence were to be found upon the roll of two hundred and thirty representatives. The organization of the house was a difficult task; nine "free-soil" or anti-slavery whigs from the North and six "state-rights" or pro-slavery whigs from the South refusing to vote for that ac-

complished gentleman, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, who was the whig candidate for speaker. On the first ballot, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, had 103 votes, against 96 votes for Robert C. Winthrop, 8 votes for David Wilmot, 6 votes for Meredith P. Gentry, 2 votes for Horace Mann, and a number of scattering votes. The tellers announced that there was no choice, and the balloting was continued, day after day, amid great and increasing excitement. After the thirty-ninth ballot, Mr. Winthrop withdrew from the protracted contest, expressing his belief that the peace and safety of the Union demanded that an organization of some sort should be effected without delay.

The Southern whigs who had opposed Mr. Winthrop were vehement and passionate in their denunciation of the North. "The time has come," said Mr. Toombs, his black, uncombed hair standing out from his massive head as if charged with electricity, his eyes glowing like coals of fire, and his sentences rattling forth like volleys of musketry, — "the time has come," said he, "when I shall not only utter my opinions, but make them the basis of my political action here. I do not, then, hesitate to avow before this house and the country, and in the presence of the living God, that if, by your legislation, you seek to drive us from the territories of California and New Mexico, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, I am for disunion; and if my physical courage be equal to the maintenance of my convictions of right and duty I will devote all I am and all I have on earth to its consummation."

These inflammatory remarks provoked replies, and after a heated debate Mr. Duer, of New York, remarked that he "would never, under any circumstances, vote to put a man in the speaker's chair who would, in any event, advocate or sanction a dissolution of the Union." This brought a dozen Southerners to

their feet, with angry exclamations, and Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, who was near Mr. Duer, said, "There are no disunionists." "There are!" exclaimed Mr. Duer. "Name one!" shouted Mr. Bayly. At that moment Mr. Meade, of Virginia, rose, and passed directly before Mr. Duer, who pointed to him and shouted, "There's one!" "It is false!" replied Mr. Meade, angrily. "You lie, sir!" responded Mr. Duer, in tones which rang through the hall; and, drawing himself up, he stood unmoved, while his political friends and foes clustered angrily about him, talking and gesticulating. Fortunately Mr. Nathan Sergeant, who was the sergeant-at-arms, was in his seat, and he immediately came to the side of Mr. Duer, bearing aloft the "mace," which is the symbol of the authority of the house. Quiet was restored, and Mr. Duer then apologized to the house for having been provoked into the use of the unparliamentary expression, but justified himself by referring to a speech which Mr. Meade had just made and printed, which contained disunion sentiments. Mr. Meade promptly challenged Mr. Duer, who showed no indisposition to fight; but with some difficulty friends secured an amicable settlement of the quarrel.

Finally, after three weeks of angry recrimination, it was voted that a plurality should elect, and on the sixty-second ballot Mr. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, having received 102 votes against 100 votes for Mr. Winthrop, was declared the speaker of the house. He did not have that sense of personal dignity and importance which belonged to Sir John Falstaff by reason of his knighthood, but he displayed the same rich exuberance of animal enjoyment, the same roguish twinkle of the eye, and the same indolence which characterized the fat knight.

President Taylor's first and only message to Congress was transmitted on the Monday following the organization of

the house, December 24th, and the printed copies first distributed contained the sentence, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and the rest of mankind." Other copies were soon printed, in which the corrected sentence read, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with them." The blunder caused much diversion among the democrats, and greatly annoyed Colonel Bliss, who, as the president's private secretary, had superintended the publication of the message.

Meanwhile, Henry Clay had reappeared at Washington as a senator from Kentucky, and occupied his old quarters at the National Hotel, which belonged to one of his many devoted friends, Mr. Calvert, of Maryland. Although in his seventy-third year, he was apparently hale and hearty. His head, bald on the top, was fringed with long iron-gray hair, his lofty forehead was arched and expansive, his cheeks somewhat sunken, his nose thin, and his wide mouth wreathed in genial smiles. He always was dressed in black, and from a high black satin stock, which enveloped his long neck, emerged a huge white shirt collar, which reached to his ears. He mingled in society, generally kissing the prettiest girls wherever he went; and he enjoyed a quiet game of cards in his own room, with a glass of toddy made from Bourbon County whisky.

At the commencement of the session Mr. Clay requested that he might be excused from service on any of the standing committees of the senate, and his wish was granted. It was not long, however, before he evinced a desire to reënter the arena of debate, as a leader of the whig party, but not as a follower of President Taylor. Presenting a series of resolutions which would consolidate the settlement of the eight different questions involving slavery, then before Congress, into what he expected would prove a lasting compromise, Mr.

Clay moved their reference to a select committee of thirteen, with instructions to report them in one bill. The committee was authorized, but not without opposition, and Mr. Webster's vote secured for Mr. Clay the chairmanship. A general compromise bill was speedily prepared, and the "battle of the giants" was commenced; Clay, Webster, and Calhoun engaging for the last time in a gladiatorial strife, which exhibited the off-hand, genial eloquence of the Kentuckian, the ponderous strength of the Massachusetts senator, and the concentrated energies of South Carolina's favorite son. Mr. Clay was the leader in the debate, which extended over seven months, and during that time he was ever on the alert; sometimes delivering a long argument, sometimes eloquently replying to other senators, and sometimes suggesting points to some one who was to speak on his side. Indignant at the treatment which he had received from the whig party, he stood unsubdued, and so far from retreating from those who had deserted him he intended to make the Taylor administration recall its pledges, break its promises, and become national, or pro-slavery, whigs.

Mr. Webster was equally grieved and saddened by the recreancy and faithlessness of Massachusetts men who had in years past professed friendship for him, but of whose machinations against him he had obtained proof during the preceding autumn. He also ascertained that, to use the words of Mr. Choate, "the attention of the public mind began to be drawn a little more directly to the great question of human freedom and human slavery." If he responded to the beatings of the New England heart, and resisted the aggressions and usurpations of the slave power, he would have to follow the lead of the abolitionists, for whom he had always expressed a profound contempt. Dejected and depressed, Mr. Webster would then have been glad to take the mission to Eng-

land, and thus terminate his career of public service; but he was defeated by the claims of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who had recently been disappointed in not receiving the appointment of secretary of the treasury, and who refused to be comforted unless he could be the successor of George Bancroft at the court of St. James.

Thaddeus Stevens and Joshua R. Giddings asserted, after the decease of Mr. Webster, that he prepared a speech, the manuscript of which they read, which was a powerful exposition and vindication of Northern sentiment upon the compromise measures, especially the fugitive-slave bill. He was doubtless induced to "change front" by pledges of Southern support for the presidency, but he is reported by Theodore Parker as having said to a fellow-senator, on the morning of the 7th of March, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." He should have remembered that he had himself said of the Emperor Napoleon, "His victories and his triumphs crumbled to atoms, and mouldered to dry ashes in his grasp, because he violated the general sense of justice of mankind."

The truculent Mr. Benton headed the opposition in the senate to the compromise measures, and on one occasion he provoked Mr. Henry S. Foote, then a senator from Mississippi, into the use of some sarcastic comments in reply. At first Mr. Benton appeared somewhat surprised that any one should have the audacity thus to criticise what he had thought proper to say, but he soon manifested signs of excitement, and at last he sprang to his feet, knocked over his curule chair, and started for Mr. Foote's desk. The dapper little Mississippian, seeing the burly Missourian striding towards him with evidently hostile intentions, suspended his remarks, and retreated to the secretary's desk, where he drew a five-barreled revolver, cocked it, and stood at bay.

The two Senators Dodge, father and son, endeavored to arrest Mr. Benton's progress, but he struggled forward, shouting, "Let me pass! Don't stop me! Let the assassin fire! Only cowards go armed! I have no weapon! Let the assassin fire!" Vice-President Fillmore pounded his table with his mallet, and loudly called for order. A number of senators left their seats, some clustering around Mr. Foote, while others obstructed the passage of Mr. Benton, who finally permitted his friends to lead him to his seat, exclaiming as he went, "Let the assassin fire! I scorn to carry weapons!" Mr. Dickinson, of New York, took the revolver from Mr. Foote, uncocked it, and locked it in his desk. Then, as order had been partially restored, he mildly inquired of the vice-president what the question was before the senate.

Up jumped Mr. Benton again, and said, in a boisterous tone, "This is not going to pass off in this way. I ask senators to take immediate action on what has happened. A pistol has been drawn, sir! It has been aimed at me, sir! I demand the immediate action of this body, sir!" Mr. Mangum, to placate the excited senator, introduced a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the occurrence, which was passed. The committee examined witnesses, and made a report, condemning the occurrence, and expressing the hope that their censure of the attempt would be a sufficient rebuke and a warning not unheeded in the future.

Mr. Calhoun's health had gradually failed, and at last he was supported into the senate-chamber, wrapped in flannels like the great Chatham, and requested that his friend, Senator Mason, might read some remarks which he had prepared. The request was of course granted, and while Mr. Mason read the defiant pronunciamiento, its author sat wrapped in his cloak, his eyes glowing with meteor-like brilliancy, as he glanced

at senators upon whom he desired to have certain passages make an impression. When Mr. Mason had concluded, Mr. Calhoun was supported from the senate, and went back to his lodgings at Mr. Hill's boarding-house, afterwards known as the Old Capitol, to die.

An unpublished letter from Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, a Virginia senator, gives some interesting facts concerning Mr. Calhoun's last moments, and the views at that time of the Southern magnates. "Mr. Calhoun's death," wrote Mr. Hunter, "was eminently simple, calm, and unaffected,—no display or pretension, nothing for stage effect. He knew that his mortal sickness was upon him, but he did not expect to die so soon. The evening before his death he had his mail read to him, commented upon some of the letters, and directed his son to clear up his table, as was his wont every night. In the night, when he found he was dying, he directed his son to pack up his papers and watch, and to give his pencil to his son Andrew. When speech left him he still showed consciousness by signs; and, beckoning to his son, squeezed his hand and expired, without pain and without fear. He had always said to me previously and to others through his sickness that he had no apprehensions of death; that it was an event in relation to which he felt that he had no right to entertain a wish. He was a man of few quotations, but one which he often used to me was that there was 'the same Providence on the fatal as the natal hour.' He was not consulted as to his birth, nor did he believe that his wishes ought to weigh or even exist as to his death: such I suppose to have been his meaning. He had a greater faith in his abstractions, one and all, than any other man I ever saw, and this was his abstraction (as I think) about death."

"But," Mr. Hunter went on to say, "you must not whisper it to any one: I believe that he died under the firm im-

pression that the South was 'betrayed' and gone. Indeed, he told me it was 'betrayed' the last time I ever saw him. Do not mention this, however. One of the last things he ever said to Judge Butler was, 'Don't despond, judge; never despond!' And if we mean to fight the battle we must not despond; or, if we do, we must not let the people see it until all is manifestly useless. Clay's course and Foote's eternal talk about compromise have done more to let down the tone of Southern feeling than everything else put together. Had Clay not taken the course he did, and had Foote and every Southern man forborne to press compromises on those who talked of nothing of the sort themselves, we might have gotten, I think, a fair compromise: say, the line of \$6.30 through to the Pacific, with a recognition of slavery south of that line. Such, at least, is my opinion. Buchanan would have been willing to agree to this, I believe, and I think I know others in the North who would have agreed to the same. The North would not have severed the Union sooner than submit to such a proposition."

Mr. Calhoun's death elicited glowing eulogies in both houses of Congress, but the most impressive was that of Henry Clay. Evidently standing on the brink of his own grave, he went on to say, "I was his senior, Mr. President, in years,—in nothing else. According to the course of nature, I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him."

Mr. Jefferson Davis aspired to the leadership of the South after the death of Mr. Calhoun, and talked openly of disunion. "Let the sections," said he, in the senate-chamber, "part, like the patriarchs of old, and let peace and goodwill subsist among their descendants. Let no wound be inflicted which time cannot heal. Let the flag of our Union

be folded up entire, the thirteen stripes recording the original size of our family, untorn by the unholy struggles of civil war; its constellation to remain undimmed, and speaking to those who come after us of the growth and prosperity of the family whilst it remained united. Unmutilated let it lie among the archives of the republic, until some future day, when wiser counsels shall prevail, when men shall have been sobered in the school of adversity, again to be unfurled over the continent-wide republic."

Yet when Mr. John P. Hale presented a petition praying for a peaceful dissolution of the Union, Mr. Davis objected to its reception. "When we come into this chamber, Mr. President," said he, "the first duty which the constitution requires of us is to go to your table, and to swear before Almighty God that we will support the constitution. Well, sir, what are we called upon to do? To support that instrument, which we have sworn to support? No, sir! No, sir! We are called upon to destroy it, and I am not prepared for a step of that description."

Mr. Hale, who, with Mr. Salmon P. Chase, was not named on any of the committees of the senate, was a constant target for the attacks of the Southerners; but the keenest shafts of satire made no more impression upon him than musket-balls do upon the hide of a rhinoceros. One day, when Senator Clemens had asserted that the Union was virtually dissolved, Mr. Hale said, "If this is not a matter too serious for pleasant illustration, let me give you one. Once in my life, in the capacity of justice of the peace,—for I held that office before I was senator,—I was called on to officiate in uniting a couple in the bonds of matrimony. They came up, and I made short work of it. I asked the man if he would take the woman whom he held by the hand to be his wedded wife; and he replied, 'To be

sure I will. I came here to do that very thing.' I then put the question to the lady whether she would have the man for her husband. And when she answered in the affirmative, I told them they were man and wife then. She looked up with apparent astonishment, and inquired, 'Is that all?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is all.' 'Well,' said she, 'it is not such a mighty affair as I expected it to be, after all!' If this Union is already dissolved, it has produced less commotion in the act than I expected."

General Cass, then a senator from Michigan, was very restive under the sharp thrusts which Mr. Hale occasionally gave him; thinking, doubtless, that they would injure his chances for a nomination by the national democratic convention in 1851. The general, then approaching seventy years of age, enjoyed robust health and possessed rare powers of endurance, which he attributed to his never having used ardent spirits or tobacco. His early investments in real estate at Detroit had made him a millionaire, and it was his boast that he had never foreclosed a mortgage or sued a debtor. He was always attentive to the interests of his constituents, but he never introduced a measure of national importance into the senate unless it was territorial—or, as Mr. Calhoun called it, squatter—sovereignty. The credit of this was taken from him by Mr. Douglas, and it doubtless did more to precipitate the rebellion than any other political theory ever broached in Congress.

Another total-abstinence senator was General Sam Houston,—a large, imposing-looking man, who wore a waistcoat made from the skin of some wild beast, dressed with the hair on, and who generally occupied himself during the sessions of the senate in whittling small sticks of soft pine wood, which the sergeant-at-arms procured for him. His life had been one of romantic adventure.

After having served with distinction under General Jackson in the Creek war, he had become a lawyer, and then governor of the State of Tennessee. Soon after his inauguration he had married an accomplished young lady, to whom he one day intimated, in jest, that she apparently cared more for a former lover than she did for him. "You are correct," said she, earnestly. "I love Mr. Nickerson's little finger better than I do your whole body." Words ensued, and the next day Houston resigned his governorship, went into the Cherokee country west of the Arkansas River, adopted Indian costume, and became an Indian trader. He was the best customer supplied from his own whisky-barrel until, one day, after a prolonged debauch, he heard from a Texas Indian that the Mexicans had taken up arms against their revolted province. A friend agreeing to accompany him, he cast off his Indian attire, again dressed like a white man, and never drank a drop of any intoxicating beverage afterwards. Arriving in Texas at a critical moment, his gallantry was soon conspicuous, and in due time he was sent to Washington as United States senator.

General Houston was very angry with those Southern senators who opposed the passage of a resolution permitting Father Theobald Mathew, the "apostle of temperance," to occupy a seat within the bar of the senate during the period of his sojourn at Washington. The opposition was headed by Senator Jefferson Davis, who declared, and who reiterated the assertion, that, had he the power, he would exclude every abolitionist, foreign and domestic, from the senate chamber.

If Father Mathew could have persuaded some of the congressmen who were then wrangling over the compromise measures to take the total-abstinence pledge, many disgraceful scenes would have been avoided. British parliamentary history chronicles the eat-

ing-room of the old House of Commons, where one Bellamy supplied chops, steaks, and port wine to manly legislators at the commencement of the present century, and there had been a similar "refectory" in the basement of the house wing of the Capitol, until Mr. Speaker Winthrop, by virtue of his prerogative, abolished the sale of liquors at its bar. Thenceforth the quality of the food served degenerated, and the refectory was not much patronized by the representatives, whose gastronomic and bibulous wants were gratuitously purveyed for by avowed lobbyists, who advanced their interests by judicious distributions of "ham-and-cham." The senators retained their lunch-room, — a small, circular apartment, known as "the hole in the wall;" and it was generally understood that in some of the committee-rooms there were closets well supplied with creature comforts.

Among other measures which were liberally lobbied was a bill rewarding the discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, which enabled surgeons to perform operations without pain. Large sums of money were expended at Washington by the agents of each of the three alleged discoverers who sought the award. The financial backer of one of these claimants, who occupied a position of trust in a Massachusetts railroad corporation, gradually stole some fifty thousand dollars from the company, which was disbursed in lobbying at Washington, under the delusive hope that an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars would soon be carried, from which restoration could be made. The corporation, fearing that it might jeopardize the passage of the appropriation, did not bring the defaulter to punishment; but he had ceased to be honest, and a few years afterwards he was sentenced to the penitentiary for robbing the mails.

Another hospitable and generous lobbyist was at work, in Congress and out of

it, advocating a renewal of the letters patent originally given in 1828 to William Woodworth, for a planing-machine. These letters patent were for fourteen years, and there had been two successive renewals for seven years each, the interest of the patentee in the last one having been sold by him for one hundred thousand dollars. It was now proposed that the patent be again renewed, and as such a renewal would have been worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, the advocates of the measure were lavish in their expenditures. Mr. Seward, who was one of the retained counsel for the patent, had declined to serve on the committee on patents, and he declared, on the floor of the senate, that he had so declined because he was not willing to make his public duties even seem to come in collision with any private duties that he might previously have assumed.

Mr. Seward entered the senate when General Taylor was inaugurated as president, and soon became the directing spirit of the administration, although Colonel Bullitt, who had been brought from Louisiana to edit *The Republic*, President Taylor's recognized organ, spoke of him only with supercilious contempt. Senator Foote sought reputation by insulting him in public, and was himself taunted by Mr. Calhoun with the disreputable fact of intimacy with him in private. The newly elected senator from New York persisted in maintaining amicable relations with his revilers, and quietly controlled the immense patronage of his State, none of which was shared by the friends of Vice-President Fillmore. He was not at heart a reformer; he probably cared but little whether the negro was a slave or a freeman; but he sought his own political advancement by advocating in turn anti-masonry and abolitionism, — by politically coquetting with Archbishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic church, and Henry Wilson, a leading know-noth-

ing. Personally he was honest, but he was always surrounded by intriguers and tricksters, some of whose nests he would aid in feathering. The most unscrupulous lobbyists that have ever haunted the Capitol were devoted adherents of William H. Seward.

Mr. Buchanan had not shed many tears over the defeat of his rival, General Cass, and he retired from the department of state to his rural home, called Wheatland, where he began at an early day to secure strength in the national nominating convention of 1851; asserting continually that he was indifferent on the subject. Yet at the same time he was industriously corresponding with politicians in different sections of the country, and he was especially attentive to Mr. Henry A. Wise, with whose aid he hoped to secure the votes of the delegates from Virginia in the next national democratic convention.

Mr. Wise, recalling the time when he was a power behind the throne of John Tyler, encouraged Mr. Buchanan to bid for Southern support, and intimated a readiness to "coach" him so as to make him a favorite in the slave States. His counsels were kindly taken, and in return Mr. Buchanan wrote to the fiery "Lord of Accomac," in his most precise handwriting: "Acquire more character for prudence and moderation, and under the blessing of Heaven you may be almost anything in this country which you desire. There is no man living whose success in public and in private life would afford me more sincere pleasure than your own. You have every advantage. All you have to do is to go straight ahead, without unnecessarily treading upon other people's toes. I know you will think, if you don't say, What impudence it is for this childless old bachelor of sixty years of age to undertake to give me advice! Why don't he mind his own business? General Jackson once told me that he knew a man in Tennessee who had got rich

by minding his own business ; but still I urged him, and at last with success, which he never regretted."

President Taylor saw General Scott on the second Sunday after his inauguration, at St. John's Episcopal church, and, not having met with him since the Mexican war, determined to evince by his reception of him that he bore no malice for what had occurred, and that, however much he might have felt when all his regular troops were taken from him, he was willing to forget it. The president, accordingly, waited after the congregation was dismissed, and then met General Scott in the most friendly manner, shaking him cordially by the hand, and inviting him to call at the White House. On the following day General Scott came, and sent up his card. Two gentlemen were with the president when it was received, and instead of inviting the general to climb the stairs to his office he told the messenger to show him into his private parlor below, and to say that he would join him with the least possible delay. Within five minutes the president went down ; but General Scott was not in the parlor, and the messenger said that, after having waited a minute or two, he had petulantly left. The next day the general went to New York, without seeing or making another attempt to see the president.

The officers of the exploring expedition in the South Seas had brought home a small botanical collection, made during their voyage, which was at first kept in a greenhouse temporarily erected in the inner court of the Department of the Interior building. In 1850, an appropriation was made for the erection of a greenhouse for the reception of this collection of plants, on a public reservation near the Capitol, and this became the National Botanical Garden. The gratuitous supply, every spring, of boxes of plants to congressmen, and the distribution of bouquets among their female relatives and friends during the fashion-

able season, has never failed to secure the necessary annual appropriations from the treasury.

The distribution of plants and seeds to congressmen for their favored constituents has made it an equally easy matter for the commissioner of agriculture to obtain liberal appropriations for his department, and the publication of enormous editions of his reports. The first of these reports was issued by Edmund Burke, while he was commissioner of patents, during the Polk administration. On the incoming of the Taylor administration, Mr. Burke was succeeded by Thomas Ewbank, of New York city, and Congress made an appropriation of \$3500 for the collection of agricultural statistics, with an additional \$1000 for defraying the expenses of chemical analyses of vegetable substances produced and used for the food of man and animals in the United States. When Mr. Ewbank's report appeared, the Southern congressmen were—to quote the words used by Senator Jefferson Davis in debate, amazed to find that it was preceded by what he termed "an introduction by Horace Greeley, a philosopher and philanthropist of the strong abolition type." "The very fact," he continued, "that Mr. Greeley was employed to write the introduction is sufficient to damn the work with me, and render it worthless in my estimation."

Congress had been induced by Mr. Crutchett to make an appropriation for the erection of illuminating-gas works at the Capitol, from which a supply was to be furnished for lighting the interior of the building, and for a large lantern on the top of a mast planted on the dome. It was claimed that this lantern would light up the Capitol grounds and the avenues radiating therefrom ; but it failed to do so, and high winds soon began to sway it to and fro, endangering the stability of the dome. Mr. Crutchett was asked to remove it, but he declined, saying that the appropria-

tion had been voted to him for its erection, and not for its removal; so Congress had to vote more money to have it taken down. Gas was thenceforth procured from the Washington Company for lighting the Capitol, the public buildings, and Pennsylvania Avenue, and in order to secure the liberal appropriations necessary, no charge was made, for many years, for the gas used by those senators and representatives who occupied houses at Washington.

The congressmen not only provided for their wants and comfort, but secured a respectable burial-place in case they should be called from life. Appropriations were made for the enlargement and improvement of the Washington parish burial-ground, and those senators and representatives who died during a session were honored by the erection of a monument, whether their remains were interred beneath it, or were taken to their former homes. Many great and good men are interred there, including distinguished representatives of foreign powers; and among the monuments erected by the federal government is that of Push-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief, who died of croup while engaged in making a treaty with President Monroe. On its base is inscribed his last request, — "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me," — which was religiously complied with.

Formerly, a congressional funeral was a source of great profit to the sergeant-at-arms of the house to which the deceased had belonged, as the undertakers and livery-stable keepers "divided" the profits on their exorbitant charges. Each congressional mourner received a pair of black kid gloves, which he put into his pocket, and generally exchanged the next day for others more serviceable; while the officiating chaplains were decked with large black scarfs, each one of which contained silk enough to make an apron for the recipient's wife. Although these funeral abuses have been

reformed, a practice has since grown up of publishing in book form the eulogiums over departed congressmen, illustrated with portraits engraved on steel, at a cost of several thousand dollars.

"Beau" Hickman, so called, began during the Taylor administration to rank himself among the celebrities of Washington. He was a middle-aged man, who professed to belong to one of the first families of Virginia, and to have squandered a considerable estate at the gaming-table, but to have retained his fondness for dress. His attire was generally somewhat threadbare, but scrupulously clean; his black kid gloves fitted well, although the worse for wear; an eye-glass dangled from a black ribbon around his neck; and in cold weather he sported a Spanish circular cloak, with one end thrown over his shoulder. The beau was accustomed to frequent the lobbies of the hotels, and when he saw a stranger conversing with any Washington man whose name he knew, he would shamle up and say to the resident, "Your friend undoubtedly desires an introduction to me?" The stranger would bow assent, be introduced, and the beau would then coolly ask him to pay a dollar for the privilege of what he termed "an initiation." This was thought by some to be very amusing, especially by the long-haired students from Virginia colleges. It was the beau's entire stock of wit and his only visible means of support, although it was hinted that he was always ready to pilot strangers to gambling-houses, and that the gamblers contributed to his support when he found but few victims to be initiated. His face was a perfect mask, and he never betrayed any emotion, even when rudely repulsed, or made the hero of some fabulous adventure by a newspaper correspondent in want of a paragraph.

Queen Victoria accredited as her minister plenipotentiary to President Taylor the Right Honorable Sir Henry

Lytton Bulwer, an accomplished diplomat, slender and apparently in ill-health. He was afterwards, for many years, the British minister at Constantinople, where he defeated the machinations of Russia, and held in cunning hand the tangled thread of that delicate puzzle, the Eastern question. His private secretary while he was at Washington was his nephew, Mr. Robert Bulwer (a son of the novelist), who has since won renown as Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and as the author of charming poems signed Owen Meredith.

The secretaries and attachés of the foreign legations at Washington are an important feature in fashionable society there. Some of them, who have by their abilities and their energies risen from comparatively obscure positions at home, and who have political and diplomatic aspirations, are hard workers, and send to their respective governments really valuable reports upon our industrial interests, finances, etc. But the larger and the younger portion of the members of the "corps" are either novices who are taking their first lessons in diplomacy, or the needy scions of aristocratic families in search of lucrative matrimonial alliances. They have little or nothing to do, but they play their parts as gravely as if the welfare of the nations which they respectively represent rested upon their individual shoulders, and they occupy their abundant leisure in the small cares of society.

The bitter political discussions at the Capitol during the first six months of 1850 prevented much social enjoyment. There were the customary receptions at the White House and "hops" at the hotels, but few large parties were given. Tea-parties were numerous, at which a succession of colored waiters carried trays heaped with different varieties of home-made cakes and tarts, from which the beaux supplied the belles, and at the same time ministered to their own wants, balancing a well-loaded plate on

one knee, while they held a cup and saucer, replete with fragrant decoctions from the Chinese plant "which cheers, but not inebriates."

The reigning belles were the queen-like widow Ashley, of Missouri, who afterwards married Senator Crittenden, and her beautiful daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Cabell, of Florida. Mrs. Frémont and her sisters made the home of their father, Colonel Benton, very attractive; General Cass's daughter, who afterwards married the Dutch minister, had returned from Paris with many rare works of art; and the proscribed free-soilers met with a hearty welcome at the house of Dr. Bailey, the editor of *The New Era*, where Miss Dodge, afterwards better known as Gail Hamilton, passed her first winter in Washington.

The diplomatic circles were excited by the proceedings connected with the will of General Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who had left an estate in the hands of ex-President Jefferson, as his trustee. Mr. Jefferson declined to accept the trust, and after some litigation it was found that Kosciuszko had made a subsequent will. His heirs employed Mr. Gaspard Tochman, a Polish exile, whose home estate had been confiscated, and who was at that time a practicing lawyer in New York, to conduct the suit. M. de Bodisco, the Russian minister, unwilling that a political enemy of his imperial master should derive any pecuniary advantage from the case, wrote to Poland, advising the Kosciuszko heirs to revoke the power of attorney given to Tochman, and to appoint a new agent. They did so, and sent to the United States Captain Ladislaus Wankowitz, a grand-nephew of Kosciuszko, to attend to the matter personally. Soon after Wankowitz's arrival at Washington, he was induced to reappoint Tochman as the attorney of the heirs, and to associate with him Mr. Reverdy Johnson. For this act of contumacy, the estate of Wankowitz in Poland, valued at

\$60,000, was confiscated, and he was forced to accept an \$800 clerkship in one of the departments for a livelihood.

On the evening of the 4th of July, a large party was given by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to his gentlemen friends, without distinction of party or locality. At the supper-table, Mr. Winthrop had at his right hand Vice-President Fillmore, and at his left hand Mr. Speaker Cobb. Webster and Foote, Benton and Horace Mann; the members elect from California, with Clingman and Venable, who were trying to keep them out, were seen in genial companionship. Most of the cabinet and the president's private secretary, Colonel Bliss, were there, side by side with those who proposed to impeach them. The only drawback to the general enjoyment of the occasion was the understanding that it was the farewell entertainment of Mr. Winthrop, who had given so many evidences of his unselfish patriotism and eminent ability, and whose large experience in public affairs should have entitled him to the continued confidence of the people of Massachusetts.

President Taylor was absent, and Colonel Bliss apologized for his non-attendance, saying that he was somewhat indisposed. That day the old hero had sat in the sun at the Washington

Monument, during a long address by Senator Foote, and a tedious supplementary harangue by George Washington Parke Custis. While thus exposed to the midsummer heat for nearly three hours, he had drank freely of ice-water, and on his return to the White House he had found a basket of cherries, of which he partook heartily, drinking at the same time several goblets full of iced milk. After dinner he again feasted on cherries and iced milk, against the protestations of Dr. Witherspoon, who was his guest. When it was time to go to Mr. Winthrop's he felt ill, and soon afterwards he was seized with a violent attack of cholera morbus.

This was on Thursday, but he did not consider himself dangerously ill until Sunday, when he said to his physician, "In two days I shall be a dead man." Eminent physicians were called in, but they could not arrest the bilious fever which supervened. His mind was clear, and on Tuesday morning he said to one of the physicians at his bedside, "You have fought a good fight, but you cannot make a stand." Soon afterwards he murmured, "I have endeavored to do my duty," and peacefully breathed his last. The announcement of the sad event startled the nation, whose standard he had so often borne to victory.

THE WIZARD POET.

In the dust of ages old
Sleeps the legend men have told
Of Virgilius and his skill:
How he, wicked or divine,
Wrought by secret spell and sign
Many marvels to his will;

How he breathed the vital flame
Through a pulseless statue's frame,
So that when the night's eclipse

Left its face it spake aloud, —
And no idle words or proud
Ever passed its marble lips;

How he made a lamp to light
All the city streets by night,
Made and rode a copper mare,
And from Babylon to Rome
Brought the Sultan's daughter home,
On a bridge built in the air.

Ah! his books upon my shelves
Hold the secret in themselves
Of the marvelous art he knew!
When we read, their written signs
Luminous grow in all the lines;
What he did his books still do!

In their silence and disguise
They are genies that arise,
Building bridges with their hands;
And our life's unending quest
Here may pause a while and rest
In the lap of golden lands.

Shepherd pipes around us sing,
Branches musically swing
In the west wind's cooling tides!
Then the shadows of the night,
Dropping earthward in their flight,
Darken o'er the mountain sides!

In the distance seem to be
Boats upon the toiling sea,
Oars adrip with silver foam;
Wave-tossed men of Troy almost
Grasp the e'er-receding coast,
Dreaming of their lofty Rome.

So the poet hath his will,
Working out his marvels still,
Makes us linger as we read!
In our hearts a statue stands, —
White and pure its lips and hands,
Symbolizing word and deed;

And the statue, as it were,
Is the poet's character,
Spotless in that age of wrong.

Did he travel in the air?
 Ay, the bridge suspended there
 Was the marvelous Bridge of Song!

And the greatness of his name
 Pierces, with a silent flame,
 Death and the sepulchral damp;
 Somehow, still it seems to light
 Rome in all her streets to-night,
 And is a perpetual lamp.

Statue, bridge, and lamp unfold
 Deeper meanings than of old:
 His was no uncanny art;
 He but used the spell and sign
 Of the poet's right divine, —
 Wizard of the human heart!

S. V. Cole.

IN LONDON AGAIN.

RETURNING to London, after wanderings in the shires, and in some counties that pride themselves on not being shires, seemed to me like getting home again. A strange feeling this, it may be said, in one who had lived in the great town only a few weeks, and who had never been in England before. And so, indeed, it seemed to me, at first. But, notwithstanding the vastness of London, it impressed me greatly, and I do not know but chiefly, as a collection of homes. It has little beauty; much of it is dull and dingy; more is commonplace, although it may be neither dull nor dingy. There is very little of it that poses itself before you architecturally and asks for admiration. But the whole of it, outside of "the city" proper, from Belgravia to Bethnal Green, has this home-like look. The very shops in Regent Street and New Bond Street and Oxford Street are more expressive of the sense of human habitation than of that of trade and traffic. In part this is due to the comparative lack of display and of staring sign-boards,

and the absence of street railways, in which respects the contrast to New York, and to American towns which imitate New York, is very marked. But it seemed to me that this home-like homeliness of London (the strange freaks of language make this qualification and distinction possible and apprehensible) was caused by its gradual growth, and by the permanence of its not very substantially built houses. Very few indeed of these are ancient, or even at all venerable for their age, but a very large proportion of them are old fashioned. And thus, as man modifies even the face of nature, all the more has his presence among his own creations and his constant use of them left upon them the impression of his humanity. Even a man's coat and hat, if he wears them long enough, receive the impress of his individuality. Do we not recognize certain integuments, even upon hall tables and hat-trees? And thus generations of Englishmen have left their mark upon the houses of London, which,

without being a collection of curious architectural antiquities, is yet chiefly a slowly formed aggregation of urban homes, which bear upon their outsides the character of their inmates. The brain has given form and expression to the dome which is its workshop and dwelling-place.

There are nevertheless parts of London which are not without a likeness to some parts of New York and to some parts of Philadelphia, and a stronger likeness to certain parts of Boston. Edgeware Road and much of Oxford Street are very like the Sixth Avenue and the Third Avenue in New York. Give the houses in Edgeware Road, instead of their tawny, dingy outsides, walls of bright red brick, put a street railway in it, and a New Yorker carried to it on Aladdin's carpet might easily believe that he was in some part of Sixth Avenue with which he was not familiar. At least, so I thought; but, alas, this was before Sixth Avenue was traversed from end to end in mid-air by that monstrous contrivance for the confiscation of the property of many people for the convenience, or rather the pleasure, of some others, — the elevated railway. This abomination, in addition to the other injuries which it inflicts, gives to the many miles of New York streets through which it runs, darkening and deforming them, a hideous unlikeness to the public highways in any other town in the world. Some parts of Oxford Street also have the same sort of likeness to the second and third rate streets of New York before the imposition of the elevated railways. There is the same mingling of dwelling-house and shop; a like inferior style of building; a display somewhat like that which is made in our shop-lined avenues, and which is quite unlike the modest reserve which prevails in Regent Street, St. James's, New Bond Street, and Piccadilly. The likeness which I have pointed out is greatly helped by the fact that

Edgeware Road and the upper part of Oxford Street are nearly, if not quite, straight, — the straightest streets of any length that I saw in London, where the highways, as well as the by-ways, wind this way and that in the easiest and most natural manner possible. Only in Boston and in the very oldest part of New York have we anything like this natural irregularity. In London, and in most other towns in England, streets are passage ways between houses; and the line of the street was originally determined by the position of the houses, and still remains so in a great measure. With us a street is, or at least seems to be, regarded merely as the directest possible passage way from one point to another, along which houses have been allowed to be built. In the one case, an idea of stability has governed; in the other, an idea of movement. There is, however, in this no indication of a difference of character between the people who built London and those who built New York and Philadelphia. The difference is produced simply by the fact that the later and larger parts of the latter places were laid out, projected, and that the former slowly grew. London has always been a town with suburbs; and it has gradually, almost insensibly, absorbed its suburbs, which have been allowed to retain their old forms, as they have also retained their old names. The various quarters of London which are known as Charing, Smithfield, Finsbury, Bethnal Green, Pimlico, and so forth are names of villages, or suburban places, or neighborhoods which have been swallowed up by the great town. When London was to be rebuilt, after the great fire (1666), in the plan proposed by a very eminent Englishman, Sir Christopher Wren, and approved by many other eminent Englishmen, including the king, the streets were all as straight as they could be drawn by rule; and the adoption of this plan was defeated only by the diffi-

culty of settling the question of property in the land. The consequence was that the houses were rebuilt upon the old plots of land; and of this the consequence was the retention of the old irregularity of the streets.

Oxford Street, which I have mentioned, is a very characteristic example of another peculiarity of London streets. It is the longest, broadest, and in a certain sense the most important thoroughfare in London. The road begins just out of Cock Lane, a little street made famous by the Cock Lane Ghost. But here it is called Holborn, or at first Holborn Hill. It is, however, really the continuation of a great street, which runs very directly through London from east to west, and which is called successively, beginning at the east, Mile End, Whitechapel Road, Aldgate High Street, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, Newgate Street, Skinner Street, Holborn, Oxford Street. It is difficult to discover where these several divisions begin and end. There is no apparent cause for division. The road is continuous. It is as if Broadway had half a dozen names between the Bowling Green and Thirty-Fourth Street. The difference is caused merely by the great London thoroughfare's retention of the names which its different parts received from time to time in past centuries; while Broadway never had any name but that which it received at its starting-point. It has shot three or four miles into infinite space within the memory of living men.

Although I found in London very much less of visible antiquity than I had looked for (and indeed it was so in most other towns that I saw in England), its general unlikeness to towns in the United States is striking, and is very much greater at the present day than there is good reason for. It should seem that if Brown, Jones, and Robinson, whether British subjects or citizens of the United States, were to build themselves houses, whether

in one place or another, under like influences of climate and habits of life, the result on the whole would be very much alike. And indeed it once was so. The New York of fifty years ago was very much like what a great part of London is now. An examination of old street views in New York will justify this remark. The lower part of Broadway, Beekman Street, Pearl Street, Greenwich Street, and the cross-streets below Canal Street were then filled with houses which in form, in expression, and in everything except color, were just like thousands of houses that make up now the better part of London west of Charing Cross. In London these houses have been allowed to stand. In New York they have been taken down, to give place to others more profitable. The conditions of property in houses and land in the two countries are so different that they affect the plans of owners and the stability of brick walls. The only question here is, whether an increase of rent can be obtained by "tearing down" and rebuilding; the result of which is that not only has the greater part of Wall Street been rebuilt twice within thirty years, but that beautiful and substantial houses in Fourteenth Street and on Union Square, and in other new parts of New York, not twenty-five years old, have been pulled down, within the last three or four years with as little remorse as if they were so many old hen-coops. In England there is no such indifference to dilapidation. There they cannot afford it; and indeed real property is so tied up there that houses cannot be shifted and scattered about as they are here. The consequence is a feeling of hesitation about destroying a house. In this there may be some inconvenience; but the general result is not altogether unadmirable.

Crosby Hall is a witness (although the example is an extreme one) of this unwillingness to improve a house off the face of the earth. The name of this

building is known to all readers of Shakespeare's Richard III. Richard, while Duke of Gloster, makes three appointments there. The house was built between 1466 and 1470 by Sir John Crosby, who was a grocer, an alderman, and a member of Parliament. It was therefore in the first gloss of its newness in Richard's time, and is now about four hundred and ten years old. I knew something of its beauty and its history, and it was one of the buildings in London that I was curious to see; but the way in which I saw it was most unexpected, and in effect quite ludicrous. I took my luncheon there, one day, with some dozen or score other chance feeders. It is now a common eating-house, chiefly frequented by commercial people. It is in Bishopsgate Street, not far from the Bank and the Exchange, and, like so many other places of note in London and in England, is quite withdrawn from general sight. It stands in a little court, and is hidden by houses and shops. As it is said to be the only remnant of the ancient domestic architecture of London, it is a building of peculiar interest. And certainly, if knightly grocers and aldermen customarily had such houses for their dwelling-places, they were magnificently lodged. The hall, which was the principal room of the house, and served as dining, drawing, and dancing room, is some fifty or sixty feet in length, about thirty feet wide, and the ceiling, or rather roof, which is of oak, seems to be fifty feet high, but is, I believe, somewhat less. It is lighted from the upper part on both sides by arched windows, exceedingly beautiful and of marked simplicity of design; and there is an oriel window so charming to the eye in its proportions and its detail that to see it alone is worth a pilgrimage. Two or three other rooms remain, not quite so large, and not nearly so lofty, but in the same noble style. This building seems to have come into the possession of the crown about a hun-

dred years after its erection, for it was used in Queen Elizabeth's time for the reception of ambassadors. Since then it has passed through many changes. At one time it was a dissenting chapel; then it was used for public meetings, and for lectures and concerts. But for none of these was it very convenient, and it was deserted and useless. Nevertheless, it was not "torn down," as if it had been, for example, John Hancock's house, but was allowed to stand, and at last was made into an eating-house, that hungry and thirsty trading Britons may eat their chops and soles and drink their beer and port wine in the very hall where Plantagenet and Tudor monarchs held their state. I was with a commercial friend at the hour of the midday meal, and he proposed luncheon, adding, "Let's go to Crosby Hall." I did not quite apprehend his meaning. It was much as if had proposed to me to take luncheon with him in Stonehenge or John O'Groat's house. But we went, and although I enjoyed the beauty of the place I also enjoyed my luncheon; and the only result of my long-expected yet chance visit to this grand centre of Shakespearean and historical association was a brief memorandum in my pocket-book, thus: "October 20th. Luncheon with M. at Crosby Hall. Windows. Beautiful old marble fireplace, carved corners, unlike, used as a sink. Twelve she-waiters, — all skinny." The last somewhat irreverent remark records a fact worthy of note. Among the absurd notions which prevail about the people in the Old England and those in the New, not one is more unfounded and absurd than that which assigns full figures to the women of the former and spare figures to those of the latter. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that, although I saw more obese old women in England than I was quite accustomed to, I found there notably more slight figures, pinched features, and pale faces among the women who were between eighteen and thirty-five years old than

I had ever seen before; and of this my Crosby Hall observation was evidence. It is, however, probable that there is no excess on either side: it is not reasonable that there should be. And yet the nearest neighbors of our British cousins, the French, who see much more of them than we do, in their caricatures always represent the Englishwoman as "slab-sided" and bony, with limp, artificial side-curls and projecting upper teeth.

On this same day I went to Guildhall, where Fortune favored me, as it often did in England. The building itself is a strange architectural medley. It was originally built in 1411; but almost all of it, except the walls and the crypt, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and the subsequent restorations and additions are poor in themselves and incongruous. The great hall, however, has the grandeur which, in architecture, is always given, in a certain degree, by size: it is one hundred and fifty feet long. The building has its name from the fact that it was erected by the united efforts of the various guilds of the city, — associations, or rather trading and social institutions, of which the very germ seems not to have crossed the ocean. We have nothing with which to compare them, or which will help to give any idea of them. Notwithstanding the changes that have taken place in society and in trade, they still exist as highly respectable and influential bodies; and although their visible function seems to the outside world limited chiefly to the performance of their annual dinners — a heavy task — they do much to preserve the civic dignity and trade stability of London. Guildhall is the City Hall of London, and is a sort of state palace for the Lord Mayor; but it is also a place of meeting for the citizens, which our city halls are not. Like them, however, it is surrounded with courts of a minor grade, and within it some higher courts sometimes sit. The great hall contains some

statues. Among them is one of William Pitt, and, if I remember rightly, one of Edmund Burke. They did not impress me as being of a high order of sculpture. Two other statues, or effigies, raised on high, adorned the place, — those known as Gog and Magog. I expected, of course, to see something grotesque in these famous figures; but I was not prepared for quite such an exhibition of colossal puerility. These absurd monsters look like painted and gilded toys, made to please the boys of Brobdingnag. Words can hardly express their gigantic childishness. Why they are retained in their present position, and how they ever came there, seem to be beyond conjecture. They have not even the glamour of antiquity upon them, for they are, or the originals were, the production of the seventeenth century; and yet, with this recent origin, their history and purpose seem to be entirely lost. No one, not even the city antiquaries, can tell anything about them, except that these present figures were made in the last century to replace others that were worn out by being carried in Lord Mayors' shows. They stand there, wonderful and ridiculous witnesses to the immobility of British Philistinism.

There is an open space before the miserable front which Guildhall presents to the world, and this, as I approached it, was swarming with flocks of pigeons, which alternately swept down upon the ground and rose into the air. It was strange and pretty to see this multitude of gentle, winged creatures in the very heart of London. They are not always visible, I was told; but like Gog and Magog they were an "institution." They brought at once to mind the flocks that Hilda watches from her tower window, in Hawthorne's Roman romance. But not only the pigeons favored me. There was a little crowd before the hall, and some commotion; the reason of which proved to be that on that day the Lord Mayor visited the hall in state.

He was just coming out, and I saw him ascend his great, yellow, gilded coach, in which was a man wearing an enormous fur cap, which made him look like that domestic instrument whilom used for washing windows, called a pope's-head. A huge straight sword was thrust out of one of the windows of the carriage. The coach started, and a tall footman in a gorgeous light blue livery sprang after it, and, mounting it as it moved, took his place beside another being of like splendor, and his "lordship" was driven off. It seemed to me that a man of any sense must be very glad to get out of such a vehicular gimcrack as that, and to rid himself of such a preposterous companion as the man with the pope's-head. I wondered how they could sit in the coach and look at each other without laughing. Nothing could be more out of place, more incongruous, than this childish masquerading seemed to be with English common sense, and with the sobriety and true dignity befitting such an official person as the mayor of the city of London. But I was told that the people of London rather insist upon this puerile pageantry; and that the attempt of some previous Lord Mayors to mitigate the monstrosity of the "Lord Mayor's show" (although it is of very modern origin) was received with disfavor, and had sensibly diminished their popularity.

The number of statues and of monuments of which statues form a part is great in London. It could hardly be otherwise in the capital of a country with such a history as England's. Although few of these command much admiration as works of art, I found most of them interesting, not only on account of their associations, but as witnesses to the grateful memory in which the English people hold those who have served the country successfully, or only faithfully. Westward of Charing Cross one can hardly walk a quarter of a mile without seeing a monumental statue.

Nor are the great statesmen and captains only thus honored. It was a pleasing sight to see in St. James's Street a monument to the private soldiers who fell in the Crimean war. It has three typical figures of private soldiers in the uniforms of various arms of the service. And there is a monument to the Westminster scholars who fell in the same war, which is now generally admitted to have been a gigantic British blunder. But, right or wrong, Britannia never forgets those who faithfully do her bidding.

Two statues in South Kensington impressed me strongly. They are very unlike. One is that of a man of mature years, seated. He wears a robe, and on his head a kind of bonnet, something like the cap of a Doge of Venice. I was struck by the strength and the sagacity of the face, and perhaps even more by a certain expression, which, notwithstanding its unmistakable Oriental character, awoke in me a feeling of kindred quite unlike that with which I ever looked into any Hebrew or other Semitic face, either in life or in art, not to say any face of Mongol or other Turanian race. I did not know who it was, nor did I know that there was in London a statue of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; and yet as I approached it I felt that it must be he, as I soon found that it was by the inscription. I had learned, from friends who had known the great Parsee merchant in India, to honor him for his sagacity, for his public spirit, and for a large and sweet benevolence which we, in our religious arrogance, would call Christian. But few Christians have equaled, and none known to me have ever surpassed, in true philanthropy this fire-worshiper. The pleasure with which I looked upon his face was enhanced by the intuitive recognition in its lineaments, before I knew whose they were, of an inexpressible something that told of his Aryan origin. And yet this may possibly have been given to him by the English

sculptor. The imparting of such subtle traits is an unconscious process, which takes place even beyond the bounds of legitimate art. I remember seeing the colored photograph of a young New York lady which was taken in Switzerland, to which the Teutonic manipulator had managed to impart, it was impossible to say how or wherein, a German look that was quite ludicrous.

The other statue was the Eagle Slayer, which seems to me to merit a reputation which, so far as I know, it has not attained. It represents a young man who has just launched from his bow an arrow at the soaring bird. The lithe and supple figure — a fine embodiment of the forms of youthful manly beauty — seems as if it were bounding into the air with eagerness. The archer has shot not only his shaft, but his whole soul into the air. He wings his arrow with his breath; and yet there is that quietness about it, that instantaneous arrest of movement, which is one characteristic trait of the highest type of Greek sculpture. It seems to me that I saw no modern statue in England equal to this one, of which I had never heard. And yet I should speak of it with some reserve for I saw it but once.

Of all the statues and monuments that I saw in London, the most ambitious was that which pleased me least. I mean the Albert monument in Hyde Park. Its first suggestion is the unfortunate question, Why should such a monument have been erected to such a man? Prince Albert was an honorable, kind-hearted, prudent, and accomplished gentleman. As princes go, he was certainly a very superior person; so that we can forgive his being just the least bit priggish, as his biography by Mr. Theodore Martin reveals him to us. But the biography and the monument both seem to be quite out of proportion to the merits of their subject. If the Prince had united the genius of Napoleon to the virtues of Washington, there might, with more

show of reason, have been such a literary and such a sculptured monument raised to him so soon after the close of his blameless and useful life. But even then something more simple and sober would have been more effective than this gilded, enthroned, enshrined, and canopied effigy of the demi-god of commonplace. In fact, this is the most obtrusively offensive monument in London. The Wellington statue on Hyde Park corner is ridiculous, but the Albert monument is ostentatiously vulgar.

At St. Saviour's church I was more impressed than anywhere else in London by the bringing together of the dead past and the living present, and by their incongruity. This church is a mere remnant — only one transept, I believe — of the old priory church of St. Mary Overy, which was built in the early part of the thirteenth century, that golden age of ecclesiastical architecture. It stands near the Southwark end of London Bridge. In it are some old monumental tombs and slabs, at which I looked with interest. Here is the tomb of John Gower, who atoned somewhat for his poetry by contributing largely to the repairing of this beautiful church, in which his effigy, painted after nature, lies enshrined above his grave. Here is John Fletcher's grave, and Philip Massinger's; and here, too, is the grave of one Edmund Shakespeare, an actor, who had a brother named William, also an actor; and he, Mr. John Spedding says, wrought with John Fletcher on his play, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. I had stood a minute or two before the stones that bore these names, and had moved away, and was musing in the gloom over the effigy of an unknown knight in chain armor and a cylindrical helmet, which lay with crossed legs almost upon the very floor, when I was startled by the sharp whistle and the rumble of a railway train, which seemed almost to be directly overhead. And indeed the knight, whose good sword has been rust

and whose body has been dust for nearly five hundred years, is lying very "convenient" to the station of the South-eastern Railway, on which, if he would but arise, he might start for Palestine, and be there in fewer days than it took him months to go, — if indeed he went. For the notion that the crossed legs of an effigy indicate a crusader is, I believe, abandoned, as one of those many bubble theories which science painfully blows up and admires, and then explodes only by blowing a little longer.

I went deliberately to Bolt Court for the sake of Dr. Johnson, who lived there in a house which is still standing. It is, I believe, the only memorial of him now existing. There is nothing at all remarkable about the place or the house; and it is chiefly noticeable because of its unlikeness to what any one not familiar with old London would expect to see. When we read of Johnson's house in Bolt Court, although we do not think of the doctor as living in any state, we do not imagine a little place like a flagged yard, reached through a dark, narrow alley, and in which we should expect to see clothes drying on the lines. But such is Bolt Court, on which look a few houses with fronts that seem as if they ought to be their backs. That which was Dr. Johnson's is a respectable brick building of three stories, in the plain, domestic style of the last century. Bolt Court is a representative place, — an example of those nooks and secluded recesses found in the towns all over England, and even in London, which are open to the public and frequented daily by many people, and which yet are so withdrawn from the public eye that by those who do not know of them, and where they are, their existence would never be suspected.

Wapping is a neighborhood of which many persons know the name, but nothing more. It is preserved from decay by an odor of tar and pitch in the song, Wapping Old Stairs, of which some of

my readers may be glad to see the first stanza; whereby they may remark how homely, and not only homely but tame and coarse and commonplace, are the folk-songs of Britain: —

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box marked with my
name.

When I passed a whole fortnight between decks
with you,

Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed;
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog, too, I
made."

Wapping, too, may be remembered as having afforded a principal link in the chain of evidence against the notorious impostor who claimed the Tichborne estate. Immediately on his arrival at London he went to Wapping (which Roger Tichborne would never have done), and there he was recognized as a former resident of the place. Wapping is a narrow strip of old London, which lies below the Tower and between London docks and the river. It is, as might be expected, wholly occupied by mariners, or those who supply their wants. It is very damp and very dingy, and everybody in it seems to smell of oakum. The "stairs" in the song (which, by the way, is not very old, — only of the last century) are the steps by which, in the days of wherries and London watermen, when the river was the principal highway between London and Westminster, people descended to the river and took boat. There were Whitehall Stairs and many others, the names of which I do not now remember. Some of these stairs were of marble, with an arched and pillared gate-way. They have disappeared only within the last half century, and I believe one of them still remains. As I walked through Wapping, I saw in a dingy little window, on a dingy little card, "Soup 1d. A good dinner 4d. and 5d." But as I did not visit Wapping to dine I did not go in, and so saved my fourpence. And who

knows but I might have been tempted into the extravagance of the extra penny! As there was no longer a wherry to be had at Wapping Stairs, — which, if I could have had it, I should certainly have taken, — I took one of the little steamers at London Bridge, and came home that way. But I had some compensation. On the boat was a little band of minstrels, who were allowed to play for the few pence they could get. There was a fiddle, a flute, and a harp; and the harpist, although his instrument was very primitive in structure, did not quite succeed in making me understand (what I have never been altogether able to understand) how it was that David, by harp-playing, could charm away Saul's evil spirit. But their music was not very bad, and mingled not unpleasantly with the plash of the boat, as we glided by the old wharves and the Thames embankment. Euterpe had not watched over these her poor votaries, who were sadly neglected and forlorn. Their clothes had certainly been worn out by predecessors in their occupancy, and had never fitted them; and they were shiny and drawn into rucks. Their trousers were darned at the knees with thread not so exactly of the color of the cloth as a punctilious tailor might have desired. And yet their shoes, although in one case tied with twine, were well blackened, and they wore chimney-pot hats; battered, indeed, and smoothed out and washed into a ghostly and sorrowful likeness to the real thing; but still they were chimney-pots. I remarked that well-blackened shoes and a chimney-pot hat seemed to be regarded by English people in their condition of life as the first steps toward respectability in dress, — the *sine qua nons* of elegant costume. When the time had come for collecting contributions, and the flute was going round, hat in hand, I spoke to the violin, who did not resent my intrusion. I asked him if they did well on the boats. "Purty well, sir, thank

'e, — purty well, as things goes. But music is n't 'preciated now as 't use t' be; 'r else *Hi* should n't be 'ere." "No, indeed; you 're something of a musician, I should say." "Somethink!" — a pause of admiring contemplation. "Wy, sir, *Hi* 'ave played in a band, — in horchesters. I 've played in gentlemen's 'ouses; heven in Russell Square, wen they give their parties, — vile-in, flute, piannah," — I expected him to add cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, but he disappointed me, and only said, "hanythink;" and he accompanied the mention of each of his many accomplishments with a gentle and gracious wave of his bow. "Ah, yes, I see how it is; and your friend, the flute-player there, I suppose, is a fair musician, too." "No p'ticler friend o' mine, sir. Business, business. No great musician, 'ither, sir." Here he mused a moment. "Plays well enough, but no feeling," — a slight deprecatory shake of the head, — "no sentiment; an'" — with a nod of conviction — "sentiment's the thing in music, sir." The flute-player had made his round; and just at the hither end of his circle a gentleman dropped a fourpence into his hat, which he then presented to a lady and a lad sitting next the gentleman, when suddenly, with gracious flourish of the battered head covering, he said, politely, "Beg pawdon, sir, — beg pawdon. Same party, I see." We in the United States lose a great deal by having none but foreigners in positions like this. Our relations with those in the humbler walks of life are always with Germans, Irish, Italians, or, most rarely, French. Our street musicians, for example, are invariably Germans or Italians. And thus our sympathies are narrowed and limited, and our sight of life is all along one plane. One of the charms of England is that you are cheerfully served by Englishmen and Englishwomen; that from morning to night you look only into English faces, and hear your own lan-

guage spoken without a brogue or a break.

I was not present as a guest at a wedding while I was in England. None of my acquaintances assumed the bonds while I was there; and although I am sure that some of my fair friends would have willingly been married to the right man, just to please me, none of them were, and therefore I did not see that show. But I am inclined to think that I lost very little. A wedding in itself has very little attraction for a man; and the difference between a wedding in England and one in America can be very slight among people of a like condition in life and of the same faith. However, I saw one marriage ceremony. It was at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The church was open as I passed, and suspecting, from a little crowd of limp, draggled girls about the door, what was going on, I went in. The parties were of the lower middle class. It was just like a marriage in one of our churches, except that there was but one groomsmen, or best man, and that there were none of those ridiculous "ushers," who have lately been added to the other painful impediments of the occasion. White wedding favors were worn; and except these trifling points I observed in the mere ceremony no peculiarity to distinguish the occasion from a similar one here among similar people. But the bride and the two bridesmaids were pale, thin young women, and the bridegroom was a little London "gent." In all the wedding party there was not one fine, blooming girl, nor one tall, well-made man. But there was one very fat old woman. They got into three carriages at the door, and drove sadly off, without the throwing of a single shoe, at which I was somewhat disappointed.

In this church there was a pew-opener, whose appearance and whose performance of his duty were remarkable. His function — unknown to us — is

commonly committed in England to old women; but here it was performed by a dwarfish man, the top of whose big, half-bald head hardly came up to the top of the sides of the pews. He would take intending worshipers up to a pew, the shining top of his head rising and falling gently along the line of the pews, open the door, usher them in with a bow, and then shut the door with a flourish of his hand in the air, above his head, that suggested the idea that he was drowning, and about to disappear for the last time. And once I saw him bring down his hand, and, with an extra flourish, pass it deftly across his nose in the quality of what used to be called a muck-end, until we English-blooded people gave it a French name. It was a very dexterous and somewhat astonishing performance.

Funerals I saw, but also from the outside. And indeed these occasions are much more private in England than they are with us. There is no such general attendance of friends and acquaintances as crowds our houses of mourning, and even our churches, with an elegantly dressed throng of sympathy and curiosity. There are the immediate family, two or three very intimate friends, the pall-bearers, the solicitor, perhaps the medical man, a few mourning coaches; and that is all. The mourning coaches are not mere ordinary coaches occupied by mourners; and, indeed, they are frequently quite empty. They are large, portly vehicles, covered with some black, dull-surfaced material like cloth, and are, in fact, coaches put in mourning. The harness and the horse-cloths are black, and coachman and footman are also in black, with weeds on their hats. At the death of any person of condition the event is announced to the world at large by the display of a hatchment on the front of the house, generally between two of the windows on the first floor, — that is, the first floor above the ground floor, the

second story. These hatchments are of white cloth, are about four feet square, and have a black border. Upon them are blazoned the armorial bearings of the deceased person. One morning, on one of the squares, I saw three houses with these funereal decorations, on one of which the lozenge-shaped shield and the absence of a crest told that it was the lady of the house that had departed. I cannot say that this fashion impressed me favorably. These hatchments seemed to be signs of a show going on within the house. They looked like unilluminated transparencies; and suggested a brass band.

Among my great pleasures at the Garrick Club was the sight of the large and very interesting collection of dramatic portraits that has accumulated there in the course of many years. Almost everything fine of this sort has gravitated there lately, as if by the operation of natural law. There were portraits in character and portraits out of character, portraits of actors and actresses of the past and of the present. There was the whole series of portraits in water-colors which were engraved for the fine edition of Bell's *British Theatre*. Among the old paintings were two portraits of Peg Woffington, in which she did not appear so beautiful as I had expected to find her. But that was Charles Reade's fault. I should not have been disappointed, had I not fallen in love with his heroine; and yet he stood by me quite unrepentant. But all Peg's

possibilities, and some of her actualities, were written in her face. She must have been a most alluring creature. There, too, was a portrait of Mrs. Robinson as Rosalind. She is standing, and is evidently in one of the forest scenes. Yet this is her costume: powdered hair, a voluminous high white cravat that swathes her whole neck, furs, and a blue surtout coat decorated with a bow. Nevertheless she is charming; for her figure is fine, so much of it as can be seen, and her face has some beauty and much character. Her audiences were accustomed to her costume, and therefore to them its incorrectness was of no account; and it seems to me as if, with that face and her art, she could make even us forget it.

One day I was attracted — I can hardly tell why, for the sight is not uncommon in London — by seeing a very handsome coroneted carriage, in which sat a little, ugly, wizened, peevish, middle-aged woman, dressed richly but very ill-favoredly. The horses were magnificent; the coachman would have done honor to a bishop's wig; and the footman was as fine a young man as one could wish to see; and I could not but think how absurd it was, and what a shame, that four such splendid animals as those should be put to the use of carrying about such an insignificant creature as their mistress. But indeed one does not have to cross the ocean for that absurdity; we may see it almost as well dry-shod at home.

Richard Grant White.

IS ANYTHING LOST?

I.

THEY came out of a large frame house on the corner of L—— Street. She took his arm without show of ceremony, and

they turned in the direction of some low, rough hills, which were neither built up, like the city proper, nor woody, like the country immediately beyond. The air breathed the first beguiling promise of

a Virginian spring; like scores of perfect days in past, forgotten seasons, its fitful, fond coquetry was the forerunner of biting winds and harsh rains sure to follow in the regular course of nature. But this could never be a forgotten season; there was a strange, sickening element of fatality in the soft atmosphere to the two, as they walked along. Their world was undergoing one of those convulsive, transforming agonies which follow in the trail of the war chariot; they were crushed and tortured, though they looked up heroically from under the wheels, as thousands of self-immolating victims have done before, and dedicated to the immortal gods a sacrifice which it may be the gods had little to do with, and were washing their hands the while of this innocent blood.

"Oh, Jo!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm as though she could hold him back from the inevitable. "The terrible part is that, while you go, I must stay without you in this doomed, forsaken city!"

It was a day of destiny: Richmond was to be evacuated that night. Rumor had brought many a fantastic tale before, but this time it was Truth, grim and cruel as the grave, abroad in the streets, proclaiming everywhere the sentence of doom.

"Only to think," the young girl went on, with tears in her voice, though she forced them back from her eyes, "I sha'n't even know where you are, when we've had our whole lives in common for so long!"

"I'll send you a letter, Annie, just as soon as I can. There will be some way of getting it through, you may be sure."

"Don't tell me that now!" she cried,—"though of course I want to hear from you. Say you think we shall soon see each other again. You do think so, don't you?"

He tried to smile. "I'll say I hope so. Will that do?"

"Where did you say our troops were going?"

"To join Johnston in North Carolina. Don't despair of the cause." He spoke hopefully. "If we once yet fairly intrenched behind the mountains there, we may be able to hold out indefinitely, and the North will have to let us alone for our sheer persistence; we will wear them out."

"Nothing could bear me up now," she continued, "but the firm faith that the Lord is on our side; all the ministers say so, and of course I know he is. It looks dark now, but he will deliver us yet from the foot of the oppressor."

She planted firmly on the ground a foot, which, if it were designed at that moment to suggest the enemy's, failed to convey the idea of a very weighty oppression. It was very small, the foot of this little Tennessee refugee, and would have looked most shapely in a Paris slipper; but it was encased in a leather shoe, which was old and rusty, and had met with an accident to boot. A large hole had somehow been made in the toe, right in front and on top, where holes do not usually come from wearing, and the young lady, with the undaunted economy of war, had stuck a patch of black cloth underneath it. The patch had not escaped Captain Conrad's observation; he had laughed at it, the other day, and tried to brush the red mud off it with his army-cape, when they were walking over by the canal, and she had plunged into a mud puddle. This was her second-best pair of shoes, not her best; she did have a new pair, but had forgotten, in her agitation, to put them on this afternoon. These others she had purchased at reduced army rates from a shoemaker at one of the hospital camps near the city. "I only paid three hundred dollars for them," she told her sister Mildred in triumph, "when they're selling in the city stores for four hundred and fifty. Only think how cheap! I don't see

how he can do it, except that he's a soldier detailed to make shoes for the others, and materials are cheaper for the army. You must get a pair; Jo will see to it for you."

Annie was a famous manager in her way. As she sat by the captain on a rock under a tree, her toilet was a marvel of ingenuity in its construction. She even had silk flounces on her merino dress; true, they were made out of the best part of a cast-off umbrella, but they answered the purpose for a time. Her hat was considered exquisitely becoming by every one, though it was as different in shape and trimmings from those worn in the North at that period as Martha Washington's hats would have been, had they been discovered in some Virginian garret. Her gloves were quite an elegant fit; she had made them herself out of an old pair of thread stockings, which, being white originally, she dyed in tea leaves, setting the color with alum, and finally evolved a genteel gray tint. It was universally conceded that Miss Somerville dressed as well as any young lady of her set, which was in the best Richmond circles; and this was the desideratum everywhere,—in Central Africa probably, where they were wearing as little as possible, just then, the same as in the United and Confederate States of America, where they were wearing all they could conveniently get. Of course, there were always some provoking girls who succeeded in dressing better than all the others,—the Misses Briney, for instance. And well they might afford to do so; their father was one of those speculators who had the monopoly of the salt trade. Regardless of the public good, he and others had run it up for their private benefit. So his daughters, in consequence of his want of patriotism, wore the costliest fabrics which ran the blockade. How different these monopolists were from good Mr. Cheops, the rich butcher, who persisted in selling his meat low in the market, when meat was running up

every day, till finally he brought it down and kept it there! That was patriotism, indeed, and the Misses Cheops should have been visited, and taken up by the first families. But they were not, while the Briney girls were.

However she was dressed, that afternoon in April, Annie looked very fair to the eyes of affection, as the sunset hues fell across her brown hair and pale cheeks. On this eve of separation, of direful portent, she represented all that was most desirable in the world to Captain Conrad,—home, love, and peace. Away from her on the morrow, there would be only the cruel uncertainties of war for a man out yonder. Some thought like this was in his mind as he said to her,—

"How small what we've called hardships seem now!"

"Positively nothing!" she echoed. "What were tea and coffee without milk or sugar, or hoe-cakes without butter, compared to being without each other? But you have n't gone yet; I have you still. Oh, Jo, I shall never wish for romantic times again! When I was a little girl I often wished things would leave off being tame and monotonous; that we could have tilts and tourneys, like those in Scott's novels, and a few brigands and pirates here and there, for variety. But it does n't pay, now we see how it is. Is n't it still, out here on these rocks? I can't believe anything so dreadful as the evacuation is just going to happen,—that we won't be here to-morrow evening, or the next; we have come so often. I'm never coming here again till you get back, Jo."

He looked around, as though to assure himself that they were entirely alone in the falling shades. There was no living thing visible, save one solitary sheep, drowsily grazing on the grass beyond.

"Annie, dear," he began, in a quick and very earnest voice, "there is one thing more I want to talk to you about. I came here for that, when I could ill

spare the time; there were so many around, at the house. How do you expect to live when the Yankees get in? Have you any money?"

"Lots," she answered, with emphasis.

"You are more lucky than I thought, then."

"Aunt Susan has an income from her state stock, you know; then I heard her say, the other day, that she had fifteen hundred dollars in her black trunk, tied up in a stocking, which we were to use only in case of emergency."

"Confederate money?"

"Of course; what else, pray? Don't we live in the Confederacy?"

"You will not to-morrow, my darling, innocent child. Your fifteen hundred dollars will be worth nothing then, — not so much as the stocking it is tied up in, for you might wear that; and Mrs. Gardner's Virginia State stock may not pay, — may never pay again. Who can tell?"

"Don't frighten me so, dear! How dreadfully you do talk! — as if everything were actually falling to pieces. I wonder if it will be this way when Gabriel blows his trump at the last day, and everything is changed all in a minute. Will people be standing on corners in squads, do you reckon, as they have been all the afternoon on Franklin and Grace streets?"

"I can't think about Gabriel now," he answered hurriedly. "I only know they're throwing Confederate money away down town at this very minute; I saw it in the gutters on Main Street." He rose as though about to go, giving her a hand to help her to rise, also, and with the other drawing from his pocket a small buckskin bag he placed it in hers.

"What's this?" asked Annie, in surprise.

"A parting keepsake."

She untied the string, curiously peeped in, and saw a number of gold pieces.

Without stopping to tie it up again, she leaned over and thrust the bag back into his vest pocket, where it bulged out prominently.

"Don't be foolish," he urged; "pride is for other days than these. I am forced to leave the woman I love in the power of an unscrupulous enemy; let me at least feel that I have not left her to starvation!"

"But gold, Joe, — where did you get it?" Annie was used to high-sounding figures in Confederate scrip, but *gold*! It was to the Southern mind at that date the one unchangeably valuable possession in shifting fortunes, and commanded a higher species of respect than that which is everywhere accorded to money.

"Friday, when I reported that I could not go on with the repairs at Jackson I was detached to make, unless I had more funds, Thompson gave me a hundred and fifty dollars in gold for present use. The quartermaster seemed to have a good deal of it, and things have been rather irregular among them this winter. I've been looking all the afternoon, till I saw you, for Thompson, to return him this money. The purpose for which it was designed no longer exists. The government, you know, is to be removed to-night to Danville; Camp Jackson will be in the Federal lines. But I can't find him. He may be on that canal-boat which started for Lynchburg, with so many members and officials on it. I shan't certainly give it to Taylor, and have him squandering it for whisky along the road. I can see they're all making laws for themselves, in this rule of panic. It has been so ever since Davis got that dispatch from General Lee at St. Paul's, this morning. No man is in his right place to attend to anything."

"You'll need it all yourself, if you don't have a chance to return it to the government," suggested Annie.

"Of course I shall eventually return it. My family is not poor; we have

property," he added. The Conrads were indeed a family of high social position and landed estates in another part of Virginia. "But I must act for *to-day*. I shall only want to take a little money with me; I might be robbed on the way to the main army. A party of six of us will start together and keep in company, till we come up with it. You see, I should have to share it with them, and I would rather leave it with you. Confederate money will serve our purposes. I've kept out a few of the gold pieces, in case anything unforeseen should occur." He handed the bag back to her. "Rebecca would have done as much for Ivanhoe," he pleaded, eagerly.

"You don't know her as I do, if you think so!" she protested. "Indeed, it would be a great deal more like Rowena to take that gold; she was always calculating." She threw the bag very forcibly upon the ground.

Seeing it was of no avail that he had evoked these cherished and ghostly friends of hers, brought them all the way back from the Middle Ages, — she was too well versed in their motives to be deceived by a comparative stranger to them, — he exclaimed impetuously, "Well, Annie, you have thrown it on the ground; it shall stay there. I will bury that gold for your future use. Stop a minute!" and he took out five of the pieces. "These will answer for your present necessities, and you can come any time and get the rest, for I shall mark the place." Seeing her about to raise further objections, he said firmly, "Time presses. I may lose the horse I have engaged if I stay five minutes longer, for no bargain will hold to-night;" and picking up a stick he dug a hole with the aid of his rapid fingers. The little buckskin bag was soon out of sight. Then he placed a peculiarly marked stone over the spot, and made Annie look well at the tree above it, the rock they had used as a seat, and

all the surroundings, already as familiar to her as her own room at home.

Yielding at last, she added, "Who knows, Jo, but what, after all, this may be only a gigantic panic, and our troops will return in a few days? Then what fun it will be for us to come out here again and unearth this treasure together!" Just as they were finally getting off, a little bird above them in the tree, which had probably been awakened by their eager voices, tuned up its tiny pipes, and sang a low, plaintive cadence, — a lay of love and parting. Its pathetic notes echoed the foreboding of their own hearts. There was something within which they dared not express to each other; yet it kept whispering, "Beware of parting! It is not so much the pain of the parting as the how and the where we shall meet again the face about to vanish from our view."

Annie burst into tears. "That bird — I cannot bear it!" she exclaimed, and they hurried home in the silence of despair. When they got to the gate, she spoke: "Do you mean that this is the *very* last?"

He hesitated, and looked at his watch. "I'll stop just one minute, about midnight, as I go by on my horse."

"I'll be right here at the gate, and not keep you waiting."

It was now about eight p. m. All the houses along L — Street were brightly lighted, and figures hastily moving about could be seen everywhere through the open windows.

Mrs. Slack had converted her rather dilapidated family mansion into a boarding-house, not only to accommodate the overflowing population of the Confederate capital, but for the support of the Slacks, though she was an undoubted F. F. V. of "purest ray serene." She reserved a few rather unmarketable rooms in her attic for those who might, in Southern phraseology, wish to go to "room-keeping." Even with General

Grant's army advancing rapidly, the reader must be informed as to what was then meant by room-keeping. It was sometimes found more economical to do one's own marketing and provisioning, and to keep a separate table from the boarding-house, in one's own private apartment. It was nothing unusual, in the nomadic society-picnic called together in Richmond by the war, for a family of two or three females to transact all business pertaining to cooking and eating, as well as sleeping, in one and the same room, by means of some extra activity in the morning. They would reserve to themselves the privilege of receiving visitors in the general parlor. In this way they managed to enjoy considerable social pleasure, in spite of bread made out of poor flour, wheat as a substitute for coffee, hasty plates of tepid pea-soup, the profusion of cots and trundle-beds, the scarcity of bureaus and wardrobes. And this was "room-keeping." Mrs. Gardner and her nieces "room-kept," and found it revolting to their high-bred instincts, though fortunately they had their cooking done in the kitchen below.

As Annie entered the open front door, her ears were saluted by a deafening, bewildering noise of pounding, jumping, and screaming, and as she almost flew to her attic, she found that it all proceeded from the room underneath theirs, occupied by Mrs. General Standard and baby. She opened her own door, and her eyes fell upon a scene of general confusion. Though aunt Susan was calmly sitting in her arm-chair, Milly was on the floor in the middle of the room, amid a conglomeration of dresses, tin pans, and provisions. She raised a face beautiful with the roundness of extreme youth, and flushed with the roses of excitement, to her sister.

"Oh, s't' Annie, I thought you'd never come!" Milly always meant to say "sister Annie," but somehow never could spare the time.

"Why, what *are* you doing, Milly?"

"Oh, I knew you'd gone to walk with Captain Conrad, and waited for you ever so long down-stairs, where all the boarders were talking together. Then I thought aunt Susan would feel so lonesome up here, as she was n't able to come down; so I could n't leave her by herself any longer, and I came up. Then, when I had told her all I knew about the evacuation, and just had to sit down quietly, I got so miserable that I felt as if I must do something, and I concluded to pack up. Everybody, nearly, in the house and all along the square is packing up, and I feel ever so much better since I began."

"But why should *we* pack up Milly? We have n't any place to go to. We can't follow the army."

"Oh, but it's better to be all packed, any way," said Milly, confidently, "for we don't know what's going to happen to-morrow, and people can't steal our things so easily if they're all in one place; and then if those vampires burn the house down, why, we can go sit in the church, and Uncle Jerry, or some of 'em, can move our trunks out for us. Don't you see how much better it is?"

Milly, it will be remarked, had heard of Vandals, but the distinction between them and vampires was not perfectly clear in her mind. She knew that one of these parties killed people by sucking their blood, and the other burned down and smashed up things indiscriminately: which was which did not much matter, in this case, for either would be appropriate. Yet even while revolving these murderous possibilities there was mirth lurking in the corners of her mouth, and she could laugh with the slightest provocation, if she did not decide to cry first. Milly was about fifteen.

The pounding, jumping, crashing, and screaming was still at full blast in the room below. "What *is* the matter down there?" asked Annie.

"Oh, Mrs. Standard's packing up, and

getting ready to go out to the lines and join the general. All the afternoon no one could convince her of anything about the evacuation, and as dreadfully as we all felt we could n't help laughing; for she sat rocking the baby just as usual, and kept saying, in her slow, measured way, 'I have received no news of this kind from my husband. General Lee and President Davis have the highest respect for his judgment, and would not decide upon such a measure without his concurrence, I am sure. If it were true, he would have sent a courier at once to inform me, and as he has not done so I am positive it is all right, and the city is safe for the present.' I thought it was going to be a case of *Casabianca* on the burning deck," continued Milly; "but a while ago, sure enough, an orderly did ride up, all besmeared and bemired, and brought her a note from the general to come out to the lines at once and join him. So she's got to be ready in three quarters of an hour, — an ambulance is coming for her; and the baby's been yelling that way ever since she began to pack. I suppose the poor little thing's frightened out of its wits."

"These are trying times, dear children," said aunt Susan, on whose face the signet of disease was set, as well as that of a mind at peace with itself under all circumstances. "I do hope everything will be better than it looks now, although to-night the ground does seem to be shaking under our feet."

"It certainly is, at this moment," said Milly, as the commotion in the lower region waxed louder and stronger.

After a while they had finished all the active employment they could find for their hands to do; there was nothing left but to wait, — such a hard thing to do always. They had no watches, and generally guessed at the time, unless they were where they could see the clock in the square. The old clock on Mrs. Slack's stairs had stopped six months ago at half past one. Presently a horse

galloped up to the gate. Could it be anywhere near midnight? It was after eleven.

Annie put her head out of the window, and exclaimed, "That is Jo, — so soon? Run, Milly, if you want to say good-by, for I must have the last word."

A few seconds after, she brushed by her on the stairs, on her return from this leave-taking. Milly's tears were streaming over those roses now, for she, too, loved the captain. Annie hurried out to the gate, to which he had hitched his horse. He was standing there quietly in the mellow moonlight, — the same moon that was ere long to set, and shroud the retreat in gloom. How often she had stood with him there before! It was incredible, now, that the old law was about to pass away and all things to become new. A wave of sound in the distance kept steadily rising and falling, but her own neighborhood was very quiet now. The preparation was over. Only the Pryor girls were watching from their window. They had watched a dozen parting scenes that night from the same observatory. Little did Annie care for the Pryors in that last full moment. Her trembling feet had slipped through this outer earth of bloom and verdure, and had struck the heavy layer of tragedy which underlies it so closely everywhere.

II.

A fortnight and two days had passed by. A certain old-fashioned house in Richmond stood there, unchanged, on the corner of L—— Street; it was far removed from the burnt district. No difference at all was perceptible in the premises, except an advance of vegetation in the small garden.

The gate clicked, and two men in the uniform of officers of the United States Army walked up the narrow gravel path to the porch and door, both almost on a level with the street. That

door, as in Confederate days, was open, and so was the one at the opposite end of the hall, by which coincidence their position commanded a full view, if not a satisfactory one, of the kitchen yard, directly to the rear. A venturesome pig was rambling meditatively through the spacious hall, and grunting in a modified, apologetic way, as though well aware he was abusing his privileges. The officers laughed heartily, and wondered if this were the celebrated old Virginia hospitality as shown alike to man and beast, of which they had, as yet, no experimental knowledge. They consulted a card they had with them, and were convinced that this house answered to the description given. It had no number and no bell, but there was a knocker, with a lion rampant to catch hold of, and this responded bravely. An old colored woman issued on the stroke, from the quarters in the rear: she was Aunt Jane, the cook of the establishment. When her eye fell upon the strangers, she rushed forward in a transport of welcome. Throwing her arms around the neck of the foremost man, she screamed, with a joyful ring, —

"Ef it ain't two o' dem blessed critters! Thank the Lord, you done come at last!" Her victim retreated a good yard and more; but nowise disheartened, she continued. "I never runned away. No, I waited for my freedom to come to me; and I allers knowed it would come, for I had de witness ob de Sperrit — Git out! Git away from here, you nasty beast!" dividing her attention between the officers and the pig; but her tone, though one of disapproval, did not seem to imply that his perambulations had taken any extraordinary direction.

Aunt Jane urbanely invited them into the parlor, and went to tell "the mistiss." This they found to be a large, cheerful apartment, with various evidences of gentility apparent to the naked eye in the line of family portraits.

While the officers were in rapt con-

templation of these works of art, awaiting the descent of Mrs. Slack to arrange the barter of board and lodgings for greenbacks, rations, and perquisites, two young girls were sitting up-stairs, under that sloping roof, looking drearily out of their dormer-window.

They had not been enslaved; they had not been forcibly abducted from the L—— Street house; they had never found themselves freer to come and go, at their own sweet will, than now, for the streets were never quieter or safer; they had ample leisure to unpack, and pack again, all unmolested, if they chose. Their scanty store of provisions was untouched by the invading foe, and he had even offered, in a general way, to furnish rations to all the inhabitants whose necessities required them; but kind Mrs. Slack had insisted on their sitting at her table, and having everything in common, now they were in "the hands of the enemy," as she said. So their apprehensions of personal danger had not been realized, and yet they were miserable. It was as if they had fortified themselves, with an invincible mien, to meet misfortune at the front door, where he was every moment expected to appear, and he had crept in, like a thief, by the back entrance, so as to take them at a disadvantage. Their aunt Susan lay ill, and they watched her rapid decay with daily growing anxiety; they had hoped she would last for years. On examining her store of money, they found she had only provided herself with some few greenbacks, and these, with the constant demands of illness, were rapidly lessening. They had written to their uncle Donald in Tennessee, since the occupation, but there had not been time yet to receive an answer; really, they knew very little about him now, for they had only received two or three letters from him since the beginning of the war. Then, all their friends in Richmond were poor now, and Annie had, at last, begun to

spend the five gold pieces she had taken from Captain Conrad. When she sent the first of them to be sold for greenbacks, it was with a tightening about the heart, for it reminded her so of Jo, — and he had not come home yet. She was expecting him every hour now with feverish impatience; for ever since Lee's surrender the "boys in gray" had been coming in by twos and threes, and more, all jaded and forlorn, but unharmed. So the clouds were gathering heavily around the sisters; it was easy to see this from their careworn faces and drooping air, as they listlessly sat by the window, and aunt Susan lay quietly on her couch, by the side of the trundle-bed.

"Oh, look out here!" cried Milly. As many as a dozen ex-Confederates were riding by, and Annie strained her eyes to look in each face as they passed; then she turned away from the window with a sigh. "Oh," exclaimed Milly, "I did hope so that the captain was one of those!"

By the next day, Major Graham and Captain Channing were as thoroughly domesticated at Mrs. Slack's as they would be in a year under existing social obstacles. Their material wants were conscientiously supplied. It was, in truth, important that they should stay; there were very few boarders there now, — and "one must live, you know!" They had not come to Richmond for society, or doubtless they would have been disappointed; as it was, they would be very busy, while they were at Mrs. Slack's, supervising the erection of some temporary quarters to be run up in the suburbs, just a few squares beyond L— Street.

Being neither "dead, nor deaf, nor dumb," however, they could not fail to notice the youth, beauty, and sorrowful countenances of the two young ladies at the end of their table. Mrs. Slack had considerably seated them as far as

possible from the officers. "It would be unpleasant for young girls to be brought in contact with them; though, to be sure, they are quite polite and gentlemanly, and all that sort of thing!" she said. These polite and gentlemanly individuals realized the situation, and were aware that it would be as easy to move Mont Blanc itself as to remove the least of the prejudices of their fair neighbors at this early period of the Federal rule; so, although it might have been agreeable to ascertain the color of eyes invariably lowered at their approach, they had to be resigned to a better acquaintance with their back hair, which nature had grown in so lavish a mood as to forbid concealment from the profane gaze.

After a few days, when, in conversation with their mutual landlady, — the only mutual thing they had, — they learned the unprotected state of these girls, they were deeply touched, being, after all, human.

It would be too sad to portray in detail the death of aunt Susan, but it soon occurred. They laid her to rest in Hollywood, on the hill-side of the historic James. After this, Annie, being the elder of the two and the manager, was forced to devote a great deal of her time to arithmetic.

"Milly," she said one morning, "my brain 's all in a ferment, from doing sums. I keep adding and adding all the time, — the money we ought to have to get this and that, and what we owe Mrs. Slack, and what we owe our dear pastor. I more than suspect he has done so much for the poor members of his congregation that he has very little left for himself. His wife says that if it were respectable to be seen in the streets without a coat, she is sure he would come home every day in his shirt-sleeves; he will give his clothes away to people who are worse off than he is."

"Yes, he 's too heavenly minded by

far, in my opinion," said Milly, "for this world. Oh, dear me!" with for her a rare accent of discouragement. "Why *don't* we hear from uncle Donald? Why *don't* the captain come back? Sometimes I think not only dear aunt Susan, but everybody we" —

Annie jumped up, and clapped her hand hastily over Milly's mouth. She could not bear what she knew was coming.

"I'll tell you what we can do!" exclaimed Milly, pushing her hand away, brightening up, and changing the subject. She had the charming temperament which prefers to look on the sunny side. "We can make pies and cakes, and sell them to the soldiers. It can be kept a dead secret from our acquaintances. Plato can carry them around and sell them for us. We can give him — what do you call it? — a percentage for his trouble. We can do that for a while, you know, until something turns up. There's one trouble, though," she added, contemplatively: "I never made any pies and cakes myself, though I've seen others do it often. I'm going right down to the kitchen now, to get Aunt Jane to let me try my hand! That's a brilliant idea. This is baking-day, and I'll take her this apron as a present, to encourage the old lady, and make her feel an interest."

Annie did not oppose this project: her thoughts were far away. It may be as well to state here, however, lest it should afterwards be overlooked, that, like many other fine plans in theory, it failed in execution. There was an obvious difficulty in making cakes, apple sauce, and lemon pies without the wherewithal, and this cost money. The principles of young Plato, moreover, were not formed on the incorruptible model of Plato First's. He was likely, besides his percentage in money, to take one in the pies and cakes large enough to destroy all the profits of the trade.

On the morning in question, the theo-

retical pies and cakes answered a purpose, however: Annie had a chance to get an hour or two away from Milly. She wanted to take a solitary walk, not a walk for pleasure; it would be a very painful one, for she had never meant to go there again until — But it could be postponed no longer. So, hastily putting on her hat, she walked resolutely out of the house and garden in the direction of a familiar spot. Presently it began to look very odd over there. What was it?

"Why, I declare," she exclaimed, half aloud, "they're actually building something!" She had come right up to those low stony hills now, and there were some soldiers in the Federal uniform, some workmen and mules with carts, and altogether a disgusting, desecrating air of business in the neighborhood of her dear trysting-place. A building she had never laid eyes on before was boldly confronting her. How she wished it could be burned down! It was not painted yet, and there was an immense pile of lumber at one side of it; her heart sank. "But oh, there's *our* tree and rock, just as it always was! Yet it does bewilder my senses to find things so different." She did not like to go near those horrid soldiers, though there were only two or three of them; there were two officers, also, who seemed to be giving directions. But the case was so all important, she must at least reconnoitre this time, so that, if obliged to come once again at a more favorable hour, she could accomplish her objects in a hurry. Of course she could not keep coming and going where she was liable to meet any of those Yankee troops. She felt her thick green veil (the same for which she had paid fifty dollars a few weeks before, and could now have procured for a fifty-cent greenback) to be sure that it was tight over her face and head; then she walked slowly on, looking down at the ground for a moment, every now and then, and looking up

again in the most studiously unconscious way. But the men were not noticing her: they had seen so many women smothered in veils, since they came to Richmond, that they all looked alike to them, and it did not pay to try and detect the difference between the average F. F. V.'s and the average market-women; so they had ceased to scrutinize. Annie was emboldened to draw a little nearer the scene of action: they appeared to be measuring the ground, and oh, confusion! — there were the two officers who boarded at Mrs. Slack's! But their backs were turned. In haste she walked as near as she could go to the supposed locality of her treasure, so as to be fully assured before leaving the ground, when, woe indescribable! she discovered that the pile of lumber was lying in such a way that it would be utterly impossible to make any explorations without having the greater part of it moved. She stood still an instant, to reflect on this unforeseen obstacle, and just then up stepped, with firm yet gentle tread, Major Graham.

"Good morning!" with a courteous bow. How dared he speak to her now? He had never done so at Mrs. Slack's, yet here he showed no hesitation. "Pardon me for addressing a stranger, but I have charge of these premises," he began; "and seeing that you have apparently some interest in them — perhaps you have dropped something? — I hoped you would permit me to assist you in some way, if possible."

"Oh, I did n't think you could see me — I mean that you were looking," quoth Annie, "or that I was in the way, at all, of the workmen."

"Not in the least," he replied, with a smile. "You are at perfect liberty to inspect these buildings; they are rather rough, and are only temporary. But the place is hardly attractive as a promenade, just now, and I did n't think you would be walking here, unless" — He did not quite know how to finish, for the reason we must all of us have had, at

times, when we dared not speak the thing foremost in our minds, and nothing else was to the point. So they both did considerable thinking in a few seconds.

"I can't get it, now, without his knowing," was running through *her* mind. "I can't wait for the money without making others wait and suffer, — even then I might not get any. There is no one I can ask for any more. I'll have to tell him a part, at least."

"Well" — she began.

Seeing that something was coming, he interrupted: "I have a little room that I use as an office, just here," opening a door at the end of the frame building. "Do come in a moment, for I should be sorry to have one of the men come to me to receive further orders, from over there where they are laying off the ground. It may happen at any minute, and might be embarrassing for you."

"Oh, no, thank you!" exclaimed Annie, terrified. "I must go home now!" How could she be shut in there with a Yankee officer, or even be talking to him? It was a shame! Her cheeks burned at the thought of the Taylors and Johnsons and Brineys knowing it, — but they did not. In her agitation she pushed her veil aside, and now, for the first time, Major Graham ascertained that her eyes were as brown as her hair. They met his: in that one instant of time an irrepressible conviction of the man's honesty and worth bore in upon her mind, like a sudden illumination, and was superior to all previous education and deeply rooted impressions. By an overwhelming impulse she found herself in that little room, and he with her. She looked back, though, to see that he did not shut the door. That would be more than she could bear.

"Yes, — I *have* lost something," she commenced, "I mean I wanted to find something — I — A friend of mine, who is n't here now, hid something —

that is to say, he buried something. I need it now, and if you will be so kind as to let me look for it" —

"Anything in the world to assist your search," he responded, without the show of surprise Annie had expected; "but will you not be more definite?"

And then she was obliged to bring it out, which she did with a rush, that it was a small bag of gold. She failed to see any avaricious gleam in his eye. Yes, he was aware that burying their valuables had been a common resort among the Southerners, and sometimes a very judicious one, but he was truly glad that it had proved to be an unnecessary precaution in Richmond.

Then her story came out, little by little, and her manner underwent a thaw, as will generally be the case, if two people talk long enough, under such circumstances. The solidity of the ice can be maintained only under a paucity of language.

She said it was a small buckskin bag, tied up with a string, and there was just a hundred dollars in it. "I don't know how many of the pieces were large and how many small, for it was getting late, and I had n't time to examine them." His imagination was left to supply various details, and was capable of filling up vacancies which were occasioned by the great reluctance she felt to speak to him of her dear, absent Jo.

"And now are you sure that the right place was just under the extreme northwest corner of that pile of lumber leaning against that beech?"

"Oh, yes! It was a beech, I'm sure, and there was a gray rock, which had lots of moss on the sides of it."

"Well, I assure you, it will give me great pleasure to institute a search for it. An excuse can easily be made for moving that pile, and I will thoroughly examine the premises with my own eyes and hands."

Now this was the end of it, and she was going; she had been standing dur-

ing the entire conversation. He had been kind; she wanted to convey some idea of her appreciation, but she most wanted to avoid being at all impressive, so she thought she would begin by putting the qualification before the thanks: "It is most painful to a Southern woman — I hope you understand" —

"I fully understand: you are about to remind me that in your geography the large, though unimportant tract of land north of Mason's and Dixon's line is labeled, 'The Yankee States, — inhabited by a horrid race;' and that there is a great gulf fixed on your map between them and you. Won't you at least allow me to swim across the gulf, if I can do you a service, and if I promise to swim right back to my own side, and stay there afterwards? To relieve your mind of any idea of obligation in the case, I assure you that I regard the restoration of your personal property as a simple act of justice, on my part. I would do the same for any one, — say, old Aunt Jane; and yet I would rather choose some other example. She might deem it necessary to reward me!" He smiled at the mental photograph of this colored aunty as she had rushed forward to embrace him.

"This is going quite too far," thought Annie; "he's getting familiar. I must set him back in his place." The ice was thickening again. "I have no acquaintance with the cook's private history," she began, with carefully measured dignity, "nor do I care to discuss the study of geography and maps in a business interview. I am extremely indebted to you for your kind intentions. Good morning!" As she went out of the door, she turned once more, and added, "Please don't tell anybody at Mrs. Slack's!"

"Oh, no! But pardon me if I can't help feeling sorry about the 'gulf,'" he added, wickedly.

Then, being tired of standing, he threw himself into a chair, tilted it back,

— feet up in the window, — and laughed heartily; after which he began whistling.

The young lady was making double-quick time up the street, and never looked back once, till she reached the front gate.

That day, at dinner, as the elder Miss Somerville passed round to her own seat, Major Graham naturally turned to see who it was. She bowed very slightly, almost imperceptibly.

"It was a bow, though!" exclaimed Mrs. Slack to herself, in amazement, down at her end. "I did n't know they had ever been introduced!"

The next morning, after breakfast, as Annie glided out of the dining-room, the major, who had evidently not breakfasted, came in from the porch, and by the time she had reached the foot of the staircase he was standing at the side of it. He would have been visible from the dining-room to the other boarders, but for once that door was shut; he had calculated his time and opportunity. "Here, Miss Somerville!" slipping something into her hand, glancing at the same instant both up and down the hall. "I told you I was good at finding!" and with a semi-friendly smile — a trifle chilly it was, as though fearing a rebuke — he was off again before she could regain her composure enough to say something. Then she flew to her garret to tell the story to Milly, whose first enthusiastic outburst on hearing it was, —

"S't Annie, I can't help it what the others are, but I do believe that man is a gentleman!"

"I reckon he must be!" assented Annie, reflectively.

"Heavens and earth, Graham!" said Captain Channing that day, as his comrade joined him in a post-prandial cigar, "what were you doing out yonder last night after dark, and this morning since sunrise? I have n't had a chance to

speak to you myself, but have heard of you as engaged in tearing up the country with a vengeance. Were you 'digging for the infinite,' trying to connect with the underground railroad to China, or *what*?"

"I was *'what,'*" replied the major, very quietly.

Channing looked at him rather curiously.

"Liberally construed, that means 'Mind your own business,' I presume. If so, I've nothing more to say, of course; only I wonder if you did find anything?"

"The devil!" ejaculated the major, with a twitch of the shoulders. "I say, Channing, they're having a tremendous time of it in Washington. Have you seen to-day's dispatches? My cigar's out again; here, give me a light."

Then, getting into the affairs of the nation, they puffed away, and were happy.

It was some weeks after this that Milly came tripping in, one day, holding up a letter triumphantly above her head. "Uncle Donald at last!" she cried.

Her sister did not smile, though her eyes quickened with a gleam of intelligence at the tidings so long delayed. Somehow, it was very hard for her to smile of late. The letter read: —

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I cannot express my grief at hearing of the loss we have all sustained in the death of my sister Susan. The thought, too, of the many hardships my brother's children have undergone, while I had enough and to spare, is deeply painful to me; it shall be the effort of my remaining years to make you forget them. Your letter was forwarded to me by friends in Tennessee, I having sold out there two years ago, disgusted with my torn and distracted State, which I could not help, and moved to a ranch in California. You know I am an old line whig, of

iron-clad principles. I love the Union, and I suppose you don't, dear little rebs; but come to me as soon as possible, and we won't dispute about politics. Come and cheer the heart and home of a lonely old man, who will be only too glad to have something young about him to keep him from becoming a fossil. I inclose you a check, which will, I hope, cover all your present expenses, and will write again as soon as I can hear of a suitable escort to bring you across the country. Your affectionate uncle,

DONALD SOMERVILLE.

It is not very difficult to foresee that Annie and Mildred Somerville soon drifted Westward with the current. And Joseph Conrad, too, would have gone out to California, or kept Annie, at least, in Virginia; he would have followed her, if need be, to the ends of the earth; but he lay asleep at Appomattox Court House, among the last of those "unreturning brave" who died for an idea.

And whether we stay South, or go East or West, the dead are never forgotten: we carry them with us.

III.

It was early in the summer of 1876, the civil war had become an old story, and a full Western train came puffing along, nearly at its destination, Philadelphia.

Extremes were meeting, *en route* to that city, every day now, — Maine and Madeira, Barbary and Japan; surely, one should not be surprised at any possible encounter or combination.

A lady and gentleman, who occupied a seat on this train together, seemed to have come a long way, from the number of their bags, umbrellas, and wraps; more than all, from their air of acclimation to the cars, which is not to be acquired in a few hours' travel. The gen-

tleman wore a linen duster; so did the lady, like the other hundreds of thousands who came to the Centennial; but in other respects there was something in their appearance which rather invited a second and a more interested glance. They were the reverse of ordinary. As he occasionally walked up and down the aisle for a change of position, his fellow-travelers thought his carriage fine and commanding; the more discerning of them decided that his shoulders must have come from West Point, and that the lines and expression of his face indicated talent and energy.

The women said to themselves, "She must feel proud of him!"

The men said, "He ought to feel proud of her!"

They had often been observed talking and making merry together, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, as though they were, for some reason or other, specially pleased with this journey. But then most persons were pleased to be on their way to the Centennial.

Just now he was absorbed in a San Francisco paper, as the letters at the head of the sheet proclaimed to the passer-by, and she was merely looking out of the window, — a mutual disregard which, if not denoting an absence of sympathy, rather suggests a superior quality of it that can dispense with effort.

Presently he folded his paper, however, and asked his companion if she were tired. "We're due in less than an hour now."

"I am a little tired, and I might be candid enough to confess more than a little nervous; for you know — no, you never will know — what it is to meet a mother-in-law for the first time. I'm all ready to like her," she hurried on, not willing that this fact should be doubted, "but is she all ready to like me?"

"Trust her a while. Can't you?"

"She may think her distinguished

son should have married somebody who was younger and prettier."

"You won't surely expect me to begin and compliment you now, if I did not to win you." He smiled over at her a little tenderly, as if quizzing her, "But I must admit that even in the leveling duster of '76 you are rather — lady-like. You see I put it mildly. Stop, — I've a word of encouragement for you from a disinterested person. When I met Williams on the train this morning, 'By George!' he broke out. 'Who's that handsome party you're traveling with?' I stopped him, prudentially. 'Take care, my good friend, I married her about three weeks ago;' and he melted, oozed away, fairly, in congratulations, leaving me with the flattering impression that he would have liked it himself."

"How funny you are, any way! Any other man would have come right in and told me this; but I notice it always takes you a good while to tell anything. Only to think of your waiting till we were actually married before you ever confessed about your giving me that, yourself!"

"Giving you what? 'Pon my word, I don't know what you mean."

"That gold in Richmond, you know."

"Oh! Are you still anxious to pay me? You may, if you choose," and he shook his head at her and laughed.

"I'm not at all troubled about paying you now; it may stand," she said, in a perfectly satisfied tone. "But at the time — Oh, Philip! I would almost rather have died."

"Yes, I saw how it was." They liked to bring back those old times, often as they must have done so before. "Channing and I used to wish we could do something to help you, — you were two pretty young creatures, especially Milly; but there was your terrible rebel dignity. And when the chance really presented itself in that unforeseen shape I thought, 'Now, Graham,

is it really that you want to help her because she needs it and your heart responds to the call of suffering womanhood, or are you only willing to do it in some way which could add to her appreciation of yourself, — in short, by letting her know all about it? Here comes the test.'"

"And your decision was on the side of pure and heavenly charity." She spoke with a low, reverential accent. She must have been "proud of him;" those women were right.

"Why not?" he went on. "I was pretty flush just then; gold was not to me what it was to you. One must do some good in the world, and I never cared to do mine among the Parsees or the Ashantees. May be I expected to send in my bill, some day, to your rich uncle Donald."

"You did n't happen to know he was rich then."

"Ah, so I did n't! I forgot. At any rate, the facts in the case were that Miss Somerville, positive damsel that she was, had mistaken her moorings; it was impossible to find anything out there. She had said she 'could n't wait,' so what else could I do? Break her little reb— excuse me, Confederate heart?"

"One thing I'm very sure of, Philip; you were n't a bit in love with me then."

"No, for the best reason in the world, I had some one else in my mind, as you had. But who would be without his disappointments? I, for one, would n't sell out at any price. In truth, Nancy, I owe you to the Indians; for when I was sent West, and met you again, it really seemed as if the coincidence of being brought together a second time without seeking it was so striking that it would be rash to neglect the goods the gods provided."

"Thank you; indeed you were kind!" she returned in an amused tone. "You thought it a pity, too, that Milly, three years younger, had gotten so far ahead

of me with her husband and two children? She always was the best looking, you know."

"Yes, Eliot is a fortunate man. I've nothing to say about Graham, for that would be personal."

"Well, I'm thankful it is so they can stay with uncle Donald," she continued more seriously, "since I am to follow the fortunes of the army. Your hair is growing decidedly gray, my dear; you will soon arrive at that happy period when you will have a right to expect posts near large cities, and soft places generally, let us hope, — though I can stand any post that you can. We are both of us getting on in life," — and her eyes were softened as that long-gone past came streaming back, — "but I do not feel that I have lost anything. Do you?"

"Well, no."

"Youth is gone forever," she added, with scarce a shade of regret for that "dead yesterday;" "but who would

take it, with all its crudeness, again? The years bring their own compensation."

The train was slackening its speed now; they might be overheard. Colonel Graham began picking up newspapers, and resumed at once the indifferent air which, under retrospective influences, he had thrown aside. A man will shield himself from the eye and ear of the world, though that world may be composed of men and women having hearts like his own.

But his wife, as she turned away, and peered through the dusty pane, was looking beyond the flat, tame landscape out there, far away into some other country.

"My happiness was, after all my grieving, only hidden like the gold," she mused, "and God brought it back to me. And Jo? It is all safely over for him. He is where he can never lose anything again, — the richest of us all."

Fanny Albert Doughty.

DEXTER'S CONGREGATIONALISM.

A VIEW of Congregationalism which is based upon its records, histories, and apologies has certain advantages and disadvantages. The intellectual vigor and independence of the polity is disclosed; that is an advantage, and one sees clearly how closely the movement is allied with the general progress of liberty of thought. The practical result in life, however, the outcome of faith and zeal, the constructive power in education and missions, — these are not disclosed, and that is a disadvantage. One closes this ponderous work of Dr. Dex-

ter's¹ almost with a belief that the Congregationalism which he has been developing from its literature is a wrangle of sectaries over things indifferent, — a shutting up of religious life within certain narrow limits, and then an unending conflict of words about the definition of those limits. Dr. Dexter has added an appendix, which he modestly offers as a contribution toward a full bibliography of Congregationalism, containing over seven thousand titles of books, tracts, sermons, broadsides, and the like; and it is not altogether surprising if the super-Seminary at Andover, Mass., 1876-1879. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By HENRY MARTIN DEXTER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

¹ *The Congregationalism of the last Three Hundred Years, as seen in its Literature.* With Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. In twelve lectures, delivered on the Southworth foundation in the Theological

ficial reader judges that the religious movement known under this name is an intellectual variation of Protestantism rather than an organic part.

The lectures which make up Dr. Dexter's volume were delivered before a professional audience, and in recasting them for publication it does not seem that the author has had any purpose to popularize them; on the contrary, he has fortified every point taken with explicit foot-notes, and the work bears on its face the look of learning. Nevertheless, the general reader of history will have no difficulty in discovering the importance and interest of the book for him. The subject is held to closely, and illustrated by pertinent facts and writings. A preliminary lecture discusses the religious condition of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, with a view to show the need of a reformation. It may be hinted that here as elsewhere Dr. Dexter assumes too readily the exclusively reformatory function of Congregationalism, and ignores — as perhaps his subject compels him — other influences at work in the kingdom. He finds the first considerable prophet of the new order in Robert Browne, and seeks to rescue his fame from the somewhat unsavory condition it had acquired; he then reviews the Martin Marprelate controversy, and makes good his claim for the earnestness and substantial ability of the Marprelate tracts; he gives his reasons for believing that Barrowe was the author, and under the title of *The Martyrs of Congregationalism* makes out the story of Barrowe, Penry, and others; he follows the first separatists to Amsterdam, and exposes their weakness with an unhesitating hand when he gives page after page to the ignoble controversy of the Johnsons; the struggle of the early church there in the dreary days before John Robinson appeared are recited; and at length, in the lecture on John Robinson and Leyden Congregational-

ism, he reaches a point where his history attains some degree of dignity and general interest. The reader who bears in mind the historic progress of England will notice that the access of strength and virtue to Congregationalism was concurrent with the rise of Puritanism within the church; and as he follows Dr. Dexter in his studies to this continent, viewing the planting at Plymouth and the Puritan migration to Massachusetts Bay, he will see in the resultant Congregationalism conditions and movements which are to be referred to great political as well as religious ideas. The closing lectures treat of the course of Congregationalism here, ecclesiastical councils, the contemporaneous fortunes of the polity in England, and finally of the general principles discovered from the historic survey.

We have to thank Dr. Dexter for furnishing us with so thorough an exposition of an ecclesiastical movement which is identified with our own early history, is of great importance in any clear conception of the progress of liberty, and is to-day an active element in the determination of religious history. We may think him sometimes too disposed to mistake cause and effect, and to refer to an ecclesiastical polity what is due rather to an advance in knowledge and thought within all the bounds of Protestantism, but we cannot accuse him of concealing the history of his church. Its littleness as well as its greatness is impartially, if not always wittingly, displayed, and if one were disposed to be a merely captious critic of this way of religion, he would find himself abundantly supplied with weapons of offense. The exclusive spirit of Congregationalism, by which it perpetually seeks to set itself in judgment on the world and its own members, is again and again illustrated in this history. The logical issue is presented so boldly that Dr. Dexter himself pronounces judgment upon it, as when, in a foot-note, on

page 293, to the statement that several officers and members of the church at Amsterdam waited upon George Johnson to know if he purposed to receive the sacrament on the following Sunday, saying that many would not partake if he did, he remarks, "Thus early the illogical and silly notion that a believer, in communing with his Lord and with the church, in some way indorses the conduct of any to his thought unworthily partaking with him shows itself within the congregational body." Yet why illogical? Is such a proceeding anything more than pushing to an extreme the original dissent from the Church of England? Edward Winslow, an unimpeachable witness, in his *Hypocrisis Unmasked*, as quoted by Dr. Dexter, page 406, thus defends John Robinson:—

"T is true, I confess, he was more rigid in his course and way at first, than towards his latter end; for his study was peace and union so far as might agree with faith and a good conscience and for schism and division, there was nothing in the world more hateful to him: But for the government of the Church of England, as it was in the Episcopall way, the Liturgy and stinted prayers of the Church then; yea, the constitution of it as Nationall, and so consequently the corrupt communion of the unworthy with the worthy receivers of the Lord's Supper, these things were never approved of him, but witnessed against to his death, and are by the church over which he was to this day."

Robinson allowed in his day, as Dexter allows in ours, that the Church of England contained many godly people with whom he could commune; yet these people then as now succeeded in maintaining a good conscience without separating themselves from those who showed darker against the sky. Protest there must be against corruption in any church that has life, and it may happen that the

protest must take the form of separation; but it would be a hasty judgment which referred the vitality, for example, of the Church of England only to the successive separative protests of Congregationalism and Methodism, powerful as these have been. The logical result of Congregationalism is in individual separatism, but there is always a conservative force in great bodies which refuses to permit extreme logic. The logical result of Anglicanism, if we may believe Dr. Dexter's hints, is a return to Romanism, but neither Congregationalism nor Anglicanism accommodate our logic by running to the end of the rope.

It is in just this working aspect of an ecclesiastical system that we are bound to look for its practical value, and Congregationalism in America had exceptional advantages at the start. It withdrew from England a body of men who, in putting their theories to the test, brought character, resolution, brain, and sinew; they grew strong in subduing the wilderness, moreover, and the real trial of their system came later, when the form had hardened and threatened to inclose the spiritual substance. The honor and glory of Congregationalism in the early life of New England were in the infusion of religious power into the state; to-day, the most signal proof of its vitality must be looked for in education and missions. Dr. Dexter's title-page reminds us that three centuries have passed since its historic genesis; within that time it has accumulated traditions and a policy, but one may take leave to doubt whether it has demonstrated its comprehensiveness as an organism. Certainly, if we measure the organic growth of Congregationalism with that of the nation in which it has had fullest scope, we do not see an equal progress. In the one case, there is constant temptation to ignore the past, for the historic life of Congregationalism has not been very cumulative; in the other case, there has been a development of

form toward the more conclusive and comprehensive. Simplicity of form has its attractions; but if the life held in it is rich and strong, the form itself will obey the law of growth and make room for the expanding spirit. Man as a religious being can no more afford to sever himself from historic development than can man as a political being, and one of the interesting phases of modern Congregationalism is the struggle constantly going on to check tendencies toward development. Owing to the inorganic character of the body, individual members have little difficulty in slipping away from it and connecting themselves with orders of greater continuity; but the conciliatory manifestoes only reassert the old formulas, and deny the possibility of any further step. Dr. Dexter ingeniously and probably with reason explains Robinson's famous saying that there is more light yet to break forth from God's word as limited entirely to organization, but it is pretty clear from his own book that, however he might agree with Robinson as to the incom-

pleteness of the Congregational system at that date, he would be quite as ready to regard the full light to have been now attained in the matter of church government as Robinson himself was in the matter of church doctrine.

We commend this very interesting book to all who would study the workings of a vigorous ecclesiastical protest. They will find the writer to be no apologist for his creed, but confident in its entire superiority; and this confidence, as we have hinted, leads him to write unreservedly, where others might prudently veil the truth. One little irritation we have suffered, and that is from the ugly use of the word *fellowship* and even *disfellowship* as verbs. We have read over and over again this sentence, with a dim notion of its meaning, but with increasing sense of its deformity: "Councils called thus to fellowship the termination of the pastoral relation have not infrequently," etc. The book has been very carefully printed, and the author evidently has taken the utmost pains to secure accuracy.

RECENT VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES.

AMERICAN current literature is well off in the department of short stories. In England the ablest periodical-writing is exhibited in the handling of more or less serious subjects, political, social, or literary. For lighter entertainment, for pictures of life and character or ingenuities of construction, English writers provide and English readers naturally turn to the novel. The literary possibilities of the short story are hence a little overlooked. The occasional ones put forth by well-known novelists are rather apt to read like condensations or sections of longer works. A larger mass of story literature there is, flimsy in quality, and

obviously designed merely for idle half-hours; but of good average work ranging between these two classes there is singularly little. The reason for this may lie partly in the lack of demand, novels being made so easily accessible through the circulating libraries as to make the want of lighter magazine writing less felt; but it must also be explained by the idiosyncrasies of the national genius. English fiction has never sought brevity or compression of form; it is analytic and thorough, requiring ample room for the adjustment of its *mise en scène*. American fiction, on the other hand, has cast some of its best

treasures in small moulds, from Hawthorne's classic statuettes to Bret Harte's dramatic and boldly hewn Western shapes and Mr. James's exquisitely finished studies and *jeux d'esprit*. The space devoted annually in our magazines to short stories is a generous one, and the number of writers constantly or occasionally engaged in their production very considerable. Looking, moreover, not only at the large body of workers, but at the actual value of the work itself, we are inclined to think that there is greater literary capacity, keener observation, and a finer sense of form displayed in this than in any other branch of our periodical literature. With us the magazine story has been constrained to fill, in a measure, the part of the novel in holding the mirror up to nature. The mirror is a small one, but, according to Bayard Taylor, our society is too scattered and heterogeneous ever to be reflected as a whole; in which case we have cause to be grateful for the many partial but clear images which are given us; for the bright little sketches of local life and character jotted down by writers who at least draw from nature, and who sometimes seem to lack only the strength or the technical knowledge for more sustained work. Few of us realize how largely we are indebted to novels for our knowledge of facts, and still less, perhaps, do we recognize how far our ideas in regard to unfamiliar portions of our own country are gleaned from mere occasional sketches and stories, or how complete a picture these would make if pieced together. Bret Harte has been followed westward by other pioneers, of whom two or three have caught something of his fire. Mrs. Stowe set in motion the ball of New England village tales, to which Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke and other bright character writers have given a new impetus. Among the many amateurs thrown into the

arms of literature by the South's misfortunes there have been a few, at least, able to turn the negro into literary capital, and delineate his idiosyncrasies and oddities in a fresh, graphic way. A certain diversity of literary form runs nearly parallel with this variety of scene, so that the writers we have cited may almost be said to have founded different schools. That of the West adopted, under its brilliant leader, a form at once highly artistic and admirably fitted to its class of subjects, while New England has generally had its stories told in a more analytic manner, often preferring to clothe them in the quiet garb of the essay.

Examples both of the Eastern and Western story are now lying before us in Mr. Scudder's collection of essay-like romances¹ and the slender volume of Adirondack tales put forth by Mr. Deming.² Geographically, the Adirondacks are at no great distance from the Atlantic, but for literary purposes they are very far west indeed, and Mr. Deming's style and method show him to be distinctly related to that group of writers who have their head-quarters beyond the Rocky Mountains. His subjects, chosen from a common, even rude life, are poetic and pitched in a low key, consisting mostly of some bit of elemental pathos simply and suggestively rendered. The most original and striking feature of Mr. Deming's work is his adherence to pure narrative, and the strong, often dramatic effects gained by discarding entirely the dramatic form. We recall no other writer who has attempted to express so much in this way. The story is told almost without aid from the characters, who unburden themselves mainly through the medium of the author, in the *oratio obliqua*. Sometimes they are not allowed to speak at all. Lida Ann, the subject of a very true and tender sketch, does not utter a word while her sad little life

¹ *Stories and Romances*. By H. E. SCUDDER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

² *Adirondack Stories*. By P. DEMING. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

history is unfolded. The reader is not called upon to be present at the scene, but merely to listen to a relation of what has taken place; yet such is the truth and vigor of Mr. Deming's narrative that we are transported thither despite the prohibition, and only afterwards begin to wonder how characters whose speech we have not heard, whose actions are by no means elaborately dwelt upon, have been made so real and vivid to us. Mr. Deming possesses the art of turning at once to the most effective point of his story and setting it in a strong light. He writes in a repressed trenchant style, so weeded of redundancies that the few words which remain seem doubly charged with meaning. This power of suggestion and repression is among the most precious qualities in the construction of *petits romans*. By the few masters of the art it has been used with instructive, direct force. Mr. Deming shows here and there the effort of study. His workmanship strikes us as too finished for the breadth of his plan; the words too carefully selected, the simplicity a trifle conscious. Adjective hunting is a diversion of the cabinet; in large out-door subjects, however successfully pursued, it is too apt to imperil the freedom and sincerity of the work.

It is not often that a book made up of fragmentary publications exhibits such unity as we find in these Adirondack stories. Not only is the scene the same throughout, but a certain steadfastness of literary purpose is everywhere apparent. There is no unevenness, or shifting of styles; the aim raised in the beginning is pursued to the end. It is a book which distinctly gains in value by being read as a whole. It is only in that way that its full significance as a picture of an out-of-the-way life can be measured. Each sketch is the story of a single character or incident; the whole book is the history of a community. The entire action takes place within "the neighborhood," a term including, appar-

ently, about twenty miles of Adirondack forest, and the individual most carefully studied is the public sentiment of this district. Every event is viewed not alone by itself, but in reference to how the world, that is the knot of men at a country store, regard it; and Mr. Deming has learned the inconsistencies, the harsh cruelty and warm, capricious kindness, of this omnipotent jury, as he has noted the shifting aspects of the Adirondack scenery, which forms a variant frame-work for his dramas. His landscape is caught by a few instantaneous strokes, and is set before us full of moisture, atmosphere, and movement.

Mr. Scudder unfolds his treasure in a more leisurely and discursive manner. His romances have a pleasantly individual flavor, ruminant and dryly humorous; they are written from a sort of informal mental attitude, corresponding in a way to the external one of carrying one's hands comfortably incased in dressing-gown pockets. Mr. Scudder's imagination is delicate rather than powerful; it is full of quaint fancies, but has no impetuosity or glow. His style, while perfectly clear, is nearly colorless, and save for a grotesque image which occasionally juts out into the page is as smooth as glass. In choice of subjects Mr. Scudder is somewhat of an antiquarian, dropping the character, however, before it is carried to its logical sequence, — a bore. His favorite ground is among surviving morsels of old Salem and Cambridge architecture and odd, antiquated personages. There is one type in especial which appears to exercise a strong fascination over his pen. He recurs to it again and again, as if unable to resist its attraction; viewing it on all sides and under different lights, and devoting to its elucidation his most careful analysis. It is a Hawthornish type, — bloodless and silent and shy; clinging to sables as its natural raiment; with sympathies latent, or balked by an inherent incapacity for human inter-

course, — a mind with few inlets and no outlet. The type has not died out in New England, nor is it rare here; rather, it is difficult of approach. This aloofness and silence render it more susceptible of romantic than realistic treatment, and may possibly have suggested to Mr. Scudder the idea of a living phantom which he has used in his first story, — to our mind the most happily conceived of the collection. Left Over from the Last Century is the story of a youth who devotes his entire existence to spelling out the nearly obliterated traces of his great-grandfather, flinging himself into the work with such abandon as half consciously to reproduce in his own person, amid nineteenth-century surroundings, the traits and thought of his ancestor in the eighteenth. The parallel is of course made to extend throughout his career. Antipas Wigglesworth (the name is part of the burden laid on him by descent), confronted by a similar situation, is forced, in spite of himself, to repeat the mistake made by his prototype in the old love story which he already knows through letters, and of which the heroine was the great-grandmother of the girl he loves. To espouse a gentleman mentally a century old would be such a *triste* fate for a young girl that we cannot regret that Miss Molly Wyeth escapes it. It would be like marrying the demon lover of the old ballads. The ghostly *motif* of Wigglesworth's character is so well carried out that we can almost see a blue light following the angularities of his figure, and the blue cloak in which he is wrapped becomes a cloud of blue "illusion" such as envelops the stage ghost. Mr. Scudder has brought out the grotesqueness of this situation without entering too far into its dark or pathetic aspect, and the story, which is narrated by one of its characters, a humorous husband and father such as Mr. Black affects, is as pleasant to read as it is ingenious.

Antipas Wigglesworth enters the Shaker community, which is the nearest Yankee equivalent for becoming a Trappist monk, and dies among the brethren. We cannot help fancying that he comes to life again in the hero of the following story, another strange being with Shaker affinities; and we detect something of his nervous fibre, later in the book, hardened into the substance of a Salem Scrooge. Each of these studies is good in its way. Accidentally Overheard, a more pretentious effort at ingenuity, demonstrates clearly enough that Mr. Aldrich's patent on the surprise story is in no danger from Mr. Scudder's work in this *genre*. It is mechanical without being really ingenious, and lacks the humor of his romances. A couple of sermons in stories are also of inferior execution, and both in title and contents unpleasantly suggestive of the ubiquitous tract. Mr. Scudder redeems himself, however, at the close of the book, in an amusing representation of the trial of a man who wrote one of the No Name novels.

The feat performed by Mr. Scudder's hero in going back a century is one but rarely accomplished in actual life, the unwritten law which ties minds down to their own time being only less absolute than that which holds bodies to the sphere. The visitation of Centennial stories which we underwent four or five years ago left an impression of *ennui* and desolation which lingers even yet. Among all the squires and dames of "ye olden time" with whom we were constrained to feast in those weary days of tea-drinking, how many were aught but powdered barber's blocks? Magnificently accurate in apparel they were, but the eyes refused to sparkle and the wit was congealed. We find a few remains of those banquets before us today in a story of the Boston siege by Mr. Scudder, and a pretty eighteenth-century miniature among Miss Perry's dressy portraits. Dr. Mitchell also beck-

ons us backward, into that superstately, gracious, and exclusive antiquity, — old Philadelphia. Members of the society of Friends in that city are said to have taken grievous exception to the manner in which they — or their predecessors, rather — are represented in *Hephzibah Guinness and Thee and You*.¹ We do not feel competent, despite Centennial training, to enter into the historical merits of the case, but it is evidently not according to receipts furnished by the society that Dr. Mitchell has succeeded in extracting so much grace and color out of such gray material. *Hephzibah Guinness* is in length and plan a novelette rather than a short story. The grouping of characters is singularly French; hence of course effective. The heroine of thirty and the *ingénue* act as foils to each other, their beauty, of different types, being relieved against the rigid drab figure of *Hephzibah*. Three men, an airy French abbé, a stately Quaker of the old school, and a *jeune premier*, complete the cast of the comedy. The characters are all well drawn: notably those of *Hephzibah*, a strict, self-sufficing sectarian, who, even when disturbed by remorse for an unworthy act, serenely declares herself to be always right; and her opposite, Elizabeth Howard, the laughing, *déagée* woman of the world.

Miss Perry has won an enviable popularity as the poetess of girlhood in its hours of crimping-pins and confidence. Her dainty prose volume² has also a good deal to say of these mysteries. Its pages are musical with the *frou-frou* of pretty gowns and the various ripples, ringings, and cadences of girlish laugh-

ter. The girls of this rosebud garden are all bright, pretty, and withal natural enough; a trifle light-headed, perhaps, but, as novels say, "not the least little bit fast," and with large hearts packed away in their slim forms. They are all distinctly and plainly girls. The men, on the other hand, are not men at all, though they do plunge their hands in their pockets and vent a little hard slang now and then, to give force to their boneless conversation. It seems to us that both sexes have reason to complain of this one-sided arrangement. To have *Romeo* depicted without muscle can be agreeable to neither. In other respects, also, the author presumes a little too much upon the *naïveté* of her readers. She has the faculty of constructing a story and telling it in a vivacious way, yet she will put us off with worn and flimsy expedients, such as accidental resemblances, coincidences in dreaming, and other make-shifts, which even the eyes of sixteen are sufficiently trained to see through, nowadays. The tragedy which gives its ponderous title to an airy book can hardly be unexpected to the reader, if experience in novel-reading have at all sharpened his guessing faculties. We believe we are following the authorities of the *cuisine* in asserting that the harder the exercise of hand and wrist the lighter the *soufflée*. The delicacy of Miss Perry's pen would not have been impaired by a closer attention to points such as we have mentioned, nor would a less slippery grammar than she has chosen to employ have fettered her vivacity. But poets are allowed a long tether in matters grammatical.

¹ *Hephzibah Guinness; Thee and You; and A Draft on the Bank of Spain*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

² *The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories*. By NORA PERRY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

THE SPELL-BOUND FIDDLER.

KRISTOFER JANSON, who has recently visited the United States, and possibly will make his home among us, is one of the four Norwegian poets who enjoy a sort of official recognition from the government, being the recipient of a regular "poet's salary" of about six hundred dollars. The others are Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, Henrik Ibsen, and Jonas Lie. Mr. Janson first became prominent in Norway as the advocate of a linguistic revolution aiming at the substitution of the peasant dialect for the Danish language, which is now the vernacular among cultivated people; and in all his tales, romances, dramas, and poems he has endeavored to demonstrate the fitness of this somewhat heterogeneous tongue (constructed by judicious selection from various dialects) to take the place in speech and writing of the imported Danish.¹ The cordiality with which his first book, *Fraa Bygdom* (From the Parishes), was received was undoubtedly due to the power and freshness of the two tales it contained, rather than to any sympathy on the part of the public with the linguistic innovation; while the very moderate success of his later works is due not to their lack of merit, but to the impatience of the public with the dialect and their unwillingness to read it. It is very unfortunate for a man in Mr. Janson's position to be obliged to depend upon the classes of society with which he is really at war. For it is the people of culture who buy and read books, and whose judgment asserts itself through the press and thus influences the market. The peasants, whose life and emotions Mr. Janson portrays and whose language he speaks, have as yet not reached the stage

of development required for the enjoyment of good literature. The wretched prints which circulate among them, descriptive of the deeds of the master thieves Ole Høiland and Gjest Baardsen, correspond exactly to the dime novels and story papers which have their vogue among people of crude and youthful taste on this side of the ocean. Mr. Janson must have been painfully conscious of the hopelessness of appealing to such a public; but instead of abandoning his innovation, which with him was founded upon a deep conviction, he took a truly heroic step. He undertook to educate his public. He established a school for peasant lads and girls, and offered them for a merely nominal sum instruction which would dignify their lives and raise their standard of taste, without unfitting them for the manual toil which was inseparable from their position as tillers of the soil. It was a school on a severely democratic principle; the pupils and teachers lived in the same houses, and to a certain extent formed one family. The teaching was not confined to classrooms, but was continued by lectures and conversations in the Socratic method, whenever the opportunity seemed favorable.

Mr. Janson and his friend, Kristofer Bruun, invested nearly all they possessed in this laudable and unremunerative enterprise; others followed their example, and soon a number of "People's High Schools" were established on similar principles in all the more populous districts of Norway. Educational establishments of a similar scope and character had, however, existed for several years in Denmark, and the system had, if we remember rightly, been introduced

¹ The merits of this controversy were discussed in the *North American Review* for October, 1872, where a sketch of Janson's life and literary activ-

ity will also be found. His poem, *Sigmund Bresteson*, was noticed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxx. pp. 497, 498.

into Norway by Mr. O. Arvesen of Sagatun.

Pecuniarily, of course, these enterprises were rarely successful; the men who conducted them, on account of the novelty of their convictions, were suspected of republican and revolutionary designs, and the government, after much deliberation, resolved to put a check to their activity. It was, indeed, a master stroke on the part of the conservatives who represented the government policy in the Norwegian Storting when, instead of persecuting the obnoxious educators, they entered into competition with them in their benevolent work, establishing county schools for peasant lads and girls, and offering apparently the same instruction without even a nominal return. It is superfluous to add, however, that the tendency of the teaching in these official schools was and is widely different from that of the People's High Schools. But the peasants were unable to discriminate; in the great majority of cases they regarded merely the cost and not the quality of the instruction, and they deserted to their enemy. Mr. Janson thus finds himself, in middle life, forced to abandon his cherished undertaking, but has, we are told, resolved to continue his work as a teacher and writer among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic.

The Spell-Bound Fiddler,¹ which is not, in our opinion, Mr. Janson's best work, presents vividly some of the most peculiar phases of Norse folk life. The hero belongs to one of those families (which are found in almost every Norwegian parish) in which musical genius is hereditary. The model whom the author had in view was obviously the once famous Miller Boy, whom the late Ole Bull, with the noblest intentions, dragged out of his rural obscurity and presented to wondering audiences in the

principal cities of the kingdom. His music, which was unlike anything that had ever been heard in a concert hall before or since, created a furor of enthusiasm, and was supposed to herald the awakening of a new national school of music. It is almost impossible, in describing it, to convey the remotest idea of its weird and haunting fascination. It consisted, to the superficial and unprofessional ear, of a simple theme wildly varied with fantastic trills and grace notes in falsetto, a perpetual rumbling on the bass string, and occasional fingering of four small metallic strings situated under the four principal ones. The effect was very singular, and would have been utterly incomprehensible to any one but a born Norseman; but he who had heard the wildly melodious folk songs crooned over him as a babe, who had listened to the cataracts and the whispering rush of the wind through the pine tops, and was conscious of a sympathetic chord being stirred within him at the sight of the red-painted little farm-houses climbing the steep hill-sides, — he would not fail to detect in the Miller Boy's tempestuous improvisations an absolutely new note, and a genuine one, caught from Nature's own breast. A few imperfect attempts have been made to render the weird, unearthly quality of this music in a regular composition, and to imprison it in written, definable notes. Thus Tellefsen's Hulder's March gives a faint idea of the Miller Boy's strains, and in a beautiful collection of Norse, Swedish, and Danish ballads, with the melodies added, which was published some thirty or forty years ago, there was a wealth of unhackneyed musical themes which, as we can affirm from actual knowledge, has already enriched by fertile suggestions the musical literature of Germany. In Kjerulf's melodies to Björnson's

¹ *The Spell-Bound Fiddler. A Norse Romance.* By KRISTOFER JANSON. Translated from the original by AUBER FORESTIER, author of *Echoes*

from North-Land, etc. With an Introduction by RASMUS B. ANDERSEN. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1880.

songs, and in Edward Greg's varied compositions, the true national ring is also recognizable, though here in a more conventional garb, and sobered, as it were, by polite society and other civilizing influences. And Ole Bull himself, who was the chief interpreter of Norwegian music, owed undoubtedly, in some measure, the suddenness of his fame to the newness of the Norse element in his strains. This, too, will perhaps account for the decline of his popularity in later years, outside of his own land and Italy. The strain was no longer new, and though its charm was yet felt, the trained connoisseur could not define it, and therefore rebelled against it. His music, as that of his people, was not one of great thoughts, but of subtle sensuous impressions, which are no less poetic because they defy definition and appeal to a deeper stratum of the being than that of the intellect.

Ole Bull figures in Mr. Janson's tale in exactly the *rôle* which he assumed towards the Miller Boy, although, to guard his hero against the sordid fate which overtook the Telemark fiddler after his return from the capital, the author makes him go astray on the mountain in a fog, and thus prevents him from reaping the benefit of Ole Bull's offer.

In the introduction, too, by Professor R. B. Andersen, many interesting incidents from the life of the artist are related, so that until an authorized biography is published the present volume may be accepted as a satisfactory sketch of his career.

The tale in itself will probably interest transatlantic readers merely as a picture of a singularly fresh and primitive civilization. It is quite destitute of literary graces in the translation, even more so than in the original. The absence of dramatic incidents is the rule rather than the exception in Norse literature. Life in Norway is externally monotonous, and the poets represent it

as it is. On the other hand they concentrate their energy on the inner soul-life of their characters, and often produce psychological studies of rare excellence. Thus in Jonas Lie's *The Man of Second Sight*, in spite of the commonplaceness of the incidents, one is thrilled with interest in the hero's fate. If Mr. Janson in *The Spell-Bound Fiddler* fails to arouse this interest to the same extent, it is apparently his creed that is at fault rather than his imagination; for in the tale *Liv*, in *From the Parishes*, he displayed a depth of insight and an intensity of thought which left upon the reader the impression of rare dramatic power. Since then he has become steadily more didactic; he writes very much as he would speak, and with a view to instruct. A moral is always lurking somewhere, even if ever so charmingly disguised. He keeps his Norse peasant before his mind's eye, and while describing his struggles and temptations, his victories and defeats, which have a common human value apart from the audience to which they are addressed, he takes pains to inculcate some wholesome lesson, which will do good if it reaches its destination, but which seems gratuitous when presented to a public which is in no danger of adopting a too lugubrious philosophy of life.

The literary style of the modern Norwegian authors, and of Janson among them, is consciously or unconsciously modeled after the Sagas, and is so direct and simple as almost to convey the impression that it is addressed to the intelligence of very young readers. Take, for instance, the following passage from the opening chapter of *The Spell-Bound Fiddler*:—

"He whom I am going to tell about here came from one of these musical families. His name was Torgeir. His father was named Jon, and was one of the best fiddlers in the parish, but he never went beyond the parish limits

with his fiddle. He was always on hand to play at feasts and dancing parties, when he was asked to do so, but otherwise he stayed about his own little place," etc.

This is the way a man would naturally talk to a child as a person of undeveloped intelligence, and the fact that the Sagas are written in this style merely argues (what is self-evident) that the Norsemen in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were a rude and powerful race, with strong fists and rudi-

mentary intellects. Moreover, the prose Sagas are mostly the written records of oral tradition, and the colloquial style is thus doubly accounted for. But whether this style is worthy of imitation in an age which has long outgrown it may well be questioned. If it is the true and spontaneous expression of Mr. Jansson's own individuality, and not a manner consciously adopted for didactic purposes, then of course it is perfectly legitimate, and the critic has only to judge of its merits.

LEX DEUX MASQUES OF SAINT-VICTOR.¹

It may be said that there is no literary form which is so strongly impressed by the characteristics of the different countries in which it has received attention as the drama. The aim of every writer of plays has been to hold the mirror up to nature; but just what nature is has been decided by them in as many various ways as has been done by painters who have sat down before a model or a landscape, and have put on canvas what they saw. The national life has expressed itself on the stage, and frequently in a way that has been obscure to the people of other countries. To take illustrations from modern times, we may point out the striking differences between the French, Spanish, and English dramas, and the very limited sympathy that we English-speaking people have for the plays of our neighbors, or they for ours. Inasmuch, however, as the dramatic literature of the world is nearly, if not quite, the most important manifestation of the mind of men, nothing so much excites and repays study as the drama, and we cannot be too grateful for a book that helps us in this task.

M. de Saint-Victor, a busy and accomplished writer, whose merits one might fear would never receive any other recognition than that of his contemporaries, because he writes mainly for the papers and seldom publishes a book, has now in hand a series of volumes that cannot fail to make a lasting impression on students of literature. It is his intention to write six volumes on the drama. The first volume, which has alone appeared, treats of Æschylus; the second is to be about Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, with an appendix on Calidasa, the author of the *Sakuntala*; then will follow two volumes on Shakespeare; while the last two are to be on the French drama from the earliest days down to the time of Beaumarchais.

Certainly, the subject Saint-Victor has chosen is an attractive one, and, judging from the volume before us, it will be treated as it deserves. This is high praise, but it is no more than the book merits; for it would be hard to find another writer who has so vividly brought Æschylus before us, so vividly explained the peculiarities of the Greek stage, and

¹ *Les Deux Masques. Tragédie — Comédie.* Par PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR. Première Série. Les

Antiques. 1. *Eschyle.* Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

in every way facilitated our comprehension of the masterpieces of the Greek dramatic literature. The man who does this should have our lasting gratitude. The Greek plays are, in parts at least, so hard that only an accomplished scholar can read them without a translation by his side, and most of the English translations give us the merest dry bones of the author, without a ray of the poetical feeling that is lost in harsh inversions, awkward literal renderings, and crabbed constructions that rival in difficulty the original Greek. What can be said, for instance, in praise of these lines from Browning's translation of the Agamemnon? —

CHOROS.

"O much unhappy, but, again, much learned
Woman, long hast thou outstretched! But if truly
Thou knowest thine own fate, how comes that, like
to

A god-led steer, to altar bold thou treadest?

KASSANDRA.

"There's no avoidance, — strangers, no! Some
time more!

CHOROS.

"He last is, anyhow, by time advantaged.

KASSANDRA.

"It comes, the day: I shall by flight gain little,"
etc.

This passage is chosen at random, and it is certainly better than the literal prose versions. Plumptre's renderings are less baffling, but they leave the reader wondering and cold.

In contrast, one might almost say that, except in the mouths of foreigners, there is no such thing as bad French, and one may certainly say that Saint-Victor never wrote a page of French that was not full of life and eloquence. Lamartine was not unamiable when he said that he always wore blue spectacles when he read Saint-Victor; he only described picturesquely a most striking quality of that author's style; yet here — and we would be far from making any implication against the rest of his work — the style most admirably suits the subject.

Saint-Victor begins with an account
VOL. XLVII. — NO. 280.

19

of the origin of the Greek theatre, followed by a life of Æschylus. Then there comes a most vivid description of the wars between Greece and Persia, which serves to show the importance to us of that struggle between the East and the West, as well as the mighty influence it had in the development of Athens. This is a more or less familiar story, but it is told over again here in a way that is nothing less than thrilling. It serves, too, not only as a general introduction to a picture of the Athens of that time, but also as a special preparation for understanding Æschylus's Persians, which receive full comment. Saint-Victor's plan is to give what information is necessary before describing the play, and then to make copious extracts, in the French, of course, with pages of illustration and exposition. It would be hard to speak too highly of the skill, the thoroughness, the poetical sympathy, with which the remote poet is brought before us. The book is a masterpiece of literary skill. Its eloquence is most inspiring; and it is not the perfervid, somewhat artificial fire of some of the modern English writers, but the genuine expression of intense enthusiasm.

The subject is an inspiring one. When we reflect how much of what was plain to the Greeks is dim to us, that the language is to most readers anything but a transparent medium for the thought, that the religious significance of the myths is something we cannot fully comprehend, it is easy for us to acknowledge the wonderful excellence of, say, the Agamemnon, which no one can read, even in a translation, without feeling its tragic force. It seems to have been written by fate itself.

To the student Saint-Victor's book will be of invaluable service. Too often, histories of Greek literature are as arid as catalogues of irregular Greek verbs, but this volume is so animated, so clear, that he must hate letters who is not carried away by the author's enthusiasm.

If the scholars who are lost in the mazes of Greek constructions and the incomprehensible allusions of the plays will read what Saint-Victor has to say, they will see that the Greek literature is not a mere storehouse of grammatical puzzles and recondite points that demand protracted investigation, but that it contains some of the highest flights of human thought. Every year students are graduated from college with no comprehension of the marvelous beauty of the lit-

erature of Greece, yet this knowledge is in no way inconsistent with exact scholarship. But books like Saint-Victor's fill just this gap, and, moreover, they are of just as much service to those who cannot read a line of Greek. Every person who loves what is best in letters will find in this volume not only instruction, but rare intellectual pleasure. It is made plain what people mean when they praise Greek literature. Its beauty is not merely affirmed; it is shown.

MR. TILTON'S PICTURES.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the pictures of Mr. J. Rollin Tilton, which have recently been on exhibition in Boston, because an American artist who lives many years in Rome, as he has done, is sequestered from the prevailing influences of modern schools, and has an opportunity to work upon lines of his own, unless overpowered by the old masters. Whether this be altogether an advantage is open to question, since much of the vital force of art springs from contemporary sympathies on the part of artists. But Mr. Tilton has, at any rate, been able to put in practice quite independently certain theories as to the greater relative value of color, and has followed consistently an aim of presenting historic landscapes from the Old World in an austere imaginative way, treating them under general aspects, and often with a rigid exclusion of the picturesqueness which it is usual to throw around such subjects. In a word, his tendency is classic rather than romantic; and yet not in the direction of form, but rather in that of large, simple, and somewhat severe impressions from the color-chords presented by a scene. The view of Rome from the Aventine, which has been much dis-

cussed, necessarily involves much architectural form and the lines of many bridges, but these things Mr. Tilton does not grapple with very successfully, and they give his picture an effect of harshness and crudity, redeemed, however, by the delicate coloring of the clear sunset sky behind St. Peter's. The Temple of Minerva in Ægina is a work which does the artist far more justice. The brown glaze, which obscures so much of the Rome while adding a degree of tone to it, is here replaced by the soft gray of the ruined columns, which stand out finely from a surface of visionary color, yet blend with it, too. Behind are the dim blue-green sea and pale violet mountains, with fine transitions in the sky, the clouds of which on the left are irradiated by light touches of whitish-yellow. Mr. Tilton's skies, by the way, in his oil-pieces are nearly all of so pale a blue as to appear almost gray; a wise measure, by which a basis is secured for subtle harmonies of tints. In his Tivoli there is a delicate and dreamy combination of grays and dull greens and citrons with this faint sky above an open horizon, leading the eye into soft distances. A large picture of Granada and the Alhambra, with its sweeps of red-

dish orange hue and the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada beyond the Alhambra walls and towers, is warmer and more decorative. So, too, the artist has seized a fine occasion for brilliant coloring in his large composition of Venetian fishing-boats off Torcello, illuminated by the setting sun, while the moon, not yet invested with full radiance, stands white and cold in the sky behind. Here, the liquid look of the sea is excellently rendered, and through a slight curve in the horizon line a consistency and balance are imparted to a subject which might otherwise appear deficient in unity. What distinguishes Mr. Tilton's landscapes from others, perhaps more than anything else, is the way in which he places before us the actuality of the scene, without isolation or adornment. Granada is shown just as it lies nestling upon the hills, and Cairo is depicted in a wide expanse which gives us at once a vision of its exact appearance, and conveys a new sense of its situation in a great stretch of bare Egyptian landscape veiled in soft colors and shadowed by a twilight of dim antiquity.

Among the smaller pictures in oil, that of Ronda, Spain, is simply a study of the graded hues of ruddy earth and gray-green olive-trees, with little attention given to structure; and we are inclined to value most the Torre del Schiave, on the Campagna, which is distinctly drawn, and has had infused into it an impressive sense of solemnity and lonely memories. Mr. Tilton's water-colors, of which more than a hundred were exhibited by the side of the score of oils, disclose a greater variety than these, and, it seems to us, carry a greater share of suggestiveness and of actual beauty. They certainly are executed with more technical ability than the large paintings. Perhaps never before have so many charming vistas into the loveliness of Venetian and other Italian scenes, of Egyptian, Spanish, and Swiss neighborhoods, been brought together at one

time, by one artist, in Boston. In all these, naturally, the painter's chosen methods and instinctive preferences for particular chords produce a prevailing individuality; but at the same time the responsiveness which they reveal to varying conditions of climate and locality is remarkable. Mr. Tilton has contributed something of novel worth in his studies of Venice. What a contrast between the hard and uninspiring muddied hues of Canaletto, for instance, and the clear, intense, liquid green of the water in these studies, the rosy shadows, the softened and changeable whites, the broken tints of chrysoprase, or the warm red and carmine spots and surfaces in the buildings and boats! There is, besides, one sketch of the Doges' Palace at early morning, refined in its harmony of pale and evanescent colors, which gives a new aspect of Venice that we have not seen attempted before except by Mr. F. D. Millet, — a spiritualized Venice, a pictorial ghost of the Adriatic capital. The Egyptian subjects, again, — the Sphinx, Karnak, Esne with its curving lines of dahabeeah-masts, Komombo, and the rest, — have a sober tone peculiar to them; and on turning to the scenes from Italy, or the glimpses of lake and mountain in Switzerland and the Engadine, we find them equally characteristic. The sharp, snow-rifted peaks of the Pitz Languard, and of the Sierra Nevada by morning, are fine instances of truthful transcription from the mountain forms of Europe. In the latter, the pale violet mountains contrasted with white towers and pink walls in front give a delightful result, and a number of Spanish studies impress us by their rich and tawny tones of vermilion and ochre, with traces of green and purple. There is a Convent at Perugia, unfinished, which is captivating in its very incompleteness, and a Towers and Plain of Assisi (with Perugia in the distance), to which sympathy is drawn instantaneously by its poetic distance. A slight

theme serves the artist equally well, — a narrow canal, a bridge, an old arched door-way, a tower, a group of boats. Around each he gathers a dainty spell, without exaggerating anything.

We have intimated that his definition of form is sometimes sacrificed to an illusive haze of color; but it is hard to hold the two things in balance, and we may well be content with the many agreeable impressions which Mr. Tilton imparts. Undoubtedly he is open to criticism on the subject of "texture" and for his inadequate use of the figure,

which he presents merely as an ill-drawn spot of detail. But, after all, what we most need to look for is what an artist, in any branch, *can* give well; and we think Mr. Tilton may justly claim to have brought a great deal of the poetry and many interesting facts of landscape from Italy and Greece and Spain and Egypt within the reach of the untraveled public, which other painters — preferable as their versions may be in some respects — have not presented with quite the same fullness and descriptive accuracy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I WELL remember the interest excited by Washington Allston's return to this country, where he gave an impulse to the taste for high art, if he did not create it. He came to our house one evening, returning my father's call promptly; the indescribable charm of his presence won all our hearts at once; and though he did not come till after nine, and stayed till after twelve, we were not weary. He did not introduce the subject of art, but was ready to talk of it frankly and delightfully, describing pictures by the old masters and statues with such enthusiasm that he stood up to show us the attitude of the Apollo Belvedere, not then familiar to us as now. In spite of his blue coat with bright buttons, his pale buff waistcoat and white cravat, I wondered if the famous statue could be more graceful.

He used to call between nine and ten, and sit smoking cigars and sipping wine and water — he never took anything stronger — till twelve or one o'clock, talking quietly and charmingly on every subject that came up. At times he undertook to give us some of Coleridge's views, being a profound admirer of that

mystic. I cannot say that he made proselytes of his matter-of-fact hearers, and whether he saw his own way through the fog seemed doubtful; but he certainly believed that he caught glimpses of a wonderful light.

At another time he thrilled us with ghost-stories, telling them as no one could, unless half crediting them. One night he was just at the appalling crisis of his tale, when the little French clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, and a sudden blast of wind drove the blinds together with a crash that startled us all absurdly. He could not help laughing the next moment, for he had jumped as briskly as any of us.

Nothing struck me more in his talk than his use of epithets, so felicitous that the poetry in his nature often flashed out in them. Then he had a fund of anecdotes about foreign characters, the royal family of England, Beau Brummel, and artists, many of which were well known in their day, told at dinner-parties and in the newspapers, and now forgotten. But we never heard one word from him that betrayed jealousy, or any evil feeling. He loved not gos-

sip. He loved all that was good, pure, and beautiful, for such was his own nature. If he ever talked of his own paintings, it was because the subject was introduced by others; and it was charming to see with what freedom from egotism and vanity he would speak, honestly lamenting his incapacity to transfer his ideals to the canvas. Alas that modesty robbed us of what would have been his noblest work!

He once asked us if we would come to take a private look at a picture he had just finished, the *Jeremiah*; and we went next day. His studio was then, I think, in the loft of an unused stable in Mason Street. I was much awed. The artist's paraphernalia, busts, draperies, easels, took me into a new world. The light came solemnly in from a high window; the painter stood silently beside us, and there was the majestic prophet looking into an unseen world, and the youthful scribe sat reverently waiting, while we were as mute as he, too much moved for words. The painting stood just where it had received the artist's wondrous touches; the lights of course were exactly right for it, and we could not have seen it under more favorable circumstances. Mr. Allston spoke even more gently than usual, as if himself impressed by the sublime creation of his own hands and soul.

It was soon afterwards exhibited publicly, and we went with the crowd, hearing all sorts of comments, many just and appreciative, some absurd. I heard one lady criticising the size of the prophet's great toe, which she said was enormous. Mr. Allston came to see us, a few evenings afterwards, and spoke pleasantly of his critics. He said one man remarked that as *Jeremiah* was a Jew he should have had black eyes. "Now," said Mr. Allston, "I have several portraits of Polish Jews taken from life, and they have blue eyes; and as I wished to give the countenance an expression of prophetic inspiration, if I had bestowed black eyes

upon him, he would have looked like a maniac."

Against the wall stood a large canvas, its back to us; we had no glimpse at the other side. The *Feast of Belshazzar*, then unfinished, still unfinished, hangs now at the Art Museum, tantalizing the lovers of Allston as they gaze at the stately figure of the queen. He once told us that he had effaced thirty figures that day, and he seemed a little depressed.

Just after the *Giaour* came out, I asked Mr. Allston what was his favorite passage in the new poem. It was the time when we young people were Byron-mad; when young men wore turned-down collars, and hated the world, and young women were impatient because it was so long before Byron's last could reach Boston. Mr. Allston took the cigar from his lips, paused a moment, and looking down began to repeat, —

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead."

He went through the passage in a low voice, hardly above a whisper, but distinct and full of feeling, and there still lingers in these old deaf ears the melancholy cadence, —

"'T is Greece, but living Greece no more."

Some years ago, I was much moved by suddenly encountering an unframed portrait of Mr. Allston by Chester Harding, for sale. It was certainly an excellent likeness, one of Harding's best, painted out of love for the man. I went back to Providence, spoke of it to a few gentlemen, and in two days it was ordered for the Providence Athenæum, where it now hangs.

One night, after I had had a gay week, I went to bed very early. Soon after ten o'clock, my mother came with a lamp, and said, "Mr. Allston is downstairs." I was awake in a moment, and in the parlor as speedily as possible. Mr. Allston suspected I had come from the land of dreams, probably; for he spoke of the fatigue of party-going, and said

he could sit up till morning with a friend or two, and be thoroughly refreshed by late sleeping next day, but crowded parties exhausted him. I suppose his nervous organization was delicately susceptible to the influence of so many human presences, to say nothing of noise and glare.

He gave us then an amusing account of his delight in balls in his college days. It was the custom then for students to board in private families, frequently with the professors; and his home was with Dr. Waterhouse, in the venerable mansion still occupied by the good man's granddaughters, and carefully preserved. Mr. Allston declared that he was an arrant fop in those days, and always in the extreme of fashion. He came home very late from a ball, arrayed, if I remember rightly, in a sky-blue silk coat, and white satin waistcoat, with an abundance of shirt-ruffling. He lifted the knocker gently, supposing that a servant was sitting up for him. The door was opened for him, and there stood Dr. Waterhouse himself, who silently raised and lowered his candle till he had deliberately surveyed the young man from head to foot; then he moved aside, and Mr. Allston, too much confounded to speak, hurried up the stairs, feeling himself, as he said, "a consummate puppy." At the foot of that staircase still hangs a portrait of Madam Waterhouse, painted by Allston in those early days. And until within a year a room at the head of those stairs was always papered with blue, because Mr. Allston preferred that color.

One night, it might be in the year 1826 (but I do not remember dates well), there was a ball at Commodore Hull's in the navy yard at Charlestown. Every one said it would be more interesting than ordinary balls; and Mr. Allston, with his artist eye, greatly admired the beautiful women of that family; so he went to it. As we stood looking at the gay figures after supper, he

lamented the apparent indolence of the young men, who went lounging through the cotillon, scarcely lifting their feet from the floor. Presently he said, "I was passionately fond of dancing when I was young, and this music is so inspiring I *must* dance once more. Will you dance with me?" Then he added, "Will it not be better to wait till the crowd is diminished a little?" The carriages were rolling away rapidly, the room was thinning, when we stood up for the last dance. I was rather daunted by my partner's profound bow, but astounded when he began to "take his steps." Such "pigeon-wings," as I suppose they were, such bounding, and with all the elastic agility such perfect grace! All absorbed in the delight of his unforgetten exercise, and exhilarated by the music of the fine band, he was utterly unconscious that people were stepping back from the hall to look at him.

The currents of our lives carried us in different directions, and I never saw him after his second marriage, but his portrait still hangs in my heart, with few others so distinct. His eyes, I think, must have been hazel, they were capable of such varied expression; his hair was wavy, his features and complexion were delicate, his very hands graceful in every movement. I heard him say many things which indicated a humble and devout nature; a certain exquisiteness of refinement gave token of a pure heart; and I cannot wonder that those who knew him best almost forgot the noble artist in the lovable man.

—Two caviling objections may be raised against Dr. Johnson's famous definition of a lexicographer as a "harmless drudge," on the ground that unless he is very careful the maker of dictionaries is not harmless, and that, all things considered, his work is not, at any rate, the dreariest form of drudgery. The modern lexicographer, if he works in the scientific spirit, — and only in that can he hope to be harmless, — has the

delight of studying the altered meanings of words and of tracing them back to their earliest roots; and this, though it implies incessant labor, is labor of an agreeable sort. No, it is the maker of indexes that is the harmless drudge, by whose side the lexicographer is a creative genius. The importance of an index we know, like that of time, only from its loss. In the enormous abundance of modern literature, when so much of the best writing on disputed subjects—that is to say, the ideas which have not yet become common-places—is buried in different reviews and magazines, we lose time in hunting blindly through heavy volumes to find what has been said by men of competent authority; the volumes of essays are so numerous that it is hard to know even their titles, and any one who helps us deserves our warmest gratitude.

Such a person has just finished some important indexes: one, namely, of the first thirty volumes of the *Nation*, and one of vols. xxxix. to xlv. of this magazine, with supplementary references to the index of the first thirty-eight volumes, that was published, as our readers well know, in 1877. Naturally, no two persons would adopt precisely the same method of forming an index: one would put everything about this country in *U*nder United States; this indexer has set everything of the sort under *America, U. S.*, with the particular titles following. However, the memory is not burdened by learning this fact. There are no cross-references, as from *Civil Service Reform*, or such general titles. *Æschylus* appears as *Aiskulos*; philosophy, philology, etc., are all spelt with an initial *f*. Still, when one has made note of these things, all that remains to do is to look up whatever one is hunting for, and there it is. The arrangement is very compact, so that we find the number of pages devoted to a subject, whether an article is poetry or fiction, and whether it has been reprint-

ed in book-form. Different type tells at a glance whether the article is by a given man or about him. Certainly, until some machine is devised by which a volume that we want springs from the shelf and takes its place by our side, open at the desired page, we can hardly ask more than this.

The same indefatigable compiler has in press a general index to the *International Review*, vols. i.-ix., and is preparing indexes for *Lippincott's Magazine* and *Scribner's Monthly*. More than this, he has in manuscript, and only awaits enough subscribers, at three dollars each, to publish, an index to articles on history, biography, travel, philosophy, literature, and politics, in English, German, and French, that are to be found in bound volumes, as those of *Sainte-Beuve*, *Scherer*, *Lowell*, *Freeman*, *Macaulay*, etc., and in such collections as the *Oxford and Cambridge Essays*, *Social Science Reports*, etc. The utility of this index to every one who reads anything besides the newspapers is obvious. To be able to trace any subject through its treatment by various hands will be an excellent thing, and the facility in doing this cannot fail to make students carry their researches in any subject that interests them further than they would otherwise do. The name of the man who is doing this good work shall be often blessed; meanwhile, it is hidden under the pseudonym of *Q. P. Index*, of Bangor, Maine.

—A New York artist of repute has come to Boston for judgment. Nor is he the first that has appealed to us. Mr. Shirlaw, though justly admired, has not taken the city by storm. I am not sure that it can be taken by storm; in fact, I am inclined to think that it is inexpugnable. Could but the demi-gods of old, the *Titanic Buonarrotti*, *Raphael* the divine, or *Titian* the golden (may their *manes* pardon the levity!) make their *débuts* at *Doll's*, how interesting would the side-shows be! Can any

one imagine five thousand Bostonians in a single day making a solemn (and rather distant) pilgrimage to a sculptor's studio, and hailing with patriotic pride his last *chef d'œuvre*, as the Romans did a few years since? Though we did go stark, staring mad on a memorable occasion less than twelve months ago, from an æsthetic point of view we are generally cool. Has Mr. Shirlaw raised the temperature of our blood?

I was curious as to the reception of his pictures by the collectors, or, as the French call them, the *amateurs*. That the artists would like them on technical grounds was a foregone conclusion. By good luck I happened on one amateur or two in *flagrante delictu*, that is, scrutinizing the paintings with the purchaser's eye. I probed their feelings. The result tallied with the anticipation. They admired the technique, and — They admired it, but "somehow were not interested." The whole truth lies in this homely criticism. It can be clothed in more pompous language. We can say, for instance, that Mr. Shirlaw lacks "intellectuality;" that he is occupied with "externalities;" that he does not "see beneath the epidermis;" or that he does not fathom the "true inwardness" of things: it is all one and the same. He has the enthusiasm of technique. Artists, therefore, who reluctantly pardon the unskillful hand, admire him. In this respect he is vastly superior to his fellow-townsmen at the Museum of Fine Arts. He does not flaunt his brush in one's face. He scorns the garish, look-at-me tones; the chalky lights and opaque shadows; the facile, airless relief obtained by contrast of black dress and fawn-colored background.

With one or two exceptions, — notably Sheep Shearing, — his execution is subdued, patient, elaborate. His color is harmonious and mellow, — at times Rubenesque. He freely employs the glaze, a potent, though an obsolescent medium. And why is it obsolescent?

Because we strive to run a race with Nature, to cope with her in range of light and shade, to catch the public eye, and to make our works so loud that those who run may read. Mr. Shirlaw is more modest, and is quite right too in following his instincts, at all hazards. Though he does not give us that out-of-door feeling which only fresh paint can give (in fact, his out-of-door pictures have not the out-of-door tones), he does give us life. His little maidens smile, his boys are nervously boyish, his fiddlers fiddle, and verily his geese fly. As to his drawing, it is commensurate with his subjects, though it scarcely rises to the height demanded by cartoon work, as his designs for a frieze make evident. It is a current but baneful notion that any painter of note can decorate. Monumental art calls for style, grandeur, elegance, sympathy for architectural forms, a modicum (at least) of architectural knowledge, and an intense feeling for linear composition. Mere picturesqueness does not suffice.

It would have been a pleasure to discuss the merits of individual pictures, were not such a discussion foreign to my purpose, which was simply to show why Mr. Shirlaw has not engrafted himself upon the Bostonians. Educationally he has been of service to us, and merits our thanks. I have judged him by a high standard, but better a high standard than the no-standard-at-all of the daily press. Boston has crowned more than one artist whose hand has not been peer to his feeling; but she has never canonized any one whose imagination has been inferior to his technique. Therein she is right. She may yet save us from the soulless works that by courtesy alone can be styled works of art.

— Foreign actors of high reputation have often come to this country; we have seen on our own stage Rachel, Ristori, Salvini, Fechter, Seebach, — to name but a few of many; but no one of these has excited half so much

discussion as Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt, whose somewhat obtrusive personality has been made familiar to all newspaper readers. In London she was accepted as a direct revelation of genius; in America the attitude of press and public has been more discriminating; a candid attempt was made to separate the woman from the actress, and to estimate her art apart from herself. She was found lacking in elevation, force, and truth in heroic and poetic characters. She delivers verse with a marvelously musical ease and grace, but she has no soul for poetry. Ideal characters, or characters in any way lifted above ordinary every-day existence, are beyond her reach. As Adrienne, her conception of the character was feeble and inadequate. As Phèdre, it was feeble and inaccurate. Adrienne Lecouvreur was something more than a whining school-girl languishing for a lover. Her Phèdre is cold and declamatory. Phèdre is indeed a difficult character to grasp, but when its inner meaning is once seized all is easy, and the part glitters with magnificent possibilities. Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt never gets down into the character, and so all her effort — clever though it often is in detail — is but fighting the air. Her fatal defect is her inability to see character and to seize on it. It is obviously impossible for her to understand the nature of Adrienne or of Phèdre. Even in modern plays of every-day life, the finer distinctions of character altogether elude her. Gilberte in Frou Frou and Marguerite in the *Dame aux Camélias* have emotions that she can feel and make us feel, but she never suggests the more subtle differences which divide them each from the other and from any other heroine of the so-called "emotional" drama. It was not in her power to fill Frou Frou with the charm of a winsome personality, as Miss Agnes Ethel did, but surely she could have set before us more plainly the essential frivolity and

frailty of the character, and show us that in spite of this frivolity and frailty Frou Frou had a refined and delicate nature. Her Frou Frou laughs and weeps in just the same way her *Dame aux Camélias* laughs and weeps; and, in spite of the accidental resemblance of situation, no two characters are more unlike than Gilberte and Marguerite. When Mademoiselle Bernhardt fully succeeds it is because she has hold of a character she can assimilate to herself, placed in a situation she herself can feel. And here her surpassing cleverness and quickness stand her in good stead; with unerring eye she picks out what she can do best, and she spends her strength on that alone. In fact, not having elevation enough for Adrienne, or being lightsome enough for Frou Frou, she skillfully takes both parts to pieces, and from the fragments makes a new part suited to her stature. As Gilberte and as Marguerite Mademoiselle Bernhardt gave us her measure; but in neither did she give a new and true view of character. What she did do was to give us with remarkable force certain moments of emotion. Not to see character clearly is, after all, a negative failing, whereas the presentation of passion is above all things positive and easily "understood by the people." Whatever cleverness, — the word recurs again and again in writing of Mademoiselle Bernhardt, and it is the one word to use, — whatever extreme cleverness, training, tact, grace, a beautiful delivery, a voice of great range and flexibility, and a talent for the picturesque can do is within her reach. And these are precious qualifications for histrionic achievement, but they are not the only qualifications, nor the highest. Cleverness, however abundant it may be, is not to be weighed in the balance against the one touch of nature. It must not be inferred that Mademoiselle Bernhardt is always artificial; nothing would be farther from the truth; but the general impression of her work is one of

clever artifice. Miss Clara Morris, for instance, shocks our taste and sets our teeth on edge for three acts, and then in the fourth plays on our heart-strings at will, moving us to tears in spite of all irritation against her lack of art. Mademoiselle Bernhardt does not irritate and rarely moves. All her work is smooth, polished, finished to perfection, easy to admire, and impossible to be enthusiastic over. In watching her work one sometimes has a feeling of wonder as to whether she is "a born actress," as the phrase goes; whether she acts because she cannot help acting, or whether the stage is not merely the form of expression which her restlessness first happened to take. To say all this is to say that she belongs in the useful class of artists who are brilliant and entertaining, to be seen with pleasure, and even to be studied with care. It is to say also and emphatically that she does not belong with the little group of great actresses, and is not to be ranked with Ristori, and Cushman, and Rachel. Indeed, after having seen Mademoiselle Bernhardt in all her parts, and recalling what Mr. Lewes has recorded of Rachel and of her supreme greatness, one begins to understand what Mr. Matthew Arnold meant when he said that Rachel began where Mademoiselle Bernhardt left off.

— Women's clubs seem to be indigenous to American soil. But our club claims for itself at least novelty in its design, and a conscientious and enthusiastic carrying out of the original plan.

This club is not a sewing society; it is not a temperance union; its object is not to send missionaries to the heathen. It is neither benevolent, charitable, nor ecclesiastic in its motives, unless we accept the broadest sense of those terms. It is a club consisting of twenty women, who meet every alternate Wednesday, from twelve until four o'clock, to discuss and enjoy music and literature. Now this may sound very common-

place, considering the untold number of musical and literary clubs in existence, but we have yet to learn of any society whose plans and methods are exactly like ours. There is very little "red tape" in its organization. Its rules and regulations are so few as to be scarcely worth mentioning. We have no "constitution," no "by-laws," no president or treasurer, no fines or fees.

Two ladies were chosen as leaders or managers of the club, and one lady acts as secretary, to notify the members of any changes that may occur in the time or place of meeting, etc., etc. These ladies arrange, four weeks in advance, two programmes, so that we have a month in which to prepare our work. This consists of the careful study of two characters at each meeting: one a *composer*, and the other a person distinguished in literature, art, or history. So far, we have almost exclusively confined our study to musical composers, and authors who have been contemporaneous with them. You will see by reading the accompanying list of subjects, that we have diverged from this plan only two or three times, as when we studied Beethoven and Shakespeare, because the former was such a devout admirer of the latter, and because they are the two greatest masters in their separate arts. Sometimes the composers and authors have been warm personal friends, as in the cases of Mendelssohn and Goethe, Chopin and George Sand; or as in Marie Antoinette's case, she being the music pupil of "old Master Glück."

Perhaps our methods will be better understood by following us, in imagination, through our pleasant winter's work. Up to the present time we have studied the following subjects:—

- (1.) Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Goethe.
- (2.) Glück and Marie Antoinette.
- (3.) Von Weber and Jean Paul Richter.
- (4.) Händel and Dr. Samuel Johnson.
- (5.) Bach (J. Sebastian) and Martin

Luther. (6.) Chopin and Madame George Sand. (7.) Schubert and Heine. (8.) Beethoven and Shakespeare. (9.) Rossini and Lamartine. (10.) Mozart and Schiller.

Let us select at random one of the programmes as an illustration of one afternoon's work :—

Subjects, Schubert and Heine.

Orchestral trio, arranged for four hands (Opus 99).

Song, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

Essay on Schubert.

Song, The Question, from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress.

Story of Schubert's visit to Beethoven.

Reading of Schumann's thoughts on Schubert's music.

Story of Vogel's interpretation of Schubert's songs.

Reading of Heine's thoughts on music.

Story of Heine's epitaph: "Rich in what he gave, richer in what he promised."

Schubert's Serenade.

Reading of Goethe's Erl King.

Song, The Erl King. Schubert's arrangement.

Two movements from one of the sonatas (Opus 53).

Andante and Rondu. (Schubert.)

Minuet. (Schubert.)

Description of Heine's appearance.

Essay on Heine.

Impromptu (Opus 90). (Schubert.)

Reading of selections from Heine's Scintillations.

Reading of Heine's Night Song.

Heine's ideas upon religion.

Song, The Wanderer. (Schubert.)

Reading of a poem addressed to Heine's mother.

Impromptu No 2. (Schubert.)

Reading of Heine's opinion of Goethe.

Reading of selections from Heine's writings.

Two songs from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress.

Whither? The Song to the Brook.

Reading of two of Heine's poems.

Andante from the Symphony in C.

Song, Impatience, from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress.

It will be seen by this programme that the music is pleasantly interspersed between the two essays and the various readings. Photographs and busts of the characters under consideration, and any pictures, stories, or anecdotes illustrating their lives, their times, and homes, come in under the general head of "chinking."

A simple lunch, restricted as to the

number of its viands, is served after the first part of the programme, and so inspired with the enthusiasm of the work do we all become that our table-talk rarely descends to any lower level than that occupied by sonatas, fugues, gavottes, operas, and poetry!

—"There goes Parnell, the Irish agitator!" observed a gentleman on the seat before me, in a railroad car. "Parnell, is it?" replied his companion. "That is Mr. Parnell," whispered the lady behind me to her daughter. "Mr. Parnell. Ah!" Now here were four persons, educated people evidently, who in the course of two minutes mispronounced a plain English name. It is always annoying to hear the accent misplaced on a name, whether local or personal. We Americans seem to have taken a fancy for throwing the accent in family names on the last syllable, if possible, in defiance of all sound rules of good sense or good taste. These two qualities, by the bye, are very closely allied. You can never have good taste without good sense as the foundation. False taste is inevitably absurd. Now this common mispronunciation of names ending in *ell* has neither good sense nor good taste in its favor. It is opposed to the spirit of our mother tongue. Last year I had a nephew in love with a charming girl, Miss Brownell; of course she was Lily Brownell to her lover. For three months I heard Tom mispronounce her name, or that of her family, a dozen times a day. A few months later, as ill luck would have it, his sister was courted by Harry Bedell, pronounced Bedell of course. Now Brownell and Bedell are good English names, and should have a good English pronunciation. Bedell is no doubt the same as Beadle. Many English names ending in *ell* were originally connected with the common nouns *well* or *wall*. The governor of the State of New York to-day is Governor Cornell. The university in Western New York is Cornell

University. We have known a Judge Hubbell. Liddell and Waddell are instances of the same fancy. *Littell's Magazine* travels over half the country. But the propensity to throw the accent on the last syllable is not confined to names ending in *ell*. Barnard is frequently pronounced Barnard, Tricketts becomes Tricketts, General Steuben is General Steuben, in spite of his German

birth. That distinguished gentleman, the present secretary of state, is spoken of, in rustic parlance, as Mr. E-váirts. Not long since we were shown a collection of the famous caricatures of Hogarth! A year or two since we were introduced — with a flourish — “to an Assemblyman from a Western State,” the Honorable Mr. Hub-bárd!

O shade of old Mother Hubbard!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Antiquities. Charles Scribner's Sons issue a new edition of Schliemann's *Mycenæ* in a handsome volume, with maps, plans, and more than 700 illustrations. It is stated on the title-page to have new plates and important additions over the edition of three years ago, and it is to be regretted that the exact nature of the changes and improvements should not have been pointed out in some preface to this edition. — Volume IV. of Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea* (Harpers) treats of The Winter Troubles of the winter of 1854-55. It is provided with a plan showing the position of the belligerents. — In *Young Ireland* (Appletons) the author, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, means to give the history of the repeal movement. His narrative gathers the record of the Young Ireland party in the momentous decade of 1840-50. The author was deep in the councils of the party, and writes frankly. — The Harpers issue in good style, except that the paper scarcely does justice to the engravings, Dr. Schliemann's *Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans*, — the results of researches and discoveries on the site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-79. The work includes also an autobiography of the author and elaborate apparatus from various sources, and is illustrated with maps, plans, and about 1800 wood-cuts. — An important work upon Scandinavian antiquities is appearing in Norway, the former half having been issued by Alb. Cammermeyer, Christiania. Its title is *Norske Oldsager* orkuede og forklarede af O. Rygh, tegnede paa træ af C. F. Lindberg. Mr. Lindberg's engravings of the early implements, utensils, and ornaments are admirable specimens of honest work, and the text is direct and clear. The work so far has advanced through the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and the early Iron Age. The Boston agent for the work is Mr. John Allyn.

Biography. *Sunlight and Shadow* is the title of an octavo volume by J. B. Gough. (Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.) The title-page, which, as in other subscription books, follows the old and respectable custom of announcement of contents,

describes it as “gleanings from my life work, comprising personal experiences, observations and opinions, anecdotes, incidents, and interesting reminiscences of thrilling, pathetic, and amusing scenes, gathered from thirty-seven years' experience on the platform and among the people, at home and abroad.” It is his lecture without his voice and mimicry, and with much more expansion than the platform permits. — Mr. A. J. Synington, who has lately written biographical sketches of Lover and Moore, is the author of *William Cullen Bryant*, — a biographical sketch, with selections from his poems and other writings (Harpers); a book upon the general plan of *English Men of Letters*, although more a mosaic of contemporaneous memorials and criticism. — *Certain Men of Mark: Studies of Living Celebrities*, by George Makepeace Towle (Roberts), comprises sketches of English and Continental statesmen, Victor Hugo only being excepted possibly from this category. They are brisk characterizations for the general reader, rather than labored analyses of historic power. — The memoir of Governor Andrew, which Mr. Peleg W. Chandler prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, has been expanded by the addition of some agreeable *Personal Reminiscences* and two unpublished literary discourses, together with the valedictory address. (Roberts.) The subject is one which could not be buried under a two-volume octavo monument; the fullest life ought not to suppress the quick presence, and this brief sketch cannot help hinting at the large place which the great war governor holds in history. — The memoir of Emily Elizabeth Parsons, by her father, Theophilus Parsons (Little, Brown & Co.), consists almost wholly of letters written during the war, when Miss Parsons was engaged in hospital work. Her nobility of character and untiring devotion are shown admirably in her own animated and modest letters. The book is published for the benefit of the Cambridge Hospital, which she was endeavoring earnestly to establish, when she died last spring. — Ludwig Nohl's *Life of Beethoven*, translated by

John J. Lalor, has been published by Jansen, McClurg & Co. It is brief, and devoted rather to the meagre facts of his painful life than to an interpretation of his compositions. — *The Life and Times of Goethe*, by Hermann Grimm, translated by Sarah Holland Adams (Little, Brown & Co.), is rather a critical and philosophical study of Goethe than a biography, but the analysis follows a chronological order. — *From Death into Life, or Twenty Years of my Ministry*, by Rev. W. Haslam (Appletons), is the title of an autobiographic sketch of a clergyman of the Church of England who underwent conversion while he was a preacher. A curious comparison might be drawn between his life and that of Hawker. Both men were under like social and geographical influences. — *In the Personal Life of David Livingstone* (Harpers) the author, Dr. W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, has attempted to show the man rather than the traveler. He has digested material already published, but has also made use of unpublished correspondence and journals in the possession of his family. It may be said that the discoveries of such a man gradually fade in the light of more perfect knowledge, but the heroism of character is the finer and more lasting possession. There is a portrait and a map. — *Schiller and his Times*, by Johannes Scherr, translated from the German by Elizabeth McClellan (Philadelphia: Ig. Kohler), was originally published about twenty years ago. It aims at accounting for the artistic development of Germany through a presentation of Schiller's life and work. — *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life*, by his daughter, Madame de Witt, translated by M. C. M. Simpson (Estes and Lauriat), will be welcomed for its affectionate and animated disclosure of the personality of a historic character. We would rather trust a great man's daughter than an interviewer. — *Dr. Lieber's Miscellaneous Writings* as thus far published in two volumes (Lippincotts) fall partly within this section, partly in one of Politics. We place the work here because its special interest is in the more personal acquaintance which it permits with a man who was more American than many Americans, and whose work bestowed upon the larger themes of history and politics never obscured the fresh, hopeful, and helpful man. About half of the first volume is occupied with his personal reminiscences and a biographical address by Judge Thayer. There follow academic discourses and contributions to political science. The work is edited by President Gilman.

Holiday Books. *The Teacher's Dream*, by W. H. Venable. (Putnams.) To the artist, H. F. Farny, must be given the credit for all the interest which the book possesses, and that is mainly on the score of ingenuity of pictorial comment, and of the struggle of occasional beauty with a perverse style. — *The Wooing of the Water-Witch*, by Evan Dalorne, illustrated by J. Moyr Smith (Holt), follows *The Prince of Argolis*, treated in a similar fashion, by the same artist. It is called a northern oddity, and is an ingenious piece of fooling. The illustrations are half burlesque, half serious, and the whole is a scholar's conceit. We leave it to others to extricate Beaconsfield from

the story; he is well secured in the illustrations. — Clarence Cook's *The House Beautiful* (Scribners) appears in a new edition, having a less luxurious external appearance than the original, but to our mind one even more attractive. It remains a fascinating collection of hints to the man or woman who wishes to live and be an object of envy to his less ingenious and less artistic neighbor. — The lovely story of Aucassin and Nicolette appears in a pretty form, translated by A. Rodney Macdonough from the modern French version of Alexandre Bida. It should not be left as an obsolete holiday book. — Scribner & Co. have issued a second series of *Proofs* from Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas. The change from a bound volume to portfolio form has its advantages, and the exceeding skill and frequent charm of these plates will render the collection always valuable. — The illustrated papers which Mr. W. H. Gibson has been contributing to Harper's Monthly have been gathered into an elegant volume, with the title *Pastoral Days, or Memories of a New England Year*. (Harpers.) The grace and sweetness of the pictures and the pensive gentleness of the text cloy the palate a little, but there are too many attractions in the book to let it be easily laid aside.

Books for Young People. G. P. Putnam's Sons issue a neat edition in two volumes of Mrs. Alfred Gatty's *Parables from Nature*. Mrs. Gatty does for the taste of this generation what Mrs. Barbauld did for an earlier; the difference is largely in style; Mrs. Gatty is not so sonorous, nor is she always as simple in thought. — The late Mr. Kingston wrote a number of books for boys, but none more crowded with adventure than one of his latest, *Dick Cheveley*, his adventures and misadventures (Lippincotts), in which the prolonged spectacle of a stowaway eating rats in a ship's hold is anything but agreeable. The book professes to be a warning against the traditional running away to sea, but as the hero turned out well most boys will expect to miss his perils and enjoy his successes. — *The Moral Pirates*, by W. L. Alden (Harpers), gives an entertaining account of a boys' boating excursion up the Hudson. It reads as if the author had reluctantly subdued the sensational element. — *Clover Beach*, by Margaret Vandegrift (Porter and Coates), is a pleasing story, which struggles more or less successfully with an abundant supply of pictures; the necessity of working these in gives a somewhat distracted air to the story, and as most of the pictures contain figures a very critical child might be puzzled to account for discrepancies, arising from the pictures being originally intended for several other books. — *A Strong Arm and a Mother's Blessing* (Lee and Shepard) is the latest of Mr. Elijah Kellogg's books for boys, — a writer who is severely honest, and has done good work in telling over and over again the manly story of difficulties overcome in the stern New England life of the early part of this century. This book will be called old-fashioned by some, and it lacks literary grace, but its old-fashion is of the rugged and homely sort. — *Zig-Zag Journeys in Classic Lands*,

by Hezekiah Butterworth (Estes and Lauriat), carries a party of young people into Italy, Greece, Spain, Sicily, and Southern France. It is abundantly illustrated. — The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things, (Holt) by J. D. Champlin, which we cordially praised last season, is followed now by the same editor's Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. It deals with living persons as well. It is a pity to have given such inferior portraits. — The veteran B. J. Lossing has prepared The Story of the United States Navy, for Boys. (Harpers.) The larger part of the book is necessarily occupied with the events of the war of 1812; as that war recedes the heroism of the navy becomes the most rememberable part. — A Bad Boy's Diary (New York: J. S. Ogilvie) is to be named only as a warning to writers and readers. One might look at it to see how much silly misspelling has increased the ill-manners of the book. — Although not professedly a book for the young, Friends Worth Knowing, by Ernest Ingersoll (Harpers), may be commended as an agreeable account, sure to interest boys and girls, of the manners and customs, so to speak, of many native birds, beasts, and insects. It is a pretty book, prettily illustrated. — Five Mice in a Mousetrap by the Man in the Moon, by Laura E. Richards (Estes and Lauriat), is children's nonsense run mad. There are some good pictures, which are wasted on a book which is no more literature for children than a kaleidoscope is art.

Education. To Mr. Hudson's new school Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) have been added A Winter's Tale, King John, and Twelfth Night; the suggestions to teachers prefixed to As You Like It are repeated in the last two of these volumes. — The Orthoepist, by Alfred Ayres (Appletons), is a pronouncing manual, containing "about three thousand five hundred words, including a considerable number of the names of foreign authors, artists, etc., that are often mispronounced." — The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1878 has been received from the Department of the Interior, Washington. It is a digest of the various local and state reports. — Harrington's A Graded Spelling-Book (Harpers) is a new venture, which departs from the old lines, regards spelling as connected rather with writing than with reading, and gives words in the order in which they are likely to be used by a child rather than in the order of size or sound.

Literature. To the well-known collection of Little Classics, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added two volumes: Nature, with chapters from Warner, Hamerton, Burroughs, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and others, and Humanity, which takes in both familiar and unfamiliar papers by C. W. Stoddard, Dickens, Ludlow, Thackeray, Mrs. Jameson, and Mallock. — Mrs. E. H. Arr would have us take Old Time Child Life (Lippincotts) as a book for children, but she herself expresses a doubt if it will not be more acceptable to older persons. It is an affectionate lingering over scenes in a New England country village, but the characters and incidents are only slightly sketched; it will rather please those who have similar recol-

lections than give a stranger very graphic views of New England.

Poetry and the Drama. Verses, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts), wins favor at once by its pretty dress of vellum-like cloth, gold stamp, and tasteful lettering. — Country Love and City Life and other Poems, by C. H. St. John (Williams), represents the rhymings of a writer who has less interest in his art than in the story which he has to tell, the moral he would point. His own estimate of his work is modest, and his book does not err in attempting the impossible in poetry. — Shakespeare's Dream and other Poems (Lippincotts) is by William Leighton, whose The Sons of Godwin will be recalled. In the dream the inventions of Shakespeare pass before his mind as objective visions. With Shakespearean material the author has reconstructed the forms in new relations. — Four o'Clocks is the somewhat enigmatical title of a volume of short poems by Helen Barron Bostwick. (Philadelphia: Claxton.) — Onti Ora, a Metrical Romance, by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland (Lippincotts), gains its name from the Indian title of the Cat-skins, where the scene of the story is in part laid. The book is illustrated by W. L. Sheppard. — Lord Stirling's Stand and other Poems, by W. H. Babcock (Lippincotts), contains all that the author wishes to preserve of his poems. The preface has a curious passage. Recalling the first poem which he had written, not included in the book, the author says, "There were just twelve lines in all, of which I give the final four:—

May no rebellion prosper
And may no secession stand
Before our country's power
And God's own avenging hand.

The others were unmitigated doggerel." The italics are our own. — A third series of Our Poetical Favorites by A. C. Kendrick (Osgoods), has been published. Like the previous volumes, it selects from the best minor poems of the English language, and has special reference to very recent writers and to humorous poetry. Over three hundred poems are given, and a hundred and seventy authors are represented. — A new edition of Mr. R. W. Gilder's The New Day (Scribners) has been issued, showing even greater care and felicity in its dress. — Those who wish to take their history in a rhymed form will be interested in The Rhyme of the Border War; a historical poem of the Kansas-Missouri guerrilla war, before and during the late rebellion, the principal character being the famous guerrilla, Charles William Quantrell. By Thomas Brower Peacock. (Carleton.) — The Knight of the Lily, by Philip May (Brooklyn: Rome Brothers), is a short poem, and apparently an early effort. — All Round the Year is the title of a volume of poems by Elaine and Dora Goodale. (Putnams.) The same charm is in them as in the earlier poems. It is pleasant, too, to count the writings of these authors no longer as the work of children. — Professor J. Stuart Blackie's second edition of his translation into English verse of Goethe's Faust (Macmillan) follows the first at an interval of forty years. The translator has re-

vised and partly rewritten his youthful work, but adheres to the same general spirit of giving a poetical English version rather than a studiously careful translation. — *Echoes of Half a Century* is a volume of poems by William Pitt Palmer (Putnams), which the author holds lightly as the playthings of a busy life. — Under the initials C. K. T. upon the title-page of *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: Moxon, Saunders & Co.), readers on this side of the Atlantic will rightly guess the name of the minister to Greece. — *Wayside Flowers* is a collection of short poems by S. C. (Lippincotts). — *The Crimson Hand and other Poems*, by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey (Lippincotts), can scarcely contain more entertainment for the reader than is found in one of its poems, *The Phantom Ball*, of which we quote one verse, disclosing the spectacle when the bubble had burst:

"I beheld the head of Washington around about
me glancing,
With a thrill of horror noting his silk-stockinged
limbs were lost;
Lafayette's head disappearing left his shapely legs
still dancing,
And I dreaded the misfitting of somebody's glorious
ghost."

— Thus far ten volumes, one half of the promised set, have appeared of Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakespeare called the Harvard Edition. (Ginn and Heath.) We have recorded mention of his school edition; this is substantially the same, except that certain introductions appropriate to that have been omitted, and others appropriate to this have been used. The form of this series is better for the library and very agreeable to hand and eye. It is a desirable thing to have in so comely a shape an edition of Shakespeare from the hands of an editor who is rather eager to have people read his poet than attend to his annotator. He has whips for fools' backs, but only encouragement for the sincere seeker.

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Mr. J. S. Kedney in *The Beautiful and the Sublime* (Putnams) gives an analysis of these emotions and determines the objectivity of beauty. His thought is clear, but his expression is often awkward when intelligible. — A Minister's Lectures on Woman's Sphere and Opportunities is properly to be classed under religion, and Rev. R. Heber Newton's *Womanhood* (Putnams) is a serious, sensible, and direct treatment of the subject. Mr. Newton's book is the broader in its scope for its constant reference to great authorities in philosophy and literature. Yet it is to be regretted that he should not have used Shakespeare in larger proportion to other poets. — *Club Essays*, by David Swing (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), takes its name from the fact that the five papers comprising the book were given before the Chicago Literary Club. They are the literary exercises of a man of religious thought, who seeks play for his mind and imagination in large historical and social themes. — From Mrs. Angeline Hofer, of Oberlin, Ohio, comes *A Message by Angels to the Hebrew Prophet Daniel: Scripture Prophecy Fulfilled*. Mrs. Hofer advises

us that it was communicated by inspiration in the year 1871. — *Studies in the Mountain Instruction*, by George Dana Boardman (Appletons), is an amplification of the Sermon on the Mount. It has many fresh and suggestive passages, but does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that the discourse is the Magna Charta of Christianity, and that in form it is really elaborate as nothing else in the Gospels is, having marked groups of phrase and a logic of construction. An important point is missed when the author misplaces the accent in the words "I say unto you." — Mrs. John T. Sargent has edited a volume of *Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston* (Osgoods) — a club which has had local repute for a dozen years, and has given opportunity for the first presentation of many topics afterward treated at greater length before the general public. As a sort of spiritual Bourse the club has had a life which renders a record of interest to students of current opinion.

Fiction. The Leisure Hour Series has adopted a new and more useful cloth binding, retaining some of the characteristics of the dress which has become familiar to the public. The first issue in this style is *A Dreamer*, by Katharine Wyde. (Holt.) — Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *A Confidential Agent*, by James Payn; *Horace McLean*, a story of a search in a strange place, by Alice O'Hanlon, which opens with an amusing guess at local appearances in Boston; *From the Wings*, by B. H. Buxton; and *He that Will not when He May*, by Mrs. Oliphant. — Another of Henry Gréville's Russian stories has appeared, *The Trials of Raissa*, translated by Mrs. Sherwood (Petersons). — Beaconsfield's *Endymion* is published both by Appletons in cloth and paper, and by Harpers in the Franklin Square Library. It is not likely to excite the interest which *Lothair* created, for it deals rather with obsolete issues, and its author has in a measure satisfied the world's curiosity since *Lothair* appeared. — *The Head of Medusa* (Roberts) is the title of a new novel by the author of *Kismet* and *Mirage*. — Mr. James's Washington Square has been completed in *Harper's Magazine*, and issued anew by the Harpers in a volume, illustrated, the title-page says, by George Du Maurier. — *Bohemian Days* is the title of a volume of three American Tales in prose, with lyrical epilogues, by George Alfred Townsend, and published by the author in New York. — Thomas Hardy's latest novel, *The Trumpet Major*, has been included in Holt's Leisure Hour Series. — *Nestlenook*, by Leonard Kip, is the latest addition to the Knickerbocker novels. (Putnams.) — *Little Amy's Christmas*, by Wilson J. Vance (American News Company), is the work of a sincere but somewhat unskillful writer. — T. B. Peterson and Brothers have reprinted *My Hero*, by Mrs. Forrester, author of *Diana Carew*. — *The Tempter Behind*, by John Saunders (Lothrop's) is a sensational story under the sanction of a religious purpose. — As *Thyself*, by Sue W. Hubbard (Lippincotts), may perhaps be classed with the last named: that was a book for a drunkard, this for a crazy man.

Geography and Travel. A contribution to history and geography of most interest and novelty will be found in Moslem Egypt and Christian Abyssinia; or Military Service under the Khedive in his Provinces and beyond their Borders, as experienced by the American Staff. By William McE. Dye. (New York: Atkin and Prout, printers.) Mr. Dye, formerly of the United States Army, was late colonel of the Egyptian staff, and one of the Americans who have taken part in the singular reinforcement of Egypt by America. — An impartial and thoughtful report by a good observer is Mr. James H. Tuke's *A Visit to Donegal and Connaught in the Spring of 1880.* (London: W. Ridgway.) Mr. Tuke brings to his labor long familiarity with Ireland and a special acquaintance with the famine district in 1846-47. — *Wandering Thoughts and Wandering Steps*, by a Philadelphia Lady (Lippincotts), covers the ordinary track of European travel; it is written in a kindly spirit by a charitable sight-seer. — In Appletons' New Handy Volume Series Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard publishes *Mashallah! A Flight into Egypt.* The little volume consists of letters written in 1876. The traveler had been well prepared for a Nile journey by his *Voyaging in Southern Seas.* — *Where to go in Florida*, by Daniel F. Tyler (New York: Hopenaft & Co.), is a pamphlet giving the results of the writer's experience, with special reference to a spot where he has himself settled.

Art. A manual has just been published by Dickson, Philadelphia, entitled *How to Draw and Paint*, containing instructions in outline, light and shade, perspective, sketching from nature, figure drawing, artistic anatomy, landscape, marine, and portrait painting, the principles of coloring applied to painting, etc., etc.

Folk-Lore. Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings, by Joel Chandler Harris (Appletons) is not the first attempt to preserve the peculiar stories current on Southern plantations, but all that have preceded it have been fragmentary and episodic. The field is not a very wide one, but it has great interest, and this contribution is well worth attention.

Music. A selection of Franz's songs, under the title *Album of Songs, Old and New*, by Robert Franz, has been published by Oliver Ditson & Co. Both German and English words are given, the translation of recent songs being by Miss Frothingham and Rev. C. T. Brooks. A lithographic portrait faces the title-page. — The same publishers have issued a most desirable volume of songs for children, under the title of *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes*, compiled and arranged by Margaret Pearmain Osgood; translation by Louisa T. Craigin. German composers furnish most of the melodies, but there are French and English melodies, and English Christmas Carols. The book is executed with unflinching good taste.

Didactic Literature. On the Threshold is the title of a volume of essays by Theodore T. Munger (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), having special reference to the conduct of life among young men. The manliness of tone, the freshness and admirable wisdom of the book, will commend it even to young men, and readers will discover on how large a conception of life the author has built his advice. — *Duty*, with illustrations of courage, patience, and endurance, by Samuel Smiles (Harpers), is an anecdotal and suggestive book, after the well-known manner of this popular writer. The same book is published in the Franklin Square Library. — In this class may be named the seven homilies on The Lord's Prayer, by Rev. Washington Gladden (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a book direct, practical, and free from a professional character.

Medicine. Diphtheria, Its Cause, Nature, and Treatment, by Rollin R. Gregg, M. D. (Buffalo: Matthews Brothers and Bryant). This little treatise gives the experience and judgment of a physician of the Hahnemann school. — Dr. Daniel B. St. John Roosa has collected his occasional half-professional, half-general papers into a volume, *A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community.* (Putnams.) The papers are free from technical treatment, and are such contributions as a doctor might give, for instance, to his club, if that were made up of laymen. A large public is interested in the topics discussed. — Dr. Gonzalvo C. Smythe in *Medical Heresies* (Blakiston) gives a series of critical essays on the origin and evolution of sectarian medicine, embracing a special sketch and review of homeopathy, past and present, — a title which certainly implies a true church in medicine. — *Food for the Invalid, the Convalescent, the Dyspeptic, and the Gouty* is a handy volume of recipes, by Dr. Horatio C. Wood, with introduction by Dr. Fothergill, of Edinburgh, who suggested the work. (Macmillans.) — Dr. George M. Beard publishes a second and revised edition of his *A Practical Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), its Symptoms, Nature, Sequences, Treatment.* (Wood.)

Business Literature. A Brief Synopsis of the Collection Laws of the United States and Canada has been compiled under the direction of Douglass and Minton, attorneys of the law and collection department of the mercantile agency of Dun, Wyman & Co. (Appletons.) The work is arranged in the form of a catechism.

Bibliography. The Publishers' Trade List Annual for 1880 (Leyboldt) reminds us that for eight years its indomitable editor and publisher has fought against the inertia of the book-trade, and has won a success which is now every one's advantage. In the unorganized condition of book-publishing in this country labors like these of Mr. Leyboldt are simply invaluable. In this stout octavo are bound, with few exceptions, the lists of publications of all the publishers in the country.

